

LACRYMÆ
Cantabrigienſes

IN

OBITUM

Sereniſſimæ REGINÆ

MARIÆ.



CANTABRIGIÆ,

Ex Officina *Johan. Hayes*, Celeberrimæ Academiæ
Typographi. 1694.

Serenissimo, Augustissimoque

PRINCIPI

Gulielmo III. D. G.

Angliæ, Scotiæ, Franciæ, & Hiberniæ

R E G I

Has LACRYMAS,

Quibus decedentem præmaturè

M A R I A M

Deflevit Academia Cantabrigiensis,

Præ stupore Dolentium

Parciùs forsan, quàm tantæ Calamitatis
Fert Ratio,

Ex intimis tamen præcordiis fluentes
Humillimè D. D. D.

Tho. Browne S. T. P. Aul. Pemb. Cust.
& dict. Acad. Cant. Procan.

A 2

AD

A D.

REGEM.

HÆC habeas, GULIELME, Tuæ devōta
MARIA.

(Dura ah ! quæ prohibent dicere Fata Tuā!)

Hæc habeas veros referentia Dona Labores,
Quos percussa novis mens alit usque malis.
Talia Reginaæ Dona Ultima debita, nostras
Quæ toto fovit pectore Viva Deas.
At Tu, qui superes nostris Spes altera rebus
Solus, & accedis charior indè Tuis,
Vive, precor; supràque istos exurge Dolores,
Et præsta invictam, quod potes usq; Animā,
Quantū Ipsi ut periit sacrae de Flore Juventæ,
Tantum det Regi Diva MARIA suo.

*Tho. Browne S. T. P. Aul. Pemb.
Custos & Acad. Cant. Procan.*

In.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

In Obitum Serenissimæ Reginæ MARIÆ.

PLangite jam Proceres, lacrymarum fundite rivos;
Regia singultu mugiat Aula gravi;
Curia, Templum, Forum, duplex *Academia* ploret;
Et casu Unius jam tria Regna cadant:
Insula nunc magno liquefiat tota dolore;
Et fluat Oceano mœstior unda novo:
Nam Regina, Decus sextis, & Gloria sec'li;
Occidit, heu! plures vivere digna dies.
Regia crudeles rupeunt stamina Parcæ,
Nec Divum nobis, heu! tulit ullus opem.
Quod solum restat, lassemus sydera votis:
Ut *Cæsar* cœlos seriùs ipse petat.
Vive diù, pie Rex, vindex Hominumque Deumque;
Anglia sic iterum tollet ad astra Caput.

*Dominus de North & Grey; Baro de Kirtling,
Coll. D. Magdal.*

FRigida *MARIÆ* mors sacros occupat artus,
Punicisq; metit Lilia mixta Rosis.
At nostra, horridior letho, pallentior umbris,
(Nec tamen heu morimur!) corpora Torpor habet.
Jam dolor effundit lessum (discedite Musæ)
Et fluet ut querulæ flebile murmur aquæ.
Dum cœlum, Regina, beas è corpore lapsa,
Nuda suo cultu terra relicta gemit.

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Informis

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Informis patriæ tu dulcis Forma fuisti,
Penè vetus rediit Te moriente Chaos.
Sol fermè extinctus, te decedente, fuisset,
Sol tuus, *Europa* splendor ille Dies,
Deliquium bis passus erat, Te luce remotâ,
Currere divisis noluit ille rotis,
Eheu! quam densâ caligine terra premetur,
Cum condât radios lumen utrumque suos?
O Regina, tui quis possit pingere vultus
Dulce jubar? mores quâ valet arte tuos?
Quæ tibi Majestas humilis? quæ gratia mentis?
Heu nimium properis utraque digna polis.
Languida Virtutis fuerat quæ sparsa per Orbem
Flammula, fulgebat pectore tota tuo,
Quàm non foemineâ Regnorum trana regebas,
Quâ solita es telæ ducere pensa, manu?
Credimus esse Virum, quæ tanta negotia tractat,
Sed verat hoc ridens plurima in ore Venus.
Te Pietas veneranda colit, Probitâsque, Fidêsque;
Aula sit Exemplo relligiosa tuo.
Aurea tecum ætas, terrâque Astræa reliquit;
Ferreâ sit, quæ non, Te fugiente, dolet.

Johannes Mountagu Trin. Coll. Mag.

ERgône nec, Regina, tibi mors pareit, at ipsa
Infesto morbi vulnere victa cadis?
Ipsa *MARIA* cadit, miseranda vel hostibus, ipsa
Victima jam fati nil miserantis obit,

Non

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Non potuit pietas instantia sistere fata,
Nec brevibus filis addere fila nova.
Non annos addit mitis tibi Gloria regni,
Majori ô vitæ tempore digna frui!
Longius indomitam Mortem non distulit ipse
Sincerus veræ Relligionis amor.
Quæ jam Te raptâ genti solatia restant?
Quis jam, quæ Populo gaudia speret, habet?
Rapta simul Tecum nostræ solatia Gentis,
Quæ fuerant populo gaudia nulla manent.
Omnia luctus habet gravis, omnes fata *MARIÆ*
Certatim lacrymis indoluere piis.
Et Rex ante omnes. Ah tantos Rex preme luctus!
Nec curas tristes altiùs ire finas.
Non omnis Regina obiit, nobisque *MARIÆ*
Pars in te superest sospite magna tuæ.

*Fr. Godolphin Filius Sidneii Baronis de Royalton.
Collegii Regalis.*

Ad REGEM.

NEmpe tuos, *GULIELME*, animos non vincere Belli
Dura valent, nequeunt vincere dura Maris.
Ut victus tandem succumbas, invida Fata
Eripuere animæ dimidium *MARIAM*.
Quin & adhuc ingrata utaris luce superstes,
Et Tibi si nolis vivere, vive tuis.

*Rog. Townshend, Filius natu minor Horatii Vice-
comitis de Lyn defuncti, Coll. Regal.*

Define

Lacryma Cantabrigienses.

Define nunc tandem lacrymarum, define planctûs,
Anglia, nec nimio fracta dolore ruas:
Vestra *MARIA* etenim petiit loca sancta Deorum,
Atque suo melius nunc Diadema gerit.
Mirantes coeunt Superi, blandèque salutant,
Hospitis adventu Numina læta suæ.
Divisum, *GULIELME*, geris cum Conjuge Regnum;
Nè caperent Soles *Anglica* Regna duos:
Tu regis in Terris, in Cœlis Illa triumphat,
Charus Tu Nobis; Illa beata Deo,

*Carolus North Filius Domini Caroli North, nupèr
Baronis de Kirtling, Coll. D. Magdal.*

Multa priùs quondam *Crafi* puer ora resolvit,
Ferrum ad colla videns exitiale patris:
Sic ego, *Reginæ* extremum persolvere honorem
Dum studeo, & Gentis tristia fata gemo,
Dum dolor, impatiens claudi, prorumpere certat,
Dissolvo linguæ vincula dura meæ.
Occidit illa quidem multùm lugenda *Britannis*,
Occidit ah! cunçtis flebilis illa bonis,
Illa genus duxit generoso à Sanguine clarum,
At claris proavis clarior ipsa suis.
Non illam ornavit Diadema, aut Purpura splendens,
Regalis Solii sed decus ipsa fuit.
Si pietatis amor posset producere vitam,
Sique animus niveâ simplicitate nitens,

Si

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Si favor in miseros pronus, benè sique merendi
De cunctis studium, si intemerata fides,
Fortunæ spernens mens blanditiâsque minâsque,
Si posset vitæ tempora longa dare;
Sedatûsque animus semper, prudentia summa,
Ullâque si hoc virtus Principe digna queat;
Nestoreos, Regina, dies tibi fata dedissent,
Funere nec tristi tam citò rapta fores.
O quàm felices, hîc te degente, *Britanni*?
Quàm, te sublatâ, languida cuncta jacent?
Naturæ toto mutatur vultus in Orbe,
Quocunque aspicio tristis ubique dolor.
Non tamen intereâ nobis spes occidit omnis:
In medio hoc luctu grande levamen adest.
Nam superest, mœstis licet, invictissimus Heros,
Et beat has Sedes regia Sceptra tenens.
Quem nunquam armati vultus conterruit Hostis,
Nulla unquam Terræ, nulla peric'la Maris;
Quem toties animo impavidum per tela, per enses,
Per medias cædes nobilis ira tulit,
Sit precor ô felix semper, serique nepotes,
Æternum illius nomen ad Alstra ferant.

Joannes Spencer Baronettus Aul. Cath.

ERgône fas Divam lethali occumbere morbo?
Et Deus immitis Regibus ipse suis?
Heu Pietas! heu prisca fides! heu Nobile Regni
Culmen! ut hoc totum nomen inane sonet!

B

Omaia

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Omnia sarcophagi diro absorbentur hiatu :
Sola super Virtus tollere sueta caput.
Te tua, Diva MARIA, ornat post funera Virtus :
Hâc vivis Populi, vivis in ore Viri,
Immò in corde Viri, Populique in corde triumphas ;
Scilicet hâc non es parte adeunda Neci.
Pone modum lacrymis igitur, Rex Optime Regum ;
Verè etenim hæc moritur, si sine fine doles.

Henricus Bunbury Baronettus Aul. Cath.

Ad R E G E M.

FOris secundis rebus, adversis Domi
Exercitatus, usque sis similis Tui,
Serenitatis Regiæ egregiè tenax.
Ingens doloris causa ; sed quem ingentior
Superare Virtus poterit ; & superet precor.
Post Gesta summo digna Principe, ô Decus
Et nostrum & Orbis, specimen hoc novum dabis
Te posse & Agere, & fortiter simul Pati ;
Atque esse nullo non modo *Inviçissimum*.

Jo. Beaumont Coll. S. Petri Præfectus,

Epicedium in Reginam.

SEvior Hyrcanâ sis tigride, tristia demùm
Fata *Britannorum* reputans, compescere plangens
Qui

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Qui potes, aut veris lacrymis imponere morem.

Alma Parens Patriæ, virtute ac sanguine Princeps ;
Antiquæ Columen Fidei ; sanctissima Nutrix
Sacratæ Christo Sponsæ ; Gregis intemerati
Præsidiumque Decusque simul, (quæ gaudia templis
Insuperata dedit nostris, dum surgere contra
Gens inimica arsa est, certam minitata ruinam ;)
Gloria foeminei consummatissima Sexûs,
Seu justum Corpus, seu Mens spectatur honesta ;
Formâ Tota *Venus*, sed & ipsa Modestia, puræ
Flôsque Pudicitæ ; Miseri Solamen ; Egeni
Copia Communis ; Justi justissima Vindex ;
Mitior in Sontem ; cum pondere Comis in omnes ;
Docta tacere, loqui, perpendere sensa profundi
Pectoris, &que sine opportuna refundere ; Mentis
Sub specie quacunque Bonæ veneranda Magistra ;
Et spes & Ratio Studiorum, Granta, tuorum,
Seu Te Musa gravis, seu Te jucundior urget ;
Sedula doctorum Cultrix, pars maxima & Ipsa ;
Hæc Fortuna, Salus populorum Hæc publica, retro
Victa jacet morbo ; medissque abrepta Triumphis
Occidit ; atque unâ Sexûs Miracula cessant.

O Superi ! Hæc mortalis erat ? sic facta reatu est
Nostro. Subsidio Gentis jamjam perituræ
Missa, sed ingratis nobis revocata recessit.

Quas veniens lacrymas lamentâque dira levabat,
Nunc abiens revocat, duplici & cum scœnore luctus.
Solvendo quis erit ? tanto ingeniumque dolori
Par quis habet ? torpent repetito vulnere mentes.

Summe Ducum, ipse doces. Oneri succumbere fas est.
Quid mirum, Tali præceptâ Conjuge, verba
Si titubant, oculi caligant, membra fatiscunt ?

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Oscula, non plagas, Humero dedit æquior olim
Sors Tua; dimidium uno Animæ nunc surripuit ictu.

Quem nec *Iernus* atrox, nec *Gallus* inhospitus, ira
Nec maris aut venti, volucres domuere nec ignes,
Flexit mollis Amor, magna & præcordia solvit.

“ Nil dolor aut gemitus valeant, si non Amor adsit; ”

“ Hinc saliant lacrymæ, languorque inrepat in artus, ”

“ Contingit vero nec Amanti fingere mortem. ”

Quid Vultus sublime decus, quid Frontis honores
Commemorem? invisis maculis (heu!) Lilia cedunt,
Pubentisque Rosæ funestâ labe leguntur.

Luctus Illa Tuos, Princeps excelsæ, caducis;
Doribus haud meruit, summo sed Amore, Fidæque
Perpetuâ, ac semper placidâ Morumque Animique
Temperie; unanimis sociisque per omnia votis;
Arbitrio Nutuque Tuo sua sensa refixit.

Nec minùs accendere suæ tua pectora curæ;
Et sine labe Tenor, summa & Constantia, Vitæ;
Suavem desidiæ pestem procul expulit. Aulâ;
Otia, quæ data sunt, studiis consumpsit honestis.
Stamina nunc tractat, multoque foramine texit,
Colligit in spiram, variis mox dissipat undis;
Et telas nunc argento, nunc auget & auro;
Nunc flores, montes, sylvas, animalia, nymphas.
Mirâ ludit acu, veras imitata figuras.

Sed quid parva loquor? vehemens irrupit in Artes
Ingenuas; Solis, Lunæ scrutata meatus;
Horum quid mutat facies, quid tempora, cælum;
Naturæ rimata sinus, penitôsque recessus;
Describit terras, & splendida facta; verendum
Pugno vel Palmâ disceptans monstrat Acumen;
Indignum subito poterat superare magistrum.

Totos

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienſes

Totos ſæpe dies & multum noctis amicis,
Impendit libris; ſcit verba nec *Anglica* tantum;
Belga ſuam, Gallusque ſuam ſenſere loquentem.

Artibus his ſaturam rapuit vis *Enthea* Mentem
In ſublime Dei ſtudio; cognoscere & Ipſum
Hic Labor, hoc Opus eſt, doctæ ſunt cætera nugæ.

Fœdus adiit Sanctum; divinum exculpere ſenſum
Aſſidue tentat; Sua quodque *Eccleſia* dicat
Anglica, vel ſuadet, ſecurâ comprobât aure.

Mores ſemper ad hanc nam caſtigabat amuſſim.

Omni menſe novo ſolemnis Cœna paratur;
Præcedente die vigilat, jejuna, & orat,
Et legit, & recolit, ſacris ut purior adſit.

Symbola percipiens, palmas & lumina ſuſum
Sic tendit, Dominum quaſi cœlis ſpectet in ipſis.
Succurrit, ſiquos miſerandos indico; ſiquos
Paupertate graves, aurato depluit imbre.

Omni luce intrat cœtu comitante ſacellum;
Bis venerata Deum ritûque atque ordine fixis.
Aſt in ſeſceſſu cœlum quot vota precësque
Scandunt; inque viâ, lecto & quot millia in ipſo,
Ipſe Deus ſolus ſcrutans præcordia novit.

Horum Tu quota pars, quos fructus percipis, Heros
Inclyte, demonſtrant tua facta notanda; ſeneſcit
Gallia, jamque Tuis languet damnata triumphis.

Te tua *Penelope* precibus deducit euntem,
Excipit & reducem, longè & comitata morantem.

Roma Vetus ſimilem ſi viderat, aut Nova; cœlos
Utraque petrum pens clamaverat, ô *Dea* certè;
Sis bona, Diva, tuis, altare boaverat omne.
Nobis non opus eſt ut Sanctam vota fatigent;
Juvat enim ſemper, juvat, æternumque juvabit.

Illæ

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienſes.

Illa ſuos *Anglos*, nunquam dignata rogari.
At ſanctè *Nomen* colimus, nam noſtra *MARIA* eſt
Coelis, ut terris (ſas ſic dixiſſe) *Secunda*.
Deſine, *Monſtre*, igitur mirari, ſi pius *Heros*
Hanc cupit, hanc deſetque, & deperit Hanc, vel in *Urna*.

Joannes Covell, S. T. P. Chr. Coll. Cuſtos,
Olim à Sacris Sereniſſima Heroïna.

Ad REGEM.

Bella geris, Salvuſque rediſ; quòd vulnus ademptà
Conjuge læſus habes, ſæviet ille Dolor.
Succumbit rapidiſ *Majeſtas* Regia fuſiſ,
Acceleratque breves puſtula rupta colos,
Flumina conſuetos reprimunt volventia curſus;
Sic *Moſa* denſat iter, ſic vada *Rhenus* iners.
Magnates Batavi plorent; Alæque ſolutæ
Lugduni Rhetor; *Compede Muſa* ſtrepit.
Regina quid *Juſta* rogant? *Regique* quid optem?
Seras (non viduas protinuſ) opto moras.
Nomine conſimiles, Mater Conſorſque *MARIA*;
Morbiliſque vices ſuſtinuere pares.
Solicita Fanuſ lugubria reſpicit *Aulæ*;
Faultoſ proſpiciat, Te ſuperante, dies.

Ut, *GULIELME*, ſimul vigeaſ, vincâſque Superſteſ;
Det Deus ominibuſ ſtamina longa *Tuiſ*.
Ornaſti *Patriam* & *Proavos*, dextrâ auſpice *Princepſ*;
In campo, in pelago, *Fama* perennis erit,

Nobi-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Nobilitas Procerum cines; Te Sospite, floret
Gloria *Maurici*; splendet *Adolphus*, *Otho*.
Cessat *Belga* Parens, Libitina quæstus acerba,
Ante Tori partum; Posthumus inde labor.
Rex, Tibi spes orta est; Hæc tanto cardine rerum,
Aras cum Sacris protegat, Ara Togam.

ALITER.

Viribus *Anglicis*, fato cadente *MARIA*,
Hæc parat Comites; Mundus, Honorque, Ducem.
Hispanus seu *Flander* opem, nervosque Sagitta
Confociant, Aquilas Imperiumque suas,
Adversis inscripta nitet *Ratio ultima Regum*
Tormentis; Hostem Terra Salusque timent;
Fata æquat fatis Numen; jam Sole rubente
(*Martis* in occasu) *Gallia* axis ovet,
Fœdera non Hostis, non Orbem *Francia* terret;
Publica dum *Stephani* vivat in *Ade* Salus.

V. Stubbe D. D. Heb. L. Pr. Trin. Coll. Soc.

EHeu! quàm miseri tenebris involvimur atris!
Atque mader lacrymis *Anglia* tota suis.
Incluta vanescit lethi *MARIA* sub Umbris,
Regia Majestas pulvere mersa jacet.
Cujus in angusto radiabat corpore Virtus,
Mens placida atque humilis, Virginesque pudor.
Et decor insignis, Pietas insignior illo,
Et niveum flagrans pectus amore Dei.
Ergò homo mortalis! Cur Cristas erigis altas?
Est homo bulla fugax, est homo pluma levis.

Utque

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Utque *intra nescitis* volat tua gloria Vita
 Terrestris: nec scis, quàm citò, musca! Peris.
 Mors inopitè domos pulsat, turrèsque superbas,
 Quæ rapit illustres, purpureosque Deos.
 Quæque Deam rapuit Juvenili ætate Virentem,
 Et nos afflictos ipsa dolere jubet.
 Et cuicumque placet Veneranda Ecclesia, luger,
 Isque dolet verè: nec sine Matre dolet,
 Gonsque *Britanna* stupet, decus inter nubila condit,
 Quæ sublime Caput nuper ad astra tulit.
 Ah! Citò languemus sub acerbì pondere luctus,
 Vita licet superest, pulvis & Umbra sumus.
 Sed tuus in Cœlis honor, & Regina! resurgens
 Mollius effecit grande doloris onus.
 Sis felix, hymnòsque canas, age læta triumphos,
 Pè que preces, coeant Vulnèra nostra, tuas.

Tho. Thurlin S. T. P. Coll. D. Johan. Præf.

CONnubio conjuncte tuæ GULIELME MARIE,
 Junctus es Imperio consiliòque pari.
 Regnum utriusque unum sensit feliciter *Anglus*,
 Cùm te disjuxit *Flandria*, sensit idem,
 Imperium non divisit, divisit anilla
 Imperii tecum (quod leve fecit) onus.
 Amisâ hâc Conforte doles, dolet *Anglia* tecum,
 Et dolet amisâ quo magis ipse doles.
 Te desiderium charæ cùm conjugis urget,
 Nos tuus in lacrymâs conjugis urget amor.
 Sume animum, Pie Princeps, sumet & *Anglia*, quòd tu
 Idem alter MARIA deficiente manes.

Nam-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Namque tuas vires satis *Anglia* novit & Orbis,
Unum te Mundi sufficere Imperio.

Dan. Brattell S. T. P. Trin. Coll. Soc.

A *Nglorum* rebus nutantibus
Statricem dedit numen *MARIAM*,
Britonum Reginam, mundi que Muliebris:
Indigno popello
Abstulit eam excandescens:
Nec cessit Regina naturæ legibus,
Sine coeli terræque Certamine.
Cum triste munus obire astiterunt Parcæ,
Et Fabricam Dei invaserat morbus,
Nunc gemitu nunc fletibus *Anglia*,
Illiso pectore lacerisque Comis,
Nunc ad scabellum Dei provolvitur supplex,
Nunc frustra Medicas tentat artes;
Curæ, & Querelæ terminant æstum.
Fata nos heu! quam aspera manent:
Heu quam torvo numen despicit vultu
De novo minatus revocare
Ad molem rudem & indigestam
Orbem *Britannicum*.
Agendi causam status est Dies Innocentium,
Sancti, Veteribus si qua fides,
Festivis semper diebus
Eminuere suis.
Augeri numerum expectat,
Reginamque stipare ovanti satellitio
Exercitus tenellus.

C

Hæc

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Hæc est Dies, causam sic agunt,
Quâ innocuo Sanguine nostrum,
Victimam fecit sævus *Idumeus* :
Cruentas manus sustinuimus,
Tantum non reluctantes.

MARTA sceleris pura.
Die nostro paruit Imperio Cœli,
Et obsequio facili pertulit
Morborum aculeos
Sicâ *Herodis* aciores,
Et parvulis Domini,
(Sacro adimpleto vaticinio)
Nutricem sedulam egit.
Ab Orbe sæculento ascendat MARIA,
Nostro nunquam dissocianda Choro :
De morte Præmaturâ
Fremitus absit *Anglis* :

Feliciter quæ Regis gloriæ complevit annos,
Non est brevis ævi.

Ad Cœlos reditum cunctari

MARIAM flagrant *Angli*.

Quæ profint linquimus *Anglis* :

En Celebres *Anglos*, MARIÆ

Superstite famâ :

Quæ supra Pyramidum vertices subvolans,

Orbis terreni superansque fines,

Et seculis claudi nescia,

Vivit Fama.

Vivit & Virtus MARIÆ perennis :

Ad regiam Cœli quippe maturata,

Non pendulâ, sed manu festinanti

Bona congestit opera.

Operum

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Operum immensa moles
Mausoleo grandior,
Omne conteret ævum :
Et longè supra flamulas
Nictantes abditis urnis,
Seris, æmulisque Nepotibus,
Micabit fulgida :
Dicto citius,
Animam cœlitus ortam,
Reperit suam Supremus Vindex.
Et Reges, terræ montes,
Quassati stamine rupto,
Reclinato Vertice,
Perhorrescunt moniti ;
Orbisque subsidunt latera :
Nec fictum diluvium Telluris evomuit alvus.
Quin omnis intuitus MARIAM,
In laudem Conditoris venustam,
Et supra virtutis Custodes rigidos, piam,
Propriis immergitur undis,
Atque Delus lacrymis
Agitatur suis.
Aliud quod agant non habent Musæ ;
Cum vivens MARIA vel jure suas
Fastidivit Laudes.
Laudes obitæ quod impares
Injustè temerant MARIÆ Nomen :
Ut invetitæ non sunt lacrymæ :
Exundant ergò Musarum fontes.

Tho. Smout S. T. D. Coll. Joh. Soc.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Sanguineas populi cades, & fortia bello
Quid querimur crudæ corpora missa neci ?
Heu ! gravius luimus Gentis mala, sævior armis
Offensû Angligenis incubat ira Dei :
Scilicet occidimus, Reginâ morte peremptâ ;
Totâque gens languens semianimisque jacet :
Vidimus heu ! nupèr lætam florentibus annis
Inter sœmineum prænituisse chorum,
Quàm pulchra aspectu ! placidi quæ gratia vultûs !
Quàm non Majestas imperiosa fuit !
Quò decor effulsit, quòque æmula forma rosarum,
Nunc toto pallor luridus ore sedet.
At verò incoctum generoso pectus honesto
Atque animi doles quis memorare queat ?
Molle cor infedit qualis Constantia recti !
Quæ Pietas ! quantus Religionis amor !
Poscitur infidum Vindex **WILHELMUS** in hostem ?
Regnandi Conjux ausa subire vices ;
Temporibus duris, cauto moderamine gesta
Vidimus imbelli Regia Sceptra manu :
Flandrica castra tenent **WILHELMUM** ? regna *Britanna*.
Conjugis auspiciis otia Pacis agunt ;
Sponte suâ populus non aspera jussa capeffit,
Ipse regi voluit suavibus Imperiis.
O Decus ! ô Patriæ Tutela ! Labantibus *Anglis*
O præsens (sinerent vivere fata) salus !
At nobis superest solùm de Nomine tanto
Nunc desiderium triste, gravisque dolor ;
WILHELMO imprimis, vario cui corda tumultu
Accessu dubii contremuere mali,

Quos

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses:

Quos gemitus! quæ vota piâ pro Coniuge fudit!
(Non agitant curæ pectora magna leves)
At simul extinctam accepit, ceu fulmine tactus
Admonitu tristi concidit exanimis,
Mens invicta malis, durisque interrita rebus,
Inconcussa prius, propositique tenax,
Quam pelagiarabies magnis non depulit ausis,
Cui frustra hostiles infremuere minæ,
Ingenti ærumnâ tandem succumbit, acerbo
Conjugis amissæ fracta dolore labat:
Sic pius *Aeneas* fertur gemuisse *Creüsam*,
Illa licet Divûm Numine rapta polo est:
Surge Heros invictè! manent Te prospera fata,
Accedent meritis altera Regna Tuis.

Car. Roderick Coll. Regal. Præpositus.

O Regina, ingens Coeli Terræque Voluptas,
O nimium matura Deo, nimis æmula Coeli,
Quam tantum nostris ostendunt Fata *Britannis*,
(O nos felices; propria hæc si dona fuissent!)
Ut te linquentem terras Rex plorat & Orbis!
Rex invictè prius, te solo vulnere Amoris
Vinci posse tuæ morientia lumina monstrant
Reginæ; cujus mens semper proxima Cœlo
Ascensu facili superas evasit ad auras:
Pollutas terras sic olim *Astræa* reliquit.

Gabr. Quadring Coll. Magd. Præfectus.

In

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

In Obitum Serenissimæ Reginæ MARIE.

S Atque superque Ictum sentimus, Parce benigne,
O Plagâ abstineas ulteriore, Deus.
Ni rapiat Mors una Omnes, simul ibimus Omnes,
Et simul unum ingens *Anglia* Funus eat,
Quin superimpositus totus simul ardeat Orbis,
Uri non possit Nobiliore rogo.
Cedimus, Hei! satis est! Divinam agnoscimus iram.
O! sit pro *Populo* Victimâ Tanta satis.
Parcas tam magno at Deus indulgere Dolori,
Tristitiæ nullos & posuisse modos.
Et licet Humanos animos, & viscera nota
Induere, & lacrymis tristitia Fata queri,
Urgemur nimium, rumpunt toto agmine Fletus,
Et se toto ingens Pectore Turba movet.
Non humana sat est tanto Natura dolori,
Nec capit excessus Spiritus ipse suos.
O solitum dare summa Deum! Nos ista mereri
Insolitos! cecidit Gloria, Gentis Amor.
Pulchrior haud usquam species apparuit Orbi
Gestu, Habitu, Vultu splendida, Tota Nitens.
Par Sceptro Sublime Animi, Mentisque Decorum,
Et regere Imperio Fœmina docta Viros,
Prudens consiliis Animus, Rebusque gerendis
Promptus, in Extremis Par muliebris Apex.
Dos ingens privata animi, quàm molle nitebat
Majestas, nusquam mitius Imperium:
Quàm faciles aditus folio, sermoneque benignus,
Gratia tam properans quàm fuit ira brevis.

Mens

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Mens devota Deo, precibus sacrisque ministrans
Non stata divinas deserit hora vices.
Qualis abis! Totâ virtutum instructa catervâ,
Proh Dolor! æternum non reditura vale!
Quis narret morientem animam, Reglque loquentem,
Miscentem & lacrymis Ultima verba suis!
‘Anglia viventem quo me dilexit Amorem,
‘Quo me dilexit *Belgia*, linquo Tibi:
‘Crescat Amor populi præreptâ Conjuge tantum,
‘Orbatus quantum perdis Amore meo.
‘Quo Te dilexi frui alto pectore Amore,
‘Longius ah! Cuperem vivere Amore Tui.
Plura locuturæ vox deficit, aureus illi
Somnus, in æthereum Spiritus Exit iter.
O! virtus secura Boni! cælôque potita,
En Tibi in æternum Gloria juncta comes.
Quis tenerum aspectum Regisque novissima Verba
Narret, & in tanti signa doloris eat!
Conjuge commoritur Conjux moriente *MARIA*,
Obscuras lethi promptus adire vias;
Frustrâ tentat iter, motus contrarius ultrò
Vertitur, invito Spiritus indè redit.
Collapsum abducunt socii, magnoque Dolori.
Succumbit tacitus, Numinis Imperio.

Ad REGEM.

Surge Heros! Tua persentimus Vulnera Cuncti,
Sternimur ad Terram, morimur vel vivimus unâ,
Mors & Vita eadem Tecum, Sors obtigit una,
O! Nimis haud liceat magno indulgere dolori,
Anglia Tota Tua est, Te nostrum poscimus Omnes,

Te:

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Te vocat *Europa* Fatum, Te *Martius* Annus
Et nondum Extincti poscit vis ultima Belli,
Extremūque Labor, cessurus Milite nunquam
Te nisi, subsidit dempto Te Cardine Bellum.
Respice pugnantes *Gallōs*que extrema moventes,
Venturas *Mosæ* pugnās, & Prælia *Rheni*,
En cristatam aciem, jam miles *Gallicus* urget,
Et ruit ad *Rhenum*, *Mosæ*que potentibus Armis:
Obvius I Tanto solitus dare fræna Furori.
Expectat Te *Belga* Ducem, vesterque *Britannus*
Miles, & Eo veniens *Germanus* ab Istro,
Et stans Exeremo victoria limite Campi,
Et debellato rediens Pax aurea *Gallo*,
Venturūque ingens donatā Pace Triumphus.
En! age, Surge Heros, atratum linque Cubile,
Non nisi pro Populo tantis devote Peric'lis.

*Geo. Oxenden, LL. D. Custos Aula Trinitatis &
Regius in Jure Civili Professor.*

Quis stupor invadit sensus? ut membra tremiscunt,
Nec facit officium Mens labefacta suum!
Quid video? Angelicā turbā famulante, *MARIAM*
Calcantem celeri Sydera læta pede?
Tam citō nos igitur Miseros, Regina, relinquis?
Tāmq̃ue procul, precibus non revocanda, fugis?
Tu verò, Rex Alme, mane, damnumque resarci;
Accedant, Illi tempora dempta, Tibi.
Sic nitidi Soles usque ibunt; Tuque, *MARIA*,
Ipse simul nohis, & *GULIELMUS* eris.

*Hen. Felton LL. D. P. O. & Coll. S. Pet. Soc.
Sive*

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Sive dolenda magis præsentia damna, dolemus:
Quæ mala non patimur morte, MARIA, tuâ?
Seu ventura magis deßenda pericula, flemus:
Heu! flemus mißeri morte, futura, tuâ,
Nam cum tu Solio partes perferre Mariti,
Cum poteris tantas fußtinuißſe vices,
Dum fera bella foris movit, tu ſola virili
Integra vibrâßſi Regia Sceptra manu.
At quænam poßte te propriis ita viribus apta eßt,
Quæ tantum poßthac aggredietur opus?
Et quid Sceptra juvant? te jam nunc Sceptra tenentem
Invida Mors Sceptris, vel tulit ante diem.
Nempè in Connubii Solique hoc fœdere dixit,
“Major, quæ caderet, Victima nulla datur.
Sic cadis, heu! Gentis Decus & Spes maxima noßtræ,
Vixque adeo, quod ſe jam tueatur, habet.
Viderat ut *Cæſar* ſubeuntem fata *MARIAM*,
Hucusque intrepido pectore frigus erat,
Aßpexit, periitque ſimul; ſimul intima ſenſit
Confußus pavidò pectora rapta metu.
Fatur & hæc, imò ducens ſußpiria corde;
“Quo fugis? ô, celerem ſiße, *MARIA*, gradum.
“Vel te redde mihi, precor, ô Fidiffima Conjux,
“Triftia vel Tecum da mihi fata ſequi.
“Me mea fata vocant; (quærenti talibus Illa)
“Fata vocant, nulli fata cavere datum eßt.
“Sed te participem lethi non convenit eßſe,
“In terris cum te Gloria longa manet.
“Quod ſi (namque poteßt aliquid longæva vetußtas)
“Nunc ubi ſunt lætus, gaudia rurßus erunt.

D

“Cu:

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

- “ Cur tu non speres, tua fors mutetur ut olim ?
“ Fulgentem Imperio Te tria Regna beent.
“ Ergo vive diu ; *Gallis* victisq̃ue, triumphā ;
“ Et *Pacis* Palmam solus habeto tibi.

Rob. Herne Aul. Clav. Soc. & Acad.
Procurat. Sen.

AH nimium miseris Mortalibus invida Fata !
Nilne boni proprium perpetuumve datis ?
Anglia sæpe suam jactavit læta *MARIAM*,
Spemque triumphanti protulit Ore novam,
Nunc eadem tristi nimium subitoque peremptam
Reginam fato, sic gemebunda dolet :
Occidit heu ! Patriæ præsens Decus, atque futuri
Spes ævi, Virtus occidit & Pietas.
Occidit, ah dixi ! manet, æternumque manebit
Viva tui volitans fama per Ora virum.
Te tantum è terris Superi rapuere, nec ultra
Inter Mortales esse, *MARIA*, finunt,
Nos soli verè morimur, quibus ægra trahenda
Atque dolore gravis vita, *Tuique* carens,
O si vel Cœlis non tam matura fuisses !
Aut Gens *Angligenum* Te magè digna foret ?
Nam, nisi Te tantā superesset Conjuge dignus
Conjux, & Patriæ non minùs ipse Parens ;
Funeris una dies Patriæque *Tuique* fuisset,
Atque idem caperet *Tequè* tuosque rogus.

Johan. Sidey A. M. Procurat. Alter.
Hæte-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Hactenus armorum strepitus, bellique tumultus
Intrepidi tulimus, dum Martius horror, oberrans
Vicinas gentes, viduavit civibus urbes :
At proprio malo percussi, & funere acerbo
Mittimus, ah ! nimium miseræ suspiria Gentis.
Siccine succensent Superi ? moriturque MARIA,
Deliciæ Britonum, Decus, & Lectissima Princeps,
Quam languens habuit nutricem Ecclesia Matrem,
Siccine nil possunt pietas, diademata, forma,
Ingenium ? tantæne animis Cælestibus ira ?
Proh dolor ! ah precibus frustra imploratur Olympus,
Nil valet his sacris cumulasse altaria donis :
Sæviet offensum Numen, peccata minori
Non purgare queas tua, Gens mœstissima, poenâ.

Tho. Harrison Sen. Taxat. Acad. & Coll. Sidneii Soc.

Occidis, ô dilecta *Anglis* ! dilecta *Batavis* !
Tu dolor heu ! binis gentibus una cadis.
Anglia ut amissam, sic plorat *Belgia* Divam,
Unus amor socios, & dolor unus habet.
Quid tamen hi planctus ? potius lætemur, utrique
Regina hinc tantum, mortua Numen erit.
Aut saltem nobis hæc sint solatia, fies
Rex magne Angligenis charior inde tuis.
Sic *Phæbe* abreptâ, Solaris luminis ortus
Illustrat radio fulgidiore diem.

Gulielmus Russell Trin. Coll. A. M.

D 2

Sumit

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Sumit funereas, ut mos est, *Gallia* vestes
(Hostis, & averso fit licet illa animo) ·
Et magni raptos *GULIELMI* plorat amores,
Et causam quare *Gallia* ploret habet.
Bellantum teneris lenitur amoribus ardor,
Atque emollitur spiritus ille ferox ;
Æternum Mavors misceret tristia bella,
Nè requiem terris ferret amica *Venus*.
Proh ! quantas nunc ardebit *GULIELMUS* in iras,
Proh quantas strages, funera quanta dabit !
Non est, quæ nostri Mavortis temperet iras,
Quæ requiem *Gallis* adferat, ulla *Venus*.

Hen. Bowles A. M. Coll. Regal. Soc. è Sen.

Peliden quid, *Homere*, ornas cœlestibus armis ?
Absque armis satis est Ferreus Ille tuis ;
O si fortè tuo *GULIELMUS* vixerat ævo
Immortale magis *Musa* dedisset opus :
Qualia Bellator daret argumenta furori !
Qualia, dum patitur fortitèr, Ipse Dolor !
Deficienti Animæ succrescit Gloria ; quod si
Sustinuisset onus, fecerat Illa minus.

Ric. Bynns Trin. Coll. Soc.

NON ego sacratam juxta Permessidos undam
Capto leves somnos, nec mihi *Phæbus* adest :
Nec

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Nec Natura dedit faciles in carmina vires:
Hei mihi sed res est imperiosa dolor!
Ingeniosa velim: --sed tristi tristitia versu
Quid vetat exemplo pangere, Naso, tuo?
Ah! vetat ipse dolor, mea qui prius ora resolvit;
Quæ nunc præ lacrymis obriguere suis.
Tu tamen interea longum, Regina, valebis,
Et tuus æternum, credo, Poeta filet.

Car. Darrell C. C. C. Soc.

QUÆ tanti luctus? quæ tanti causa doloris?
Anglorum lacrymis cur maduere genæ?
Ah! cecidit Regina Dea similis, Dea certè,
Nempe fuit Patriæ Gloria, Gentis Honos.
Præsidium Ducibus, necnon bellantibus Ardor,
Classibus, & nautis nec minùs illa Salus.
Digna Viro in terris, cœlesti digna Marito
(Jupiter optatos nec fugit ipse toros)
Grata Deum Conjux, æquo moderamine cœlos
Nunc reget, *Angligenas* rexit ut illa prius.

W. B. A. M. Coll. Regal. & Soc. Sen.

JAM propè Diluvio lacrymarum, immergitur Orbis,
Anglia Cimmeriâ nocte sepulta jacet;
Cuncta Chaos meditantur iners; (miserabile visu!)
Grande Decus, columen, Te pereunte, perit:
Heu!

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Heu ! nimis injussæ festinant justa Sorores !
Hæccine sunt tristis jura severa *Jovis* ?
Durius est letho lethi genus ; aucta dolorum
Viribus, heu ! Febris bella maligna gerit.
Erubuit sperare nefas quod sola peregit,
Infidiis subitò sic sociata suis.
Quis Deus Orbem iterum mutato cardine rerum
Transtulit ? & veterem jussit inire statum ?
Rex *WILHELME* venis, toties terrâque marique
Tutus, & admotis fortior usque malis ;
Per cædes, per damna Caput quàm Nobile tollit
Anglia ! Regali vulnere ducit opes ;
Aspice venturo latantur ut omnia Regno,
Ridet ager, ridet mobile Vulgus ovals,
Sicut Vere novo Brumalis vincula noctis
Disrumpit magico lumine solis Honor.
Sic quocunque venis, fundis lucemque calorémque,
Atque iterum *Arctous* gaudia mundus agit.
Ecce, malis fruimur ! sunt ipsa pericula tanti,
Mors *MARIÆ* Regem sola probare potest.

*Vere Philipps A. M. Coll. Regal. Socius
è Senioribus*

SI non casta fides, pietas, cultusque Deorum,
Atque anima instanti non tremebunda nece ;
Hoc satis illustret per sæcula cuncta *MARIAM*,
Quòd premit insolitus Te, *GULIELME*, dolor.

Tho. Dillingham, A. M. Aul. Clar. Soc.

Epita-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Epitaphium R. MARIÆ.

Quisquis ad hunc tumulum accedis, cognosce, Viator,
Te Cineres tantos nunquam aditisse prius:
Scilicet hoc uno conduntur plurima Busto,
Consilium, Pietas, Gratia, Forma, Fides,
Regis Amor, Populi Studium, Favor Omnipotentis,
Et Decus ingentis, nunc Dolor, Orbis: *Abi.*
Ah! nescis nomen? Jacet hic Regina MARIA,
Et simul infelix *Anglia* tota jacet,

Symon Degge Coll. Emman. Alumnus.

ERgône perpetuo urgetur MARIA sopore?
Altera spes patriæ deperitque suæ?
Ast ego sperabam felicia regna duorum
Et gesta auspicio bella sonare pari.
Ast ego sperabam magnos celebrare triumphos,
Et domitas gentes, imperiûmque maris.
Arma ducésque diù nostra est meditata *Thalia*,
Quid mihi cum luctu, *Melpomeneia*, tuo?
Heu! nimium cantus lugubres causa requirit,
Tu quod *Musa* vetat scribere, scribe dolor.
Cur feritas *Parcis* tanta est? cur tanta potestas?
Aut hæc aut illæ debuit esse minor.
At tu, Summe Pater, vel posse volentibus aufer,
Si possunt, saltem velle nocere veta.
Heu! seras effundo preces atque irrita vota,
MARIA heu! durum sensit utiûmque nimis.
Illa modo Imperio, vitâ gaudebat & almâ,
Imperium & vitam sustulit una dies.

Magna

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Magna quidem, *Regina*, tua est jactura, fatemur,
Majorem at populi sustinuerè tui,
Tu demptum Imperium, nos te deflemus ademptam,
Ipsa tribus regnis, te tria regna carent.
O ego si Famæ possem succidere pennas,
Nè facinus tantum *Gallica* regna sciant.
Hostica neu ducat crudeles turba triumphos,
Lætave sit nostris terra profana malis !
Ut cum *MARIA Britonum* spes occidit unà !
Quàm multas strages una ruina dedit ?
Ipse adeò imprimis rector, *WILHELME, Britannum*
Cui regni Confors illa torique fuit,
Eheu ! unus eris magni pars quanta doloris !
Illa fuit vestras ausa subire vices.
Anglia quid faceret si te quoque funus haberet ?
(Dei meliora piis) *Anglia* quid faceret ?
At vos, ô *Parce*, (nam vos utcunque rigentes
Credibile est tanti pœnituisse mali)
MARIÆ quotquot tristes abrumpitis ævo
Florentes annos accumulate Viro.
Tempora temporibus, vitâque rependite vitâ,
Si tantum optatis posse piare scelus.
Ille diu lætus nobis interfit, & *Anglos*
Quos fato eripuit, protegat usque suos.
Et titulos titulis, jungâtque trophæa trophæis,
Trudatúrque prior gloria laude novâ,
Neu populi nimis ille velit convellere jura,
Neu populus minuât regia jura nimis.
Servet in ambiguo ecelum, quod curat utrumque,
Huncne sui *salvum*, plus velit ïsve suos

And. Snape A. B. Coll. Regal. Soc.

In

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Epitaphium Reginae MARIAE.

Quam tegit hic tumulus si quæris, amice Viator,
Atra parentantum te pia turba docet :
Anglia cum Scotiâ, Battavia, Ierna, Camanae,
Virtutes, Charites, Canaque Religio :
En ! sine fine dolent, nec non Celsissima ducens
ANNA *Glocestrensem* Danica moesta suum ;
Porro Monarcharum summus *Nassovius* Heros,
Tanto impar damno qui jacet Exanimis :
Nè dubites igitur, cubat hic Regina MARIA,
Uxorum, & sexûs Gloria foeminei :
Plura vetat luctus ; solamina sola, MARIAE
ANNA quod incolumis *Dulcis Imago*, Soror ;
(Quæ foecunda dabit, spes, multos Mater Iulos)
Quodque GUL'ELMI animam reddiderint Superi,
Quæ licet ex animâ divelli ignara MARIAE
Corpore diffugiens ibat ad astra Comes,
Dii tamen, Angligenas miserantes restituere,
Nec trahere in coelis jam voluere moras :
Has abiens Dîs funde preces, lacrymose Viator,
Rex nobis adsit, Regiâque ANNA diu.

Johan. Millington A. M. Coll. Magd. Socius.

Εἰς τὴν ΜΑΡΙΑΣ τῆς ἀγίας ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑΣ πρὸς
δακρυτὸν πληροῦ.

Ἀρχηγὴν καυνοῦσιν, σφαῖς ῥα δάμνεται αἰοιδῆς
Πᾶσι δ' ἐχοχέτοσσιν ἀολλέαις εἰς ἓνα χῶρον,

E

Χαμ-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienfes.

Χαμακῷ κρινιδῷ, Θεᾷ, ποταμῷο χαράδρῳ,
Μελπομένη· πόν ἔργον ὀδυρομένοις ἐγείρειν
Δακρυόεντα ῥέεθρα, γῶν τ' ὑπαιδίας ὄμβρους.

Οὐπὶ τοι περπαῖρι διὲν ἀγῶν τοιοῦδε τίτυχ')
Πένδε @ ἀλλήκτιο χ' ἀπλησῶν ὀδυυάων,
Οἱ @ νῦ ἀνέφκτο Ἀραυσίδ @ εἰνεχα ρύμφη,
Τῆς Στκαρπάδ @ ΜΑΡΙΗΣ, κλειτῆς Βασιλείης.

Αὐτῷ μὲν πρώτισον ὀδύρεται ἰς Ἰλερμῷ·
Ἰλερμῷς μεγάθυμ @, ἀντήϊ @ τυπάρσων,
Ὅς τ' αἰεὶ ἰύκισι ταλαυρίνης πολέμουσιν,
Κρείων τ' αἰὲν ἐτύχθη Ἐνυαλίη ἐν ἀγῶνι,
Νῦ μ' πένδε εἶνε, φίλον βεβολημῷ @ ἦτορ,
Ἀτλήτοις τ' ἀγέροιν ἐλαίνε) ὄβριμ @ ἥρωι.

Οὐδ' ἐ σὲ πῶσον ἔόντα σείζομεν, ὄρχαμε λαῶν,
Αὐτὰρ ἐριδμάτορες ὀμυωθῆμεν αἰνίω
Ἰσὺν τοι κλαυθμοῖσιν ἀπρῆσι κηλεόμεσθα,
Ἰσὺν τοι συγχεροῖσι γῶν χαίροντες ὀδυρμῶς.

Τοὶ γδ, Ἀναξ, παρὰ χροῖς αἶμα ἀιδόη π φίλη π
Πασάων ἀπόλωλεν ἀρίστη δηλυπράων·
Ἡμῖν δ' αὖ π, Ἀναξ, μήτηρ δ' ἀπόλωλεν ἀρίστη,
Δεσπότης ἡποδάφ @, Ἀνασσί π ἡμερέεσσα,
Κάλλει μ' ἀεινέουσι χ' ἐφθαλμῷ ἐλέεσσιν,
Ὅσον σὺ, κρατερὸν Ἀναξ, ἀντεῖ βλεμμαίνεις.

Ὅσδ' ἡμῖν μένοισι λελαίψα) αἶνον ἀέθλων
Πειθέων, ἡδ' ἐ γῶν, χ' ἀπρμῶν) ὀδυυάων,
Δὴ τότε γδ χ' παντα θασιμέσθαι πλῶτον ὀδυρμῷ·
Ἀλλ' ἐριδα συνόεσαν ὅλ @ τοι χύσιν @ ἐρίζει·
Κάτδ' ἀγρεὶ μεγάλῳ βεβολήατο φῶτες ἀπῆμτες
Ζήλῳ Διοπασίῳ περιάσιον ἡμείροντες
Κηδέων ἡμῶν ἐρεὶν ἡσυχρὸν ἀρέσθαι.
Πᾶσιν γδ πόλεις, βασιλῆαι ὅσιν ἔασιν,
Πατριῖδες, οἰκί τε, φρήτῳ αἶμα ὅπ' ἔχονι πᾶσιν,

Ἀρχαί

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Ἀρχαί μὲν πίτορες, καὶ πόσιμα φάρσιν γαίης,
 Εὐρώπῃ, Ἀσίῃ, Λιβύῃ, καὶ Ἀμερικῆς αἶα,
 Ἀμφοτέρῃ δ' ὅσιν τε πατὴρ καὶ ἀχρὶς ἄρσκει,
 Καὶ φίλῳ ἡδὲ καὶ ἐχθρῷ (ἀπὸ ἡτοιο δ' ἔστιν αὐτῷ)
 Πάντες ἄμα κλαίουσιν ἀπὸ χυμῶν βασιλείῃ.
 Τέθνηκεν Βασίλεια, Βρεττανῶν κυδῶν ἔλωλε.
 Τὴν ΜΑΡΙΗΝ γέωσιν ἀπὸ ζῶν ὀλέσσει
 Ὀλλανός τε πατὴρ, ποταμῶν γένῳ ὕγρῳ ρέοντων,
 Καὶ Θάμνεις, καὶ Θυμβεῖς, Ἴσις, καὶ Χαμῶν ἀειφών,
 Καὶ Λαοὶ, καὶ Ἀνακτεῖς, ἄμα βροτοὶ, ὑπερίδαυ τε.
 Μῦσαι, καὶ Χάριτες, Ἀρεταὶ δὲ τε, Εὐσεΐη τε.
 Πᾶσιν μὲν γόῳ ἴσῳ, ἴσον γὰρ ἐπὶ πᾶσι πάντα
 Τοπρεῖν ἐν ζωοῖσιν, ἀτὰρ νῦν ἤκαχε πάντα.
 Οὐδὲ καὶ ὡς μέγα ἄλγος ἐλαφρότερον τελέδοιτο,
 Πᾶσι δ' αὖ μερῶν ὅσον, ὅμως βαρὺ πᾶσιν ἐτύθη.
 Οἷα μὲν Ὀλλανόιο πατρὸς βαδύχρηπα ῥέεθρα
 Ὑδασι ζατρεφέεσσιν τὰ δένδρεα πάντα δαίνει,
 Καὶ ποταμῶν πλήρεσι μεθύσκει ἀμφικυπέλλοις,
 Ξηρὰ δ' ὕγραίνει, ἀγνά τε, καὶ ἔρεα μακρὰ,
 Ἀλλὰ καὶ ὡς χόλπῳ πολυκενθεῖ χάνδρην αὐτὸς
 Ὑδασι τῶν, ἔσσι πᾶσι ὅπῃ ἥτοιο τ' ἐκωρεθήκεν.
 Οὕτως ἡμετέρης Ὀδυῆς πῆμα πείρατον οἶδμα
 Πλημυῶν κυμαίνει ἐν φρεσὶν ἡμετέρῃσιν,
 Ἄν δέ τε χόσμον ἀπῆρτα καταρρίψει ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
 Ἐνδον ὄλον, καὶ τ' ἐκτὸς ὄλον, πᾶν πάντοθεν ἴσον.
 Χαῖρε, φίλη ΜΑΡΙΗ, χόσμον ξύμπληρῳ ἄνασσα,
 Καὶ κραδίαις βασιλίδες ἐν ζωοῖσιν εὔσαι,
 Ἀντὶ δ' σὺ νῦν Πένθῳ ἐν κραδίῳσι τύραννον
 Θήγας, τῷ ῥα, σὺ εἶνεκ', αἰεὶ δυλῶσομεν ἡμεῖς.

Josua Barnes S. T. B. Emmanuelis Coll.
 Socius maximè Senior.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

INfandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem,
Debita dum pietas Te memorare parat.
Seu proprios recolat mores, seu publica Gesta,
Subsidit lachrymis Insula merſa ſuis.
Principis exemplum populum trahit ? ecce beabat
Mente magis pulchrâ pulchra MARIA ſuum.
Fulminat ad Scaldim, bello Rex acer ? in altâ
Geſtabat ſceptrum pace MARIA ſagax.
Quæ Regina ſui, tria maxima Regna regebat,
Jure, ſed ante diem Regna ſuperna petit.
Candidior pedibus via lactea tacta MARIA
Eſt, comes it Superis dum nova, digna tamen.
Quòd medicâ vitam non prorogat arte MARIA,
Æternat Muſis nomen *Apollo* ſuis.
Cur querimur ? quamvis deſecerit aurea *Phæbe*,
Nos vultu ceſſans irradiare ſuo :
Non levis affulget ſpes illacrymantibus *Angliæ*,
Dum ſplendet noſter *Phæbus* in orbe ſuo.

C. Beaumont A. M. Coll. S. Pet. Soc.

TE ſtemus, Regina, tibi properatâque fata,
Ah ! Patriæ & Regi rapta MARIA tuo.
Sentit onus ſociis commune *Britannia Belgis*,
Et miſcet lacrymas mœſtus uterque Leo.
Mœſta magis plorat ſed noſtra *Britannia*, quæ fit
Naufraſa nunc lachrymis Insula penè ſuis.

C. Proby A. M. Coll. Jeſu Soc.
Venales

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

VEnales lacrymas, & inanes *præfusa* luctus
Auferat hinc aliò; ducti longo ordine servi,
Captorumque greges, quos dudum tædia lucis
Cœperunt miseros, effuso sanguine spargant
Herdum tumulos, aut ornent Cæsaris urnam:
Scilicet *his* opus est ut *vera Tragedia* fletus
Excitet, & læto lacrymas extorqueat oîbi:
Heu nimium deflenda mihi defuncta *MARIA*!
Solvimur in lacrymas, lacrymas *Tibi* sponte fluentes.
Non si in nos redeat miseros *Ægyptia* clades,
Et primogenitos divini vindicis ira
Demeteret noctu, magè lux invisâ fuisset;
Jam lacrymæ invadunt oculos, præcordia luctus,
Quæque domus proprium visâ est sentire dolorem,
Non *cælo* admissam, sed *terris* flemus adeptam,
Sed *Patriæ* ereptam: at capit hæc solatia luctus,
Non priùs amissam, (quæ dudum debita cælo)
Quàm dederit Genti Regemque Ducemque labanti,
Fecerit & *proprium* nobis, animosque rebelles
Finxerit in pacis studium, & pietatis amorem.
Mox fugit, atque iterum explorat nova regna Marito,
Nè tandem (ut *Macedo* quondam) toto orbe subactò
Victor, non alium lacrymans superesse queratur.

Michael Mills A. M. Coll. Regal. Soc.

Ferali cùm fixa toro Regina jaceret,
Et sancto fureret pestis in ore Deæ,

Divi-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Divinósque oculos jam Mors clausura instaret,
(Heu! quantum licuit, Mors inopina, tibi!)
Hactenus invictum sic est affata Maritum,
(*Tunc* pia quassatum vulnere corda gravi;)
"Jam me *divus Avus*, me *divus Avunculus* abs Te
"Avocat, ô Conjux, pars magè chara mei:
"Te novus in Terris manet expectátque Triumphus,
"Gallia Te pedibus subjicienda tuis;
"Me sancti in Cœlis jamjam petiére Triumphi,
"Gloria me, Capiti jam redimita meo.
"Tu nè festines--- Tibi fiat pia Cura *Britanni*!
"Anglia chara, vale: Chare Marite, vale.

Jo. Exton A. M. Aul. Trin. Soc.

Anglia, sæpe malis exercita, suscipe fletus;
Justior haud unquam causa doloris erat.
Reginam rapuit fera mors, cui nulla tulerunt
Sæcula, cui referent sæcula nulla parem.
Principe pro charâ populus, pro conjuge conjux
Orabant, frustra, nomen utrumque perit.
Instabant votis, lacrymis, prece flectere: votis,
Et lacrymis, flecti & nescia fata prece.
Longius imperium tua nos sperare jubebat
Ætas, sed pietas accumulata vetat.
Dimidium haud licuit spatium percurrere vitæ,
Dî citiùs poscunt optima quæque sibi.
Quæ vitam meruit, cœlum meruisse videtur,
Non aliâ nobis credita lege fuit.

*Fr. Pemberton Coll. Regal. Commens. ad
Mensam Soc.*

Nobis

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Nobis jampridem invisis cœlum intonat ardens,
Et furit infestis cladibus ira Jovis.
Nec tamen ingenti flendæ jam strage catervæ,
Deploranda magis millibus una perit.
Occidit illustris Princeps, atque optima Conjux
Ante diem à nostro Cæsare rapta perit.
Exuviae insignes ! spoliis Mors læta triumphat :
Sed sociam Ætherius gaudet habere chorus.
Vanæ absint lacrymæ, & lugubris nœnia cesset,
Quam terra amissam luget, Olympus habet.
Bella gerit Rex dura. viamque affectat Olympo ;
Hæc chara in cœlis regnat, alumna Jovis.

H. Temple Coll. Regal. Commens. ad Mensam Soc.

Carmen Pastorale in Obitum Serenissimæ Reginae MARIE II.

Tityrus, Melibæus.

Tit. **C**UR solus, *Melibæ*, sedes, mœstusq; sub umbrâ,
Nec solitos de more sonos tua fistula præbet ?
Dilaniâtne lupus rabioso dente tenellos
Hædos, an molles crudelis devorat agnos ?
Vel niveo teneræ distentæ lacte capellæ
Non implent mulctras, neque grex sua vellera reddit ?
An tandem formosa tuum fastidit amorem
Phyllis, & alterius pastoris respicit ignes ?

Eja

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Eja age, tu referas quæ sit tibi causa doloris.

Melib. Tityre, tu quercûs residens sub frondibus altæ,
Ignoras nostrâ quæ facta sub urbe geruntur.
Si modo parturiant pecudes, si pinguior agnus
Sit tuus alterius, tua si mulctralia spument,
Hoc satis est, non plura cupis, nil cætera curas.
Haud sentis quàm dura premunt nos fata misellos,
Quàm cruciant nostram missa infortunia gentem.
Nam Dea, sub cujus placidi requievimus ambo
Tutelâ, faustique breves transegimus horas,
Altenis vicibus calamôque & voce canentes,
Ah! fugit, fugit, nos desertôsque reliquit:
Jâmque suo viduata manent hæc pascua grato
Numine, quod semper protexit ab ungue ferarum
Sanguineo pecudes, hostes gregibusque fugavit.
Cui curæ fuimus pastores, & pecus omnis.
Tunc lætos transire dies, tunc gaudia vitæ
Fas erat, in viridem prostratis, carpere, ripam.
Sed jam (proh dolor adversis quàm prospera cedunt!)
Mutata est rerum facies, passimque vagatur
Luctus, & has miseras ingens dolor occupat oras:
Amissam luget Divam nemus omne, Deorum
Vi raptam, Superis mixtam, cœlôque locatam.

Tityr. Si bene quid memini, nuper Philomela querelis
Flebilibus mœrens latè loca cuncta replevit.
Jamque tibi, tacito subiit quod vespere, dicam,
Dum posui lassus patulâ mea membra sub ulmo,
Et sopor irriguus fessos circumdedit artus:
Excitat è somno subito, gratumque soporem
Dispellit, vastis mugitibus aera complens
Taurus, queis densæ sylvæ reboare vicissim.
Territus è somno, sensu me mira tulisse,

Nam

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Nam fletu maduere genæ, & mihi pectus anhelum
Deciduis lacrymis tepidum contraxerat imbrem.
Ast ego, cui nunquam placuerunt Auguris artes,
Mœsta hæc pro vanis nugis præfagia duxi.

Melib. Mira refers, si vera refers; hæc omnia credo
Prædixisse tamen damnum irreparabile nostrum.
Quare age, cuncta suum repetant miserabile carmen :
Ipse diem ingrato perfundat lumine *Titan*
Quo, meliora petens, Diva his discessit ab oris.
Non iterum saltent per prata virentia Nymphæ,
Nec gens cæruleas saliat squamosa per undas ;
Non feriant aures dulci modulamine nostras
Aeriæ volucres, resonent lacrymabile carmen
Vicini colles, tristisque reverberet Echo :
Ipsæque per querulæ frondosa cacumina sylvæ
Aura modos tremulos, sonitu n mœstūque susurret.

Tityr. Desine tandem animum miseris vexare querelis,
Actum de nobis non est, non excidit omnis
Non periit spes nostra, manet, cui cura paterna
Proteget has pecudes, ipsos pecudūque magistros.
Rura diu tali grato custode fruuntur
Dii dent, ut plures referat de *Marte* triumphos,
Ut serò, at certò requiescat pace perenni.

Thomas Sherwill Coll. Christi A. B.

Induitur quare mutatas *Anglia* vestes,
Infecitque suum noctis imago diem ?
Angliacæ fatis extincta est gloria terræ,
Atque improvisâ morte *MARIA* perit.

F

Cui

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Cui virtus & forma fuit, clementia summa,
Ingenium felix, mens pia, larga manus.
Lugeret non orba tuos nunc *Anglia* casus,
Si tantis meritis orba *MARIA* fores,
Jam verò cum tot virtutibus alma refulges,
Ex oculis vix dum visa repente fugis.
Te sociam voluere duæ sibi jungere divæ,
Juno Jovis conjux, nata *Minerva Jovis*.
Læta fugis, patrioque volens succedis *Olympo*,
Digna *Jovis* natâ, conjuge digna *Jovis*.
Interea mæsto lugent te carmine *Musæ*,
Et gentis miseræ rebus abesse dolent.

Jos. Alston Coll. Regal. Commens. ad Mensam Soc.

TE Regina gravi mens dudum percita luctu
Amissam gemit; & tacito mœrore laborans
Obstupuit mirata tuos, quibus icta cadebas
Infelix, casus, & non tibi debita fata.
Nec jam ultra patiens angusti pectoris acres
Ægra ciere cupit planctus, & carmina quærit.
At qui te planctus, vel quæ te extrema sequantur
Carmina? Tu, dum vita tuos infusa per artus
Regnabat, *Pietatis* eras & *Gentis* amore
Insignis, firmamque *Britannis* inclyta pacem
Esse dabas, cum Rex invictis impiger armis
Per duros ibat casus & tristitia rerum
Te linquens, sævique ardebant omnia bello,
Ah quoties illi metuens ad sidera palmas
Tendebat Regina! & quæ suspiria puro

Pecto-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Pectore sollicitæ fudit pia cura MARIÆ!
Ah quoties supplex aras & templa revisit,
Multa rogans, belli cum mille pericula, mortis
Mille viæ subiêre, atque artes mille nocendi,
Nè noceant illi *fraudes & perfida* belli
Tela, sed ut læto tandem post tempora longa
Ex ipiat gremio illæsum fidissima conjux!
Ah quoties *Gens ipsa*, frequens per templa, per aras,
Solennes pro Rege preces, solennia vota
Suscepit, *Gens tota*, suæ secura MARIÆ!
Infelix Regina! Infelix Anglia! utraq;ue
Hunc unum potuisse adeò sperare *dolorem*!
Quali nube Deus vobis instantia fata
Obduxit! quantâ rerum caligine mentes
Humanas tegit! En Vobis Deus annuit isto
Posse carere metu, Regemque in vota reduci!
Ille redux gremio dilectæ conjugis hæret.
Interea Gens læta fremit, junctumque tueri
Egregium Par Regnantum post tempora belli
Exultat: metus omnis abest, qui Gaudia Gentis
Misceret, *festis* juvat indulgere *choreis*.
Ah quid agit! quàm nulla unquam sincera voluptas,
Nec mansura diu! media inter gaudia gentis
Fata sibi fecere vias. Quod nemo timere
Audebat, morbi invadit vis sæva MARIAM;
Vis morbi improvisa rapit; nox lumina condit.
Non tu jam lætere procul curaque metuque,
Anglia, nec *festis* juvat indulgere *choreis*.
Omnia jam loca lamentis tristisque ululatu
Mœsta sonent; omnes *crudeli funere* ademptam
Reginam lugete, & vos ante omnia Musæ.
Illa decus Musarum, & vatibus una voluptas:

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Illa dedit vires in carmina, carminis ipsa
Materies, seu fortem animum, curamque tuendæ
Virtutis canere inciperent, seu mollia Sceptra
Regnantis, seu *connubii fidissima Jura*.
Quam toties canere optâstis venientibus annis,
Quam toties cecinistis, acerbo funere raptam,
Ante diem, *maſſæ* supremum dicite *Musæ*.
Tūque potens citharæ Clio, quæ fallere curas
Reginæ tristes potuisti, carmine læto
Dum caneres metuenda invicti conjugis arma,
Tu Regem solere. Dolet Rex, fata *MARIÆ*
Infandum dolet; atque hederæ victricia ferta
Jam ponens laurōsque, invisâ fronde cupressi
Squalet, acerbæ gemens quoties morientis imago
Ante oculos, altrōque hærent sub pectore luctus.
Ah *GULIELME*! tuitangat te cura, tuorum
Tangat cura. pio nimium nè cede dolori.
At Tu quanta! gravi fato quæ victa, movere
Ingentes meruisti ingenti in pectore luctus,
Te quondam nova Progenies nec jam-tua regna
Extinctam lugubrè gement, Te longa dolebit
Posteritas, stebunt Te sæcula fera nepotum.

Fr. Hare, A. B. Coll. Regal. Soc.

HEU! quid spiramus, miseri quid viximus usque!
Nostra *MARIA* gravi jamdudum saucia morbo,
Chara *MARIA*, suis semper celebranda Britannis,
Occubuit, Populōsque doloris acumine punctos,
Et Regem oppressum curatum mole reliquit.

Nun-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Nunquam est Ille prius tam diro vulnere victus,
Viribus at Major Gallis, hoc sternitur ictu:
Funditus hâc periit; hâc altè vulnus adaetum.
Quandò igitur, MARIA, cadis & GULIELME, cadente
Inque tuâ vitâ nobis spirare necesse est,
Hoc uno occidimus Fato crudeliùs omnes,
Quòd neque Tu poteris nostro superesse Sepulcro.
Quomodò tum nostri Luctus, aut Carmina, tale
Exitium possunt dignis deslere querelis?
Nequaquam. Tantos neque enim tolerare dolores
Ulteriùs possum, nec dicere plura; sed atrum
Musa caput flectens, tenebris obvoluitur altis
Ipsa amens animi, & singultus verba morantur.

Johannes Grene, Coll. Emman. Commenfalis.

FUnere cùm tristi Parcas mersisse MARIAM
Rumor erat, nobis torpebant languida membra,
Exanimis subito fixi sterimùsque dolore.
Ut culpabamus crudelia numina! quantos
Duximus ex imo singultus pectore! quanto
Pallida solliciti fletu scedavimus ora!
Non tot nigrantes, cùm regnat aquosus Orion,
Nubes demittunt imbres, quot lumina nostra
Fundebant lacrymas: luctus propè cuncta tenebat
Communis; flebant amissam Numina ruris,
Flebant & Fauni, flebant Dryadùmque choreæ;
Flebant ante omnes Musæ tuâ fata canoræ.
Flebant & tristi dicebant carmina voce.
Obstupuit Chamus luctûque immobilis hæsit.

In

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

In glaciem subito versus; sic Tantalus olim
Marmor facta fuit natorum funere viso.
Non, ubi Elisa, decus patriæ columenque ruentis
Imperii, superas petiit Dignissima Sedes,
Angligenum major versabat pectora Luctus.
Nec mirum est, orbis quando pulcherrima stella
Occidit heu! nostri. Quàm dulcia gaudia læti
Spondebant Angli sibi, quàm grata otia! quando
Illa suas primò, socio cum sydere juncta,
Lumine spargebat terras; non Tyndaridarum
Gratior adventus nautæ est, cum pontus, ab imo
Euro stridenti penitus commotus, ad astra
Tollitur atque inhiat peritura gurgite navi.
At nunc heu! stellam vanescere cernimus illam,
Cernimus abreptam immaturâ morte *MARIAM*,
Cernimus elusas spes, & facta irrita vota.
Spe semel elusâ at nè desperate Britanni!
Sumite adhuc animum, quando non deficit alter
Qui vos defendat famamque ad sydera tollat:
GUL'ELMUS superest vestri spes alte a regni;
GUL'ELMUS superest miseri spes unica mundi:
Namque ille è cœlo, quisquis fuit antè Deorum,
Certè missus erat domitis dare fræna Tyrannis,
Cladibus & fracto penitus succurrere mundo.
Ille reget placidum felix virtutibus orbem
Imperio mundi dignis; iterumque sub illo
Candida pax erit & requies optata malorum,
Pacatoque orbi resluent Saturnia sæc'la.
At magne, ô Princeps! quando charissima conjux
Occidit Imperii Consors, Tu Sceptra tenere
Solus discis: *Uni mundo Sol sufficit unus.*

Parce

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Parce tibi & nobis, nimio neu cede dolori ;
"I decus I nostrum, melioribus utere fatis.

Conold, Aul. Pemb. Alum.

EXtinctam querimur crudeli funere *Divam* ;
Funera vel superas corripuere *Deas*.
Flemus opes fractas *Britonum*, & miserabile vulnus
Casaris ; atque uno regna cremanda rogo.
Te sensit collapâ unâ natura cadentem,
Funeris ipse tui conscius annus obit.
Anglia solliciti ostentat monumenta doloris,
Nam tumulo aggeritur, *Diva Britanna*, tuo.
Quò tamen ægra novis animentur regna *triumphis*,
Vive tuo, *Casar*, tempore, vive *Dea*.

Benj. Jones, Trin. Aul. Alumn.

Ad REGEM.

AT noli immodico, Princeps, tabescere luctu,
Quos alii nequeunt, hos Tu compeſce dolores.
Tûque Rege has lacrymas, quibus omnia lumina parent :
Hoc Patris officium est, nec laus est infima Regi.
Sæpe domum vili, quando dulcissima Conjux
Effertur, miseris rumpentem planctibus auras ;
Infantes pendere volunt circum oscula, at illa

Fri-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Frigent, infantes quâ possunt voce, queruntur,
Flent matrem abreptam pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
Flent Aviam dulcem lacrymabilis ordo nepotum,
Flent Dominam amissam servorum examina nigra,
Et videt, & deslet unus vicinia tota ;
Vir tandem egreditur pietate insignis, & annis,
Huic suus & dolor est, at non finit ille dolorem
Ingentes animos, & mascula frangere corda,
Est sibi solamen, reliquis & pectora mulcet :
Hi rivi lacrymarum, atque hæc suspiria tanta,
Aspectu Patris placido compressa quiescunt.
Pingere si liceat tenui sub imagine Regem,
Tu Vir, Tu Pater es, Tu nobis omnia *Cæsar* :
Digna quidem lacrymis *mors immatura* *MARIÆ*,
Fatâque Regina fletu dignissima Regis :
Heroas, Fama est, paulum indulsisse dolori,
Nec puduit luxisse, at non incidere luctum :
Tu tantæ cape justa *volens* solatia cladis,
Optime Rex, tribuâsque malis solatia nostris :
Nec lugebis adhuc, Princeps, quam vivida virtus
Eripuit terris, cœlestique intulit Aulæ.
Sic placuit Superis, & sic placuisse *MARIÆ*
Credibile est, aded fuit huic Divina voluntas,
Ut Diadema tibi, tibi soli Regna vacarent
Integra. Jam tecum par unâ in Sede morari
Nemo hominum affectet ; nam quis cum *Cæsare* regnum
Dividat, *Æthereâ* nisi summus *Jupiter* Arce.

Guliel. Trimnell A. B. Coll. Regal. Soc.

VOS

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

VOS mortem infausto comitantes agmine morbi
Quid tali obsequio meruistis, *dira caterva?*
Mortem sæpe almæ vicere Machaonis artes
Instantem, inviti vos sæpe recedere vifi,
Cur tandem *decus* abripitis *vitâque* Britannûm?
Nonne satis fuerat *divina* injuria *forma?*
Crudeles! vim lenirent qui mortis, Amores
Cum *MARIAM* urgerent dextrâ lævâque frequentes,
Cur corpus formosum *illâ* cingente *catervâ*
Ausistis temerare, & sævo lædere tactu?
Heu cur non obstant fato vel *forma* vel *atas?*
Cur sit tam *subita* indomiti violentia fati?
Cui vix à patriâ, cui vix à sanguine nomen,
Improba mors duci sinit *illi* tempora longa,
Insula reginæ patria est, celebrata per orbem,
Et genus antiquo regum de stemmate ductum.
En! *conjecta* sagitta leves ut transiit auras,
Effugitque sequentem oculum, nec signa reliquit,
Quâ revoces, sic mors æquè *pernicibus* aliis
Delicias Britonum nostris substraxit ocellis;
Abreptam frustra querimur, nec adire licebit,
Nec renovare gradum felix velit incola cœli.
Quis tamen amissam lacrymis non lugeat, ipsa
Cum dolor invicti regis præcordia tangit?
Nunquam illum injustis *Ludovicus* terruit armis
Pugnantem, nunc tandem impar contendere fato
Inclinat caput, & Consortem desilet ademptam.
Marmore de Pario statuas si ponere possem,
Pingere vel vultus, variôque ornare colore,
Cudere si possem *spirantes* ære *figuras*,

G

Car-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Carmine vel Dignos memori committere famæ,
Exprimerent *statua, color, æs, carmênque* *MARIAM.*

*A. Collins, Commens. ad Mensam Sociorum,
Coll. Regal.*

JAM plenis dolori laxare habenas,
Et justæ indulgere mœstitiæ;
Jam oculos fecundos lacrymarum latices
Exhaustire, vexare juvat.
Æstu doloris modum nescientis omnem
Abrepta, sine modis furit Musa.
Inque pios fletus soluta miseras deperit suas,
Et immodicos fovet, vindicatque luctus.
Nam quis flendi pudor? Quis lugendi modus
Divâ obeunte *MARIA*?
Cum quâ *Forma, Prudentia, Fides, Religio,*
Quicquid *Sacri* vel *Augusti* habuit *Anglia*
Unâ sepulta jacent.
In te, *Maxima Princeps*, convenerant,
Mirabili junctâ scedere,
Majestas & Amor.
In te confluerant rerum optimarum omnium
Extrema;
Religio Monastica, Antica vitæ splendor
Modestia virginis Intactæ
Recens nuptæ Amor & Affectus:
Gravitas quæ Reginam deceret sublimis,
Fastu tamen Immunis;

Benig-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Benignitas, penè infra *Subditi sortem*, humilis,

Nec abjecta tamen, nec levis.

Quid singula inani labore ineptus persequor,

Compendio dicam.

Divinam *Caroli* Martyris stirpem agnosceres.

Quippe spiritum & magnas Avi virtutes

Integrè possedit,

Et ad vivum expressit.

Sed novis *sexûs*, *suisque* gratiis temperatas.

Beata Urna! quantam complecteris ruinam?

In angusto tuo ambitu continetur

Britanniæ *Decus* & *Præsidium*,

Belgii *Miraculum* & *Amor*,

Galiciæ *Invidia* & *Formido*.

Solii aviti *Ornamentum*, Sceptri *Gloria*,

Sexûs Delicia atque *Honos*.

Ut plena virtutum *stadia* decurrant,

Longius temporis spatium postulant

Reliqua Mortalium Turba.

Sed *præcox* *Mariæ* *virtus* ætati prævertit,

Jam matura Deo & Agni nuptiis apta,

Terrenas linqvit sordes.

Nimiùm sic sumus stupida gens Britannia,

Fœlicitatem ignoramus nostram

Nisi damno Edocti;

Duos simul soles & diu lippus non feret Orbis,

Ergò ut sortem dignè æstimemus nostram

Minùs fœlicem reddidit Deus.

Nè tamen Anglorum Diva depone curam,

Populi fateor indigni, attamen *Tui*.

Sed rebus nostris & pio nimiùm *Cæsari* tuo

Semper propitium affulgeto

Sidus.

G 2

Ast

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Ast quò merâpit mixtus pietate Dolor !

Quid *rebus humanis* defunctam appello

Superisq; *datam Reginam* ?

In te, Rex Magne, nostra vertitur salus,

Te poscimus Omnes.

Te spectamus.

Tu rebus labentibus opportunè subvenisti,

Tuis sub auspiciis adhuc gens superest

Nostra, Ringente licet tuo

Et Europæ hoste.

Te nobis invigilante, lividi rumpantur frustra

Ecclesia & libertatis hostes

Anglicanae.

Amisam tori pectoris dilectam consortem

Nostra tandem compenset Fides ;

Et diu quæsitâ frustra Christiani orbis Pax

Consoletur.

Siste modò vastos, heu ! justosque nimis

Dolores.

O tandem Te tuâque gentem respice !

Et qui adhuc juvenis Gallicos contudisti impetus,

Invictè Heros, macte virtute,

Teipsam Vince,

Sicque vincendæ iterum Galliæ

Magnum dabis Augurium.

J. R. A. B. Coll. Divi Johannis Socius.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Πρὸς τὴν Β Α Σ Ι Λ Ε Α.

Ὡς λίω μεγάλαι σιδερά τέ ποτ' ἰλπίδες ἦν,
Ὀκλύ' αἶμα σκῆπτρον βασιλῆιον εἶχε ΜΑΡΙΑ,
Καὶ τότε σοὶ μέγα χάρις καὶ ἄσπετον ὠπασεν ἔλπον.
Νυνὶ δ' αὖ πινυτ' ἐπέλυνθ' ἑτερότροπα· ἡ δ' ΜΑΡΙΑ
ᾠλεῖτο, σὺν δ' αὐτῇ καὶ ἀπώλετο χάρις, ΜΑΡΙΑ
ᾠλετο, καὶ σε μέλισσα κενεῖται ἀγέστον ἄλγος.
Τίπτε δ' ἐνὶ στήθεσσι ὀλοφύρεαι καὶ ἀλγεα λυγρὰ
Ἐν θυμῷ κατακείσθαι ἑατῆς ἀχρύνους περ·
Οὐ γάρ τις κρηξίς πέλει κρυερὸν ὄροιο,
Εἰ καὶ ἡματα πάντ' ὀδυρῇ γούων ἐνὶ πολλῇ
Οὐδ' ὥς ἐξ αἰδοῦ δόμων ψυχῇ ἀναλύσῃ.
Βυλὴ δ' Ἀθανάτου πρὸς τε καὶ ἑμπεδὸν αἰεὶ,
Ἀφ' οὗτου καὶ Θεὸν ἄνθρωπος τὸν νόον ἐκζητεῖ.

R. C. Aul. Pemb. Soc.

Quis ferat ut par est, jacet Inclyta Diva, peritque
Illa salus Regnis quæ fuit Una tribus,
Nec magis in Vitâ, quàm morte Beata MARIA,
Vivere Quis cuperet dulcius atque mori.
Si quis pro meritis vellet lugere MARIAM,
Illi longus erit, vel sine fine dolor,
At neque Reginae benè gratum fecerit, Orbes
Quæ jam fidereos, Cœlicolâsque videt.
Quò magis æternis hæc dissona cura Triumphis,
Cura quidem miseros quæ probat atque facit.

Ille

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Illa etiam in Terris cum nuper Sceptra teneret,
Tristitiam Populi, duxerat esse suam.
In Commune Bonum fuerat quæ Nata MARIA,
Communi moriens noluit esse malo.

Petrus Pheasant Trin. Coll. Commens.

O Patria infelix, fortunatissima quondam,
Tûque decus Patriæ, & gentis tutela Britannæ
Regina, Angliacas inter pulcherrima *Nymphas*!
Quis consummatos gemitus? Quis funera versu
Commemorare valet? dictisque æquare dolores?
Granta, tuos gravibus numeris, & carmine tristi
Dic luctus, & iusta *sacris* persolve sepulchris.
Illa perit, per quam redierunt otia Musis,
Et studia & mores, per quam felicia mundo
Secula fulserunt, Libertasque aurea terris,
Quæque diu nostros olim miserata labores
Adfuit, & nubem radio propiore fugavit:
Occidit ante diem! crescentes abstulit annos
Mors violenta, perit vultus *nativa* venustas,
Et commista rosis languescunt lilia lapsis.
Te plorant sylvæ, te frigida flumina lugent
Te curvæ valles, Te sient montesque supini,
Te matres, lacrymantque senes, rurisque puellæ,
Et Dryades, sparsis per candida colla capillis
Te resonant, implentque suis ululatibus agros,
Et planctu percussa dolet resonabilis Echo;
Tûque gemens graviter speluncis *Came* sub altis
In mare cum luctu properasti fundere lymphas.

Jám-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Jàmque dies aderant festi, & Genialibus Altis
Gens epulata toris, tristes de pectore curas
Egère, & cunctos cepère obliviam luctus;
Cum subito nova res incautas impulit aures
Delicias inter medias -----

Reginam clamant miserandâ morte peremptam.
Percussis stupuere animis, cunctosque repente
Invasit pavor insinuans, vox lætæque mœstos
Vertitur in gemitus, dolor undique, & undique fletus.
Sic nubes fulcat coelum improvisa serenum.

Sic oh! sic Troes *falsa* inter *gaudia* noctem
Egistis, cum Argiva cohors se fudit ab alto
Intus equo, ferroque & flammis abstulit urbem.

Sic vanæ mentes pascuntur imagine falsâ.

Hæu, *Mortem invisam!* Quis Te, Regina, Deorum
Abstulit, & nondum maturam funere meruit?

Tu prior immiti morbo correpta, Maritum
Deseris, & dulces auras & lumina linquis,
Granta tuum funus lugubri carmine plorat,
Granta tuas certat laudes attollere versu,
Et si Pieriis Phœbus formâisset in antris
Me quoque, venturi longis annalibus ævi
Virtutes, noménque tuum laudésque manerent.

Te verò primum ante alios, fortissime Regum,
Cura dolorque animi tangunt, tibi tristis Erinnyis,
Evolvens mala fata, ciet sub pectore luctum.

Illa quidem, (cum quâ feliciter ipse Maritus
Sollicitos animi casus, curâsque levâsti)

Te fugit, & procul Elysiis spatiatur in arvis.

At Tu, *Magne Heros* (quem nulla pericula mortis
Non hostis ferratæ acies, non æquora ventis
Concita moverunt, flammisve armata catina)

Despon-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Despondes animos, hæret tua lingua palato :
Vicit amor.

Eja age, Magnanime, & vestrâ de conjuge curas
Tristes pelle parum, & propius res aspice nostras.
Accipe lora manu, jus & moderamina gentis
Solus habe, & jam per populos da jura Britannos,
Donec summa dies, donec Te tarda senectus
Auferet, & serùm radiantibus inferet *astris*.

Alex. Lytton, Coll. Regin. Alumnus.

Singula vulgares commendat gratia nymphas;
Ingenium, Facies, Sanguis, Honos, Pietas.
Divisis istis donis, si Fabula vera est,
Juno, Minerva, Venus, singula facta Dea est.
Qualis erit *justis*, ubi in *unâ Sede* morantur
Omnia, *judicibus*? *Sancta, Beata*: sat est.
Anglia nunc mœsta est, terras quod *Sancta* relinquit;
Exultant Superi quôdque *Beata* venit.
Ipsa suos jactet Mors, nunc *Invieta*, triumphos;
Secula quod non dent, abripit, *una dies*.

Hen. Lee Coll. Christ.

Ad Reginam Elisabetham de Præmatura morte Reginæ MARIE.

Quod tibi tam *similis*, Diva *Elisabetha*, *MARIA*
Magnanima, & justa, & nulli pietate secunda,
Flore

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Flore Juventutis superas properavit ad oras,
Cùmque tuos nondum *meritos* numeraverit *annos*;
Nè mirere, licèt talis tibi cura *Britannum* :
Nempe fit annosa *innumeris virtutibus* ætas.
His igitur cana, & *cælo matura* MARIA
Altra petit, populi sed non oblita, relinquit
Nassovium Heròem *Britonum* Diadema gerentem,
Qui *Anglorum* rebus tutandis sufficit unus,
Pá-que est *Occiduum* Europæ domitando *Tyrannum*.

Ricardus Cumberland Coll. Magd.

Ad Regem de Reginae MARIE obitu.

PROspera conspiciens *Anglorum* Lumine torvo,
Indignánsque diù frenderit Invidia :
Spémque decúsque igitur nostium, donúmque Deorum,
Tollere te, Heroum summe, cruenta cupit.
Nempè aliter nequeunt submergi funere in uno
Se vásti propriâ quæ *tria Regna* manu :
Flectere sed *Superos* Impar, *Acheronta* movebat
Invidia, indè ciens bella, perícла, dolos,
Immittens ficas, ventos, fluctúsque minaces,
Monstro.um & summum Te, *Ludovice*, rapax ;
Frustrà : námque tuos vel si Tormenta, Monarcha,
In sacros humeros fulmina manca ruunt :
Scilicet Europæ gemitus valuére, nec illam
Hercule privari Dii voluére suo :
Sed tibi cùm posset mors spicula figere nulla,
Divinam in sponsam sævius illa vibrat :

H

Exe-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*Execrande iſtus ! Tot an uno ſaucia corda
Fando quis audivit ? ſed placitum Superis.
Scilicèt æternæ virtutis præmia Olympo,
Non terris poſſes ferre, MARIA, tuæ.
Lauitūs Invidiæ nunquam fera fata litârunt ;
Caſa nec Invidiæ victima opima magis.
Flebilis impuras terras Aſtræa relinquens
Majora Invidiæ gaudia nulla dedit.
His, licet, exulta Livor, nec parce triumphis,
Haud diuturna Tibi gaudia crede tamen.
Angligenûm tandem tabeſces rebus opimis ;
Aurea nam nobis Dii rediviva dabunt
Sæcula, nec dubium ; dùm Coelis diva MARIA,
Et Terris Numen dum GULIELMUS ades,*

Gulielmus Owen Coll. Magd. Commenſalis.

O Prima quis Te quis poſſit Regina filere,
Atque negare tuis (ſiqua eſt ea gloria) carmen
Funeribus ? ſed quis tantâ dabit Indolē dignum ?
Talis talis abes, qualem ſperare futuram
Non Gens ulla poteſt : non Ævi ſæcula longa.
Egregium peſtus, vultûs formoſa venuſtas ;
Virtutum ſeries : quantum decus atque dolorem
Attuleris ! regnando decus, moriendo dolores ?
Ergone tam nullas præſtent medicamina vires ?
Utiq̃ adeo increvit morbus ? miſerabile probrum
O medicina tuum ! Sed ego quid nomina vana
Incusem ? ſuit in cauſâ cur nocte profundâ
Obruerit Lumen Deus, atque involverit atro

Luctu

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Luctu, nostra nimis scelerata atque impia Vita :
Ingratiquè animi divini Numinis iras
Accendère graves: hinc tantum vulnus adactum
Imis visceribus Regni, quod sera Nepotum
Ætas est sensura diu longumque dolebit.
Flenda igitur Regina tuo ter flenda Ma ito,
Flenda diu Patriæ, nobis ter flenda Valetō.

Nath Coddington A. M. Coll. Regal. Soc.

ANnuat *Omnipotens*, mortique potentia facta est
In *MARIÆ* Regale Caput; jamque ipsa per artus
Imperiosa ruit, morbis stipata cruentis;
Exagitansque animam per languida membra serenam
Gessit torva tuens tantam fecisse ruinam:
Obstupet infelix *Conjux* (nil arma, nec artes
Vincendi profunt, nil belli conscia Virtus)
Multa gemens, hostesque gravi defixus amore
Grassantes videt in moribundo corpore prædam
Jam rapere, atque ultrò sese rapientibus offert;
Marta devictus molli præcordia flammâ
Deficit, atque ruens moli ingens succubuit cor.
Invida Mors nullis didicit mansuescere votis;
Non movet effuso debacchans *Regia* luctu,
Sollicitus non *Regis* amor, non consona vota
Anglorum, quos cernere erat lacrymisque precèsque
Large effundentes Templis pia dona pacifici,
Nequicquam; Mors sæva premit.

At quorsum in famulam jacimus convitia Mortem
Luctu indulgentes? *Non hæc sine Numine summi*

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Eveniunt *Jovis* : insignes pietate, piisque
Præsidium propior munit custodia *Cæli* :
Nempe ad cœlestes abiit *Regina* triumphos,
Digna mori, tantis cum *Mors* sit prædita donis ;
Suavibus effrænes novit quæ flectere habenis
Dura animos *Gentis*, sine *Marte* domare rebelles :
Quis bonus, aut miser est ? flentes narrate *MARIAM*
Se facilem præbere aditu, votisque vacare
Supplicibus *Populi*, atque una gaudere beantem,
Quæ solum fugiens jucundè aspexerit aurum :
Ast inter varias fulsit quæis candida formas
Emicuit reliquis præstantior omnibus una
Religio, & placidum puro oblectamine pectus
Perfudit, sanctumque animi penetralibus ignem
Fovit, *quem gelida non vis restinguere Mortis*
Est potis, at jam lucidior post fata virescit.

Sed fas sollicitum paulum lenire dolorem ;
Nondum tota *MARIA* abiit : pars multa superstes,
Dum facilis *Deus* immeritis indulserit *Anglis*
WILHELMUM, belli qui palmam *Herôibus Heros*
Præcipuit, pacis simul instructissimus artes
Omina lata facit, jubet & sperare dolentes.

Tho. Evans A. M. Coll. Regal. Soc.

ERgo quid annorum seriem formidine multa
Optamus longinquam ut nobis *Jupiter æquus*
Addit, & in longum deductæ fila senectæ ?
Non hominum Pater hac voluit mercede rependi
Egregias animi dotes, verosque labores

Virtu-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Virtutis : Quos æquus amavit, sæpius illis
Dat vitæ spatium in terris breve, sæpius urget
Dilectos Heroas ineluctabile fatum
Ocyus, & festinatae cita munera mortis ;
Nî porro ducendo Illis sua tempora, Regni
Nascentis firmare velit cunabula prima
Jupiter, aut Populum instituat fulcire cadentem,
Atque adeò utendos ruituro commodet Orbi :
Hunc si unum Coeli poterat meruisse favorem
Anglia, non atro nunc omnis squalida luctu
Reginæ extinctæ nimiùm cita fata doleret.

Jam verò *Europa* oppressæ sævissimus hostis
Dum vivit *Lodoix*, nec dum crudelia regni
Invisi spatia emensus, crescitque recenti
Impiger ambitione, infestâque gentibus arma
Ante alias infesta *Angliâ* Senior quatit, Ipsa
Ipsâ *MARIA* obiit fato immatura, *MARIAM*,
Quam non Ambitio, non regni insana Cupido
Infecit, placidâ Populum quæ pace regebat
Religionis amans, & nullo sanguine tœda
Sceptra gerens, cui nulla magis sincera voluptas
Quàm largâ donare manu & succurrere rebus
Afflictis ; pro quâ populus tot Vota, Precésque
Sollicitus fudit, nunc irrita Vota, *MARIAM*
Abstulit atra dies.

Nec jam (quod modò credidimus mox affore tempus)
Rex invictæ, tuæ fusus per colla *MARIÆ*,
Postquàm parta quies *Europa*, ætisque labores,
Dulcia præteriti carpes obliviam belli.
Illius neque enim poterant cita fata morari

Gentis :

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Gentis amor, lacrymæque piæ, fidique dolores
Regis, & infandî charâ pro Coniuge luctus,
Invictò tum primùm exortî pectore luctus.

Illa abiit, terras linquens & credita regni
Sceptra brevis; dum nos, Pietas quos debita tangit,
Nos, Patriæ quos tangit Amor mala dura dolentis
Dura nimis, curæque graves, dubique timores
Vexant, sollicitos quæ Gentem Fata sequuntur :
Illa abiit, vitæque brevis defuncta periculis
Egregias Animas inter jam morte carentes
Versatur; nullæ poterint nunc tangere curæ,
Non livo violare; manent nunc altera Sceptra
Æternùm gestanda Illi post sæcula, quando
Magna ruent Mundi flagrantis mœnia, Sceptra
Insigni virtute exactæ præmia vitæ

Rob. Cannon A. M. Coll. Regal. So.:

Pontificem tristis vix fleverat *Anglia* raptum,
Defunctumque *fides* relligiosa Patrem;
Utique cùm fati *nova vulnera* passa, jacebat
Pene sepulta tuo, Diva *MARIA*, rogo.
Protinus alma malo succurrit Granta priori,
Ultima quod reparet damna, nec orbis habet.

Tho. Alston, A. M. Trin. Coll.

Siccine, crudeles Superi peccata luenda
Nostra, nec invenire alias tristissima fata

Pœnas ?

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Poenas ? at sævis licuit transferre triumphos
Hostibus, & nostris spoliis ditare superbos ?
Huic saltem capiti placidum promittere cœlum
Fas erat ; atque pares curas sperare *deorum* ;
Vos etenim illius, *di*, maxima cura fuistis.

Sed neque Te pietas avido, neque vota tuorum
Eripuere Orco, quanquam prensavimus aras
Dum morbus tenuit, precibusque vocavimus omnes
Cœlicolas ; sed frustra omnes, vis invida morbi
Ingruit, atque die pulchros orbavit ocellos.

Quare autem, ô Tristes, quibus atro staminis, Orco
Rex dedit Imperium, non hæc diuturnior esset
Vita, innixa illo cum sint tria stamine regna.

At tu *illeta dies*, nullisque piabilis aris,
Tristis eris, semperque notâ damnabere nigrâ.
Non adeò infelix Romæ lux illa redibat,
Infelix tamen illa, unâ quæ morte peremptos
Tercentum vidit Fabios, hostisque triumphos.
Cur tamen, ô Superi, terris sic creditis alta
Munera, confestim reddi cœloque jubetis ?
Cœlo equidem matura fuit, meruitque deorum
Catibus inferri, divinos gratior unquam
Nulla choros junxit, summum neque dignior hospes
Intravit cœlum ; sed diis tamen invidet ipsis
Talem virtutem, tristisque Britannia plorat.

Quos gemitus conjux, & quæ suspiria misit ?
Cui virtus *immo*ta fuit, qui vulnera mille,
Qui mille aspexit mortes, non sustinet unam,
Sed cadit infelix, somnûsque natantia cepit
Lumina, & *inruit* cœlum, lucemque revisit.
Sed vos, cœlestes, tantâ virtute potiri
Felices nostro damno ; miserescite regnis

Nostris,

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Nostris. huic saltem fractis succurrere rebus
Sit fas, & longum propriis virtutibus Anglos
Temperet, & positis regnet feliciter armis,

At tu læta nimis tantæque in morte triumphans
Gallia, & infandis insultans luctibus, ipsa
Mox iterum flebis, multoque cruore rependes
Deformes risus, natosque rotantia cælos
Flumina nigra videns, ingenti optaveris emptum
Te nunquam risus novisse, aut gaudia tanta,
Nam neque in æternum (quanquam gravis incubat angor)
Mcerebit Cæsar, neque lumina fixa tenebit
Telluri, sed mox vindictâ accensus, & irâ
Acrior infensos repetet, multaque triumphos
Turbabit cæde infandos, tum tu quoque verso,
Gallia, lugebis fato, propriosque dolebis
Casus, nec longum nost.o lætabere damno.

T. Sherlock, Aul. Cath.

NON Dido infelix, nec læsi nota pudoris
Regina, infamem ponens cum crimine vitam;
Non petulans virgo queulæ præcepta juventæ,
Nec mater natis, lacrymas & carmina poscunt.
At qualis *Juno* (dum ferret fulmina conjux,
Enceladum Cæumque, immania corpora dextrâ
In terras rueret) superum sedâsse tumultus,
Et Majestatem Sceptri sine fulmine fertur
Ornat in reduci exauctamque dedisse Tonanti:
Heu Talis cecidit deslendo funere rapta,
Et fati invidiam secum trahit: aspice quantum
Insedit luctus animis, populi que ferocis
Versa est in lacrymas rabies, vultusque minaces

Languent,

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Languent, dum Cæsar lacrymas pro sanguine fundit :

Sic pius *Aeneas*, sic acer flevit *Achilles*.

Ast. Invictæ Heros, luctus tandem excute tristes,

Fac potius doleant hostes, gens impia, Galli,

Atque exosa luant sævi perjuria Regis.

J. Trevor, Filius *Johan. Trevor*, Equitis Aurat.

& Prolocut. Dom. Com. Coll. *Regal.* ad

Mensam Sociorum *Commensalis*.

EXultare nimis nolito ex vulnere Nostro,
Neve tibi factam rem, *Ludovice*, puta.

Anglia cursperet, *GULIELMO* sospite, causæ,

Et sibi cur metuat Gallia, semper erunt.

Non Ducis oblitus præstat Pia jura Mariti,

Terribilis jacet, ac *fortiter* ille gemit.

Qualis *Achilleus* raptâ in *Briseide* luctus

Tandem acri *Phrygiæ* cuspide vertit opes ;

Talis Vere aderit, proque omni flore, sepulchro

Conjugis, ipse metens, Lilia vestra dabit.

Radulphus Blomer Coll. Trin.

VOS, ô quæis nostræ suscepta est cura salutis,

Quis vestrum tantæ par erit invidiæ ?

Heu ! defuncta jaces, *MARIA* : urgemur utrinque

Hinc pereuntis amor dum premit, inde dolor.

At te fors pietas præcox, maturior annis

Virtus, *Æthereis* sedibus inseruit.

I

Ignea

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Igneæ vis animi contagia corporis odit,
Hospes & in Patriam fugit anhelæ suam.

Tho. Morris Commensalis ad Mensam Sociorum
Coll. Regal.

ΜΥΣΕΥΣ. Μάρτις μογέων κατὸν ἔνομα Μυσῶν
Λιάπται, ὑμνοπόλιν τι χερὸν Περμηνειδῶ. ὁρᾷς,
Καλλιόπης πρὸς βωμὸν ἑτάσια γένατα χάμπων.
Δύσσετο Μοιραιοῖσι χαλυπτόμεν. νεφέεσσιν
Περμηνεῦ, ἴσον τι Βρεπηνίδ. ἀγλαῖς Ἀπὸρ,
Τῷ φά. ἰμερὲν καὶ πέρφας ἐπύρα. αὐτῆς
Οὐρανίης Μύσῃσι μέλ. δόσση ὕμνον Ἀοιδεῖς.
Δυστῶοις Ἀγγελοῖσι δὲ ἀγγέλ. ἀγγελ. ἀδύω
Ἰαχεν οἰκτεροτάτων, χεῖρα χάριτε Δία γυναικῶ.
Δία Θεῶν ΜΑΡΙΗ, καὶ χαλκεον ὕπνον ἰαίνει.
Τῆς δὲ καταφθιμένης Κῆραι Διὸς ἠδύπταιαι
Χεῖλεσιν ἀφ' ὧν μόνον ἔπεινον αἰλινος Αἰ Αἰ.
Καὶ κρείων ἐπὶ πῶν στυγερῶν Φοῖβ. ἀναυδ.
Γαῖα τρέμει, καὶ ἅπαντα σάφρονι μένεται λύσση
Νῆσ. ἀρεμηνεῖων Βρεπηνεῖων. ἐλφεύρατο πύλ.
Τῷ κυκλωσάμεν, καὶ κύματα θῆτον ἀεξεν.
Ἡμέτερος γὰρ ἀλγὺς τριπόδῃ. ἀπάλετο Κύπρις
Μεῖζων καὶ γλυκίαν κυδίσσης Μητρὸς Ἑρώτων,
Ἦς ἀπ' εἰσὶν βλάστησιν ἀπόσπορ. ἀφῶ,
Θαῦμα βαρυγῆπυ μέγα, καὶ μέγα χάρις θαλάσσης.
Οὐ πόσον Εἰτάλειοι τι Θεοί, καὶ Δαίμονες ἄλλοι
Δανοί, γαῖαν καὶ θαλάσσαν βένδον Νύμφαι,
Ἀἴεα τι ζοφερόν, σκηπτεῖς, καὶ πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἄκρως,
Ἔσπερον, ἢ τίς ποτε οὐλόγημασιν ἀντίστα ῥῆξαν,

Ἐκ

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Ἐκ μέσσης ὅτι νηὸς ἐφώνεε ναυπύλο. αἰνὴρ
 Πένθημα, διποσσίνι ὑποδημωσώησι πιδήσαι,
 Πάν τιθνηκε Μέγαλ, καὶ Δαίμνα μῆρα καπύτα,
 Ἀγγλῆσι ὅσον κλαῦσαι, καὶ δάκρυα δάκρυσι μίσγον,
 Πενταλέων δύσφωνοι. ἐπεὶ βάλεν ἕατα φωνή,
 Ἰμερροστα δαίνεν ΜΑΡΙΑ, συνηγείδανεν ὀλβιο.
 Γαίης ἡμετέρης, ἥρως καὶ κῦδο. Ἀνακίδο,
 Δίμνα κακῆ, καὶ χαρμῇ ἀγαδῶν, μέγα δαίμνα δι' ἀπάντων.
 Γήδον ἀπώσοι ὑπᾶτι γαστῆρες Ὀλύμπου.
 Γήδον συρροὶ Στυγίης γαστῆρες Ὀμίχλης.
 Γήδον περὶ χειρὶ, ζαδοῖσι ὅτι Δία χειρὶσι
 Μίσγονται, Ἀθανάτω ἥρως καὶ Ἀγαλμα Πόλοιο.
 Γήδον ὑπᾶτοι θείας δὲ ποτῆρον Ἀνάσσης,
 Παμπόρην Στυγίης βλασουργοὶ περὶ λίμνης,
 Τιπύας περὶ Θεῶν δύσπειδιαι ἡδὲ ΜΑΡΙΗ,
 Σμερδαλέν δαίμνασιν γλυκῶς Ὀφθαλμοῖο Κεραυνί.
 Οὐτιμῆμαι ἥκουσα Θεάς, ὅ γδ ἔτασι Κύπερον
 Τυδείδης μεμαῶι, ἀλλ' ὅση ἥκουσα θανέσαι,
 Ἡμετέρῳ περὶ Κύπερον ἐλεῖν πόμα φειδέα Μοῖραν,
 Ἡδὲ Θεῶν θανάτω βαδινὴ Ζόφον ἀμφικαλύψαι,
 Ἀρεδο. Ἀγγλιακῷ δαλερῶ Κυδέριαν ἀντιπιν.
 Σάμα χάρις, καὶ Πνεύμα χάρις, καὶ χάσμον ἐκόσμη,
 Ἦε ὅ γδ Χάριτων μία, καὶ Χάριτις μία πᾶσι.
 Τοῖη δι' ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἀλγέα πάσχει
 Οὐδέ μεσι Σατραπαί, δῆμον, καὶ δῖον ἀτακτῆ,
 Μητέρας αἰδοίαι, καὶ κύρας ἀγλαομόρφους.
 Ἀπασὴν γδ πᾶσι, Θεά, σὺ μὲν ἱερὸν ἦμῶν,
 Καὶ φάδο. ἡελίοιο πέλει, καὶ μέλιχδο αἶων,
 Ἐλπιρὶ τ' ἀγαδοῖο, καὶ ἀσπιντο ἀλκαρ ἀνίης.
 Ταῦτα οὐδὲ μῆρο. ὡς ῥέ. Ῥόματι ἱερὰ Χάμου
 Ηειδον, γλυκεροῖσι περὶ νάμασι δάκρυα μίσγον
 Ἀλμῶν. ἀμριβαίη ὅ γδ Γέων ζοναχίετο φωνή.

Ἐκ

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Κυανέν ᾧ φιλαὶ πατέρ' ὠδύραντο δύρατρε·
Αὐτὴ δ' ὑπερφανὲς ἐμὸν κτύπον ἔκλυεν Ἥχῃ,
Ἀγγλιακῆς δρῦσισι μῆρ' κλαίοντα θεαίνης
Δυσμῆρ' ἀντιτύποις· πάντα δ' αἰεὶ οἶτον Ἀνάσσης
Ἀσβεστός τε πότ' αἰὲν ἀδίσφατον ὠρερε πένθ'.

A. Blackwell Coll. Emman.

Occidis heu! Pia cura, & vota, MARIA, tuorum,
At Te nulla tuis vota referre queunt.
Plenior unda fluat Lacrymarum è fontibus istis,
Cernere fatales qui valere faces.
Ausä tamen tremebunda utcunque accedere busto,
Musa, super cineres Tristia funde sacros:
Hæc suprema habeat, dicas, servetque sepulchro,
Prima licet, posthac carmina nulla canam.
Ex Quâ Principium est, Huic desinat; omine Musa
Nata malo, Fatum succinet ipsa suum.

*Chris. Craven Aul. Pemb. ad Mensam Soci-
orum Commens.*

Ad REGEM.

Tristia cùm Nati ploraret Funera *Phæbus*,
Quem rapuere feri Tela trifulca *Jovis*:
Dicitur horrendis lucem obduxisse Tenebris,
Et mundo lætum surripuisse Diem:

At

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

At mox Terribili permotus imagine rerum,
Et precibus Divûm, fert, licet æger, opem :
Non aliter Tua Te circumstat Turba dolentem,
Volvitur ante Tuos Gens tremebunda pedes :
Define fatali nimis indulgere dolori,
Redde orbi lucem, noster *Apollo*, Tuo :
Plus quàm restabat *Phæbo*, Tibi restat agendum,
Tot vincenda Tibi Regna, quot ille videt.

Laurentius Brodrick A. M. Trin. Coll. Soc.

Conjugis & Patriæ nuper Spes summa *MARIA*,
Conjugis & Patriæ nunc eadêmque dolor.
Regia nec duras flexit *Fortuna* sorores,
Nec, quæ sæpe movent Numina magna, *Preces*.
Plurima non Illi *Virtus*, *Animûsque virilis*,
(*WILLHELMI* magno pectore qualis inest)
Non *Ætas* Illi, non Illi *Forma* decora
Profuit ; O vitæ stamina curta nimis !
Illa quidem *Mortem* æternæ *secura salutis*
Optavit, longas increpuitque moras.
(Hoc solo miseros voluit *Regina Britannos*,
Quam nullus voluit, maluit ipsa mori)
Sit mihi *Mens* talis, quæ *Mortem* provocet horâ
Extremâ, recti conscia, pura mali.
Tanta *MARIA* peris ? *Parcis* tantûmne licebit ?
Par certè meritis *Mors* tibi sera fuit.
I tamen ad *Manes Magnæ* comes addita *Elisæ*,
Nobile *Par* ; vastus quale nec *Orcus* habet ;
Ambæ *Reginæ*, illustres *Virtutibus Ambæ*,
Fida viro *Conjux*, nescia *Virgo viri* :

Hæc

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*Hæc Ludovico, olim metuenda sed illa Philippo,
At perit hæc Juvenis (proh dolor!) illa Senex.*

J. Hayley A. M. Coll. Regal. Soc.

In Reginae Mortem ad REGEM.

AH festina nimis terras Regina reliquit;
Imperii Consors. Rex, Thalamique tui.
Te juvat impavidum ferri per tela, per enses,
Sæpè & in hostiles te juvat ire globos.
Sed Virtus sit cauta tibi; moriente MARIA,
Hostis, crede, tuum cernit inerme Latus.

A. Glen A. M. Coll. Jes. Soc.

Siccine MARIAM tristes liquisse *Britannos*?
Siccine WILLHELMUM deseruisse suum?
Consortem vocet Ille suam, vocet *Anglia* Matrem,
Optima erat Consors, optima Mater erat.
Cui jam discedens Sceptrum, WILLHELME, relinques?
Anglia, quæ Populum proteget alma tuum?
Docta MARIA domi placide componere Gentes,
Doctior ad Pacem vix *Venus* ipsa fuit:
Docta MARIA severos exercereque Fasces,
Quos verò austeros noluit esse suis,
Vellem rexisses MARIA diutius *Anglos*,
Rexisse at melius non potuisse puto.

*Johannes Bramston Coll. Regal. Commensal. ad
Mensam Soc.*

Solvite

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Solvite vos tristes in Carmina mœsta Camcenæ,
Exequias Elegis has cumulate novis,
Funereos luctus, & ritus postulat omnes
Oquàm flebilibus digna MARIA modis!
Ite piæ lacrymis, Numerisque fluentibus ite,
Ferali Pompæ Mune a vestra date.
Lugubris tamen unde petam primordia cantûs?
Tot species Busto mille doloris eunt.
Aspicite imprimis *funesta* Palatia Regni,
Illam Nutricem lætitiæque Domum,
Fluxere unde prius properanti Regia genti
Gaudia, ubi Sedem fixerat ipsa *Salus*.
Omnia nunc ut strata fremunt horrore metûque?
Ut facies rerum turbine versa gemit?
Ite intus, penetrato Domum, quâ pallida circum
Lumina, supremo Lampas & igne micat,
Quâ Regni *expositis oculis* tenet Aula *ruinas*,
Cernat ibi causas & Dolor usque suas.
Indolet indomito perculsa *Britannia* damno,
Regnorumque stupet mens labefacta trium.
Vos magis at turgent *GULIELMI* rite dolores,
Quis non flebiliter, Rege dolente, dolet?
Magne Heros, invicte armis & *Marte* potenti,
Cui nullum incussit Mors truculenta metum,
Cujus erat nullo violabile vulnere pectus,
Dum MARIA Tibi *Robur & Ægis* erat;
Jam Virtus Virêsq; tremunt, concussit & altè
Morte tuâ intrepidum Morte MARIA suâ.
Non Te passus Amor morientem cernere Sponsam;
Deficiente animo discis & Ipse mori.

Jacobus Brabourn A. M. Coll. Trin. Soc.
Deslet.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

DEſſet *MARIÆ GULIELMUS* funera Divæ,
 Luctus membra ingens & ſacra ſternit humi;
 Obruitur luctu pariter *Britannia* tota,
 Et cum *Reginâ* eſt commoritura ſuâ:
 Cùm *Rex & Populus* luctu ſic compatiantur,
WILHELMUM gentis quis neget eſſe *Caput*?

Guil. Huſſey A.M. Coll. Feſ. Soc.

Ὅρκει ἐρεχθίδην, πολυνδίδι, ἀχύνει κῆρ,
 Αἰάζω μέλαν ἦμῶν, ὅτ' ἄ Βασιλίδει νόμφῳ
 Ἡμετέρῳ *MARIAN*, μῦνον γλυκὺ χάριμα Ἀγαλῖ.
 Νῦσ' ἀταρτηρὴ καὶ ἀμείλιχ' ἤρπασε *Μοῖρα*.
 Ὑμμες δ' ὀφείπετον μετ' ἐμῷ κλαίνουσι ὀλεσθῶν
 Μῦσαι, ἐπαλάζοιπ' ἡρᾶν ἄρα εἰς ὅπου τιήν.
 Οὔατα περὶ λιγυρῆς γλυκὺ ἦχ' ἐτέρπετο μελπῶς,
 Εἰρήνη τε φίλη μαχέσθων παρὰ τείχεσιν ἡμέων
 Εἶχε παλαι, καὶ ἔπικτε μελίφρον' ἀνδρὶ αἰοιδῆς.
 Νῦν δ' ἡρό' πάντοπι, ἰδ' ἀγέλ' ὥρτο ἀνίη,
 Κραυγὴ τ' ἀμφιποταῖται ὀδυρομένη ὅπ' ἔην ἡ.
 Οἷον οἰζυροὶ φίλον οἰμώζουσι τοκῆς
 Τεκνίον ἀρπυανὲς, καὶ σὺν ἐθέλουσι γαλιῶνι,
 Ὡς ἄρα καὶ ἡμῖν ἡρό' ἀπλῆ' ἀμφιδεδῆει
 Νεκρὸν ὀδυρομένοις, ζαθέης δέ π' πύτμον Ἀγιάου.
 Τῶν δ' ὀλοφύρον' ἢ μ' ἐμῶς δεοί, ἦδ' ἐ καὶ ἄνδρες,
 Τυμπακίης τ' αἰδῶρ, πόντ' τε, καὶ ἕρεα μακρὰ,
 Καὶ πῦρ μαγνόμενον, πῶς δ' ἰάγῃ πάρταρα Γαίης.
 Αἰ, αἰ, πῶς τα πᾶσιν πολυδάκρυ' ἐπλείο λαός.

Ἡ ρα

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Ἡ ῥα μὲν ἄρρητον πένθος. Χάμιο κυλίσθη
 Νάμματα μυστοπόλοις, Γεάντης τε πολύφροσι τέκνοις,
 Οἳ μὲν ἀπὸ μύθοις χλοεραῖς ποταμῷ παρ' ἑλθῶσι
 Τοσσὸν ἐφίξεσθαι, γλυκερὰ φρεσὶ κατὰ χαλῶντες,
 Καὶ δὲ λυγρὸν λιγυφώνον ἀκκῆς ἐσπρίοντες,
 Ἰερμὺ ζώνοντες, ἰδὲ ΜΑΡΙΗΣ κλυτομόρφου
 Ἀλλ' ἐπ' ὕψω· τίς γὰρ ἀπώλετ' αἰοδῆς,
 Θερμῶν δὲ τ' ἄμμιον βλεφάρων ἀπὸ δάκρυα πίπτει,
 Φόρμυλ' αἵ λύρας τε ἐπ' ἰτέας ὠλεσθέντων
 Θήκαμιν, (ὃ ποταμὸν ἴσασι παρ' ὕδατα πυκνά)
 Οὐκ ἐπὶ ζώῃς ΜΑΡΙΗΣ, φόρμυλ' ὁ Ἀιόλης.

Johannes Wren Coll. Emman. Alumnus.

O Diva, O Generosa vale! rapit Invida febris
 Augustæ frontis decus, afflatique maligno
 Sidereos oculos, & quicquid amabile inique
 Immutat; tali nē mota *Proserpina* Formā,
 Et sua *Crudeles* revoarent filia *Sorores*,
 Intuitu defixæ unā Immemorēque nocendi.

Certè mors, *GULIELME*, Tuis averfa Triumphis,
 Ex quo tam cautè vilis sis credere *Marti*,
 Ne: viles ducas animas, vitasque Tuorum
 Projicias, quibus ingluviem malè pascat avaram.
 Monstrum Dira famēs idcirco his appulit oris,
 Ut Regina cadat, Dilectior omnibus Una;
 Hac solā potuit Mors arte timenda videri,
 Hoc solo potuere modo tria Regna perire,
 Communēque pati, vel in uno vulnere, clades.

K

Tune

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Tunc igitur langues, nostræ *Spes Unica Gentis*,
Eximie casu turbatus Conjugis? Altum
Quid gemis, atque suis animus se conficit armis?
O Tibi parce & parce Tuis; Nil adde dolori
Immenso. Totus Te, *Cæsar*, suspicit Orbis,
Et Conjurati Reges Tua castra secuti;
Victorémque Tui sperant Te: Vivida *Bello*
Virtus est, quid *Pace* perit? quid blandior hostis
Mulcet Amor, vivisque infigit tela medullis?
Tela quidem, sed non quæ blandè torserat olim,
Sed quæ selle madent & amaro tincta dolore.

Vos autem, O Superi, tandem miserescite Regis
Et Populi afflicti, tandem deponite sævum
In *Britonas* animum, satis O satis una superque
Vidimus exitia, & quicquid delicta merentur
Jam Tristes patimur: percussa est Hostia, summos
Digna movere Deos: ultra nè tendite Fata.
Qui superest seros vivat *GULIELMUS* in annos,
Dum Pius, & fortis, dum totum protegat Orbem.
P. Save A. M. Coll. SS. Trin. Soc.

MOrbo extincta atro, radiante in flore Juventæ
Exposcit mæstos Diva *MARIA* modos:
Dotibus Una trium decorata *MARIA* Dearum;
Sceptro *Juno*, animo *Pallas*, & ore *Venus*.
Hinc nobis meritò lacrymæ, suspiria, planctus,
Et nigra omnigeni scena Doloris adest.
At Tu nè molli, Rex, ah! nè cede dolori,
Marta nec nimius pectora frangat Amor.

In

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

In Quem nil valuit *Boini*, nil *Æquoris* unda,
Nè lacrymis mersus sis, *GULIELME*, cave.
Re pice Se qualem gessit, Te absente, *MARIA*,
Nunc absente *Illâ*, Te gere mente pari.
Quin Te nos lacrymis oramus: desine luctûs,
Rex *Invicte*, oculis injice fræna tuis.
Et fas est, Rex, ut lacrymis superêre Tuorum:
Ast, *Invicte*, Tuis ut superêre, nefas.

Joh. Woodford A. B. Coll. S. Pet. Soc.

A H fuit! hunc unum ferali carmine lessum
Singultit pietas, Magna *MARIA* fuit!
Illa fuit! sed quanta fuit, non dicere nostrum est,
Testantur lacrymæ, Rex *GULIELME*, tuæ.
Testantur curæ quæ per tria Regna vagantur,
Qui nequit efferni testis & ille Dolor.
Quæ morum cultu, & vitæ ratione docebat
Inservire Deo Principis esse Decus;
Illa abit ad superas, exuto corpore, sedes,
Quæ sola ambivit *Sceptra beata* gerit.
Ah nostris erepta malis! & turbine vitæ
Libera, cœlesti sede locata, vale:
Diva vale. At servet facilis clementia Cœli
WILHELMUM nobis, annue summe Deus,
Annue pacatum devictis hostibus Orbem,
Ut pacem firmet, prospera bella gerat.
Dum ferus, effuso satiat sanguine, *Gallus*
Summittat nostro *colla superba* jugo.

S. Burton Coll. Sid. Suff. Soc.

3 K 2

IN

In

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

. In Obitum Reginae.

Lætitiae comites laurus depone capillis,
Et sine ferales inferpere, *Phæbe*, cupressus,
Flebilibusque aptata modis testudo dolori
Accinat Angliaco, ut possis memorare quis ille,
Quis fuit ille Dies, fato cum abrepta maligno,
Et defuncta hominum communi sorte jaceret
Regia Majestas; orbisque Uxore Maritus
Deficeret, casu non responsurus acerbo,

Quem neque *Bellonæ* facies asperitima, quem non
Gallorum rabies, & mille pericula mortis
Terruerant, tantum nequirit superare dolorem.
Intrepidum, tandemq; animum, *GULIELME* repertum est
Quod quatiat, luctus O nunc secure futuri.

At non hoc sperare malum dirisve Comeres
Præmonuit, vatēsve nefas crudele canebant.
Percussit miseram media inter gaudia gentem
Fama mali; Vox una fuit, Regina perivit.
Te sopor æternus, multum plorata *MARIA*,
Opprimit, heu Fati Lex! quantam Ecclesia perdit
Patronam, quantumque suis Decus *Anglia* rebus:
Anglia, vae nimis infelix, mala si sua nôrit!

Quis sibi commissum regni moderamen habebit,
Regem ubi Bella vocant, Hanc quàm benè Sceptra dece-
Foemineâ gestata manu! non justior ulla (bant
Regnavit, Regni Socio non æquior ulla.
Vidimus excelsâ quàm forte sit usa modestè,

Parcere

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Parcere quàm miseris, quàm compellare minores
Mitis, & egregio præstans pietatis amore.

At quò, dum vivos inter versata niteret,
Gloria major erat, sic, postquam fata tulerunt,
Major erit dolor, ah! posset quis credere vitam
Tam longam meritæ præcidere fila Sorores!
Quas nos miramur, fera Mors virtutibus illis
Haud stupet, haud *Formâ* morbi, aut *Ætate* moventur.

Tum Vos O! *Formæ* quibus est data gloria, Sexûs
Amissum lugete Decus, lugete, *Britanni*,
Tam certum amissum Superiorum pignus amoris.
Indicia ostendant Urbésque ac Oppida luctûs,
Et Fluvii, Sylvæque, & planctibus assonet Echo;
Dum querimur, nunquam minùs exorabile, Fatum,

Æ. Potenger Coll. Regal. Alum.

In Obitum Serenissimæ Reginae MARIE Threnôdia.

ERGò jaces Regina? jaces Decus omne tuorum?
Deliciæ *Angliacæ*, Veneres, Charitèsque jacebunt:
Unâ omnes: uno tumultata *Britannia* fato est.
Anglia luge, *Scotia* luge. & *Hibernia* luge:
Hei mihi quàm voces dolor intercudit amarus!
Quàm Musa incompτος extundit pectore versus,
Singultûsque notat subsultanti pede mcestos!

Carmina

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

. In Obitum Reginae.

Lætitiae comites laurus depone capillis,
Et sine ferales inferpere, *Phæbe*, cupressus,
Flebilibusque aptata modis testudo dolori
Accinat Angliaco, ut possis memorare quis ille,
Quis fuit ille Dies, fato cum abrepta maligno,
Et defuncta hominum communi sorte jaceret
Regia Majestas; orbûsque Uxore Maritus
Deficeret, casu non responsurus acerbo.

Quem neque *Bellonæ* facies asperitima, quem non
Gallorum rabies, & mille pericula mortis
Terruerant, tantum nequirit superare dolorem.
Intrepidum, tandêmque, animum, *GULIELME* repertum est
Quod quatiat, luctûs O nunc secure futuri.

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Foemineâ gestata manu! non justior ulla (bant
Regnavit, Regni Socio non æquior ulla,
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Singultûsque notat subsultanti pede mœstos!

Carmina

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienfes.

Carmina quæ curas, triftémque levare solebant
Mœftitiam, folis jam nunc inſcripta querelis
Inſtaurant luctus, & dant alimenta dolori.
Vix primo *Morphew* irrôrat lumina ſomno,
Cùm diræ apparent ſpecies, & murmure *Striges*
Ferali ac raucis plangunt ſtridoribus alas.
Omnia pallor habet, ſolùm inter funera verſor.
Melpomene laniata comas, & pectora palmis
Saucia, per valles *Permeſſidos*, & juga *Pindi*
Infanæ ſimilis bacchatur, & aſtra fatigat
Lamentis: lamenta remiſit flebilis *Echo*,
Et montes circum, vallésque ululâre, ſpecûsque,
Exſtinâta *Angliacæ* eſt & *Spes* & *Gloria* gentis.
Sic Morti ſavire datum? Sic invida *Fata*
Funestant medios crudeli clade triumphos?
Otia jam populos mulcebant grata volentes,
Jam Martis cecidère minæ; jam prælia ſolùm
Fervere per menſas, vinóque madentia caſtra,
Saltûsque choreæque, & gaudia Rege recepto
Pectora certatim pertentavêre *Britannis*.
(Ah! nimiùm felix propria hæc ſi *Fata* dediffent,
Anglia, firmâſſentque annos adamante futuros.)
Sed venit funeſta dies; lacrymabile venit
Tempus, ut incubuit terræ diriffima febris,
Exuperânsque hyemem fatali incanduit æſtu,
Et tetrâs maculis, & tabo diſcolor atro.
Solliciti intereâ cumulata jacere videmus
Funera funeribus: vix, vix tamen appulit aures
Immugire alto viduata palatia luctu,
Quin tota, infandum! paveſacta *Britannia* viſa eſt
Tanquàm imis concuſſa labâſcere fundamentis.
Vellet quiſque, patrésque ſua, & ſua pignora matres,

Et

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Et sese simul inferias mactarier Orco,
 Unam ut millenâ revocarent morte MARIAM.
 Cùm verò pullata cohors, & lurida pompa
 Regina invito deducunt funera passu;
 Tum gemitus planctûsque, & fœminei ululatus
 Sidera pulsabunt: reddent quoque sidera fletus,
 Dum lacrymis cœlum liquentibus omne relucet,
 Et scintillanti augustam rigat imbre favillam.

Ἔἰς τὸν ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ ΔΕΥΟΠΑΔΙΩΤΑ ΠΑ-
 ΡΑΜΥΝΙΟΝ Ἀτακρόντιον.

ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥ ΦΕΙΣΤΕ, ΛΑΩΝ
 ΚΙΟΝ ΑΣΤΕΡΕΣ, Κ' ἑρσμε
 ΑΔΟΙΝΤΟΝ ὦν μάχας·
 ΒΑΡΥΠΕΡΙΒΕΒΗΚ ὀδυρμῶν
 ΠΟΛΥΦΕΡΟΠΙΔΩΝ Τ' ΑΝΙΩΝ,
 "ΑΓΑ, ΛΗΨΕ, ΠΑῖΕ· ΛΥΠΗΣ
 ΑΧΟΡΕΣΟΝ ἔμμεν ἢ δῆ.
 "ΑΥ, ἔμῃς ἀκνε Μύσης,
 ΓΟΕΡῶ ΑΜΕΙΨΑ ΧΡΕΔΩ.
 ΓΟΘ, ἢ ΘΕΑΙΣΙ ΠΡΟΠΟΙ,
 ΓΟΟΝ ἢ ΦΙΛῆ ΜΑΡΙΑ·
 ΧΡΥΣΟΤΕΙΧΘ, ἡδ' ἦδη
 ΠΡΟΠΩΣΤΙ ΝΕΚΤΑΡ ἠδὲ
 ΜΑΧΑΡΕΟΝ ΕΥΧΑΡΟΙΕΙ,
 ΣΠΟΔΙῶΝ ΒΡΕΧῶΝ ΜΕΤΑΪΩΣ
 ΤΙ ΣΙ ΔΕῖ, ΠΙ Δ' ὀμμα καλὸν
 ΚΑΤΑΠΗΚΕΜΕΝ ΓΕΝΟΝΤΑ;
 ΑΠΑΛΩΕ Τὸ ΠΕΡΩΠΟΝ
 ΣΤΥΓΕΡΟΝ ΝΕΦΘ, ΟΚΕΔΙΑΣΙ,
 ΑΡΕΙΔΑΚΡΥΩΝ ὀπυπῶν.

"ΑΥ, ἔπαρε βλῆμμε φαίδεον
 ΠΟΠ' ΑΣΤΕΡΩΝ ΧΕΡΣΙΑΝ·
 "ΙΔΕ ΒΟΣΤΡΥΧΟΝ ΜΑΡΙΑΣ
 ΝΕΑΨΑΙΣ ΦΑΙΝΟΝ ΑΥΓΛΑΙΣ.
 ΒΕΡΕΝΙΩΝ ΕΙΞΕΝ ΕΙΔΡΑΙ
 ΠΛΟΧΘΗΜΟΙΣ ὁοῖσι ΛΕΠΤΟΝ
 ΠΕΡΧΥΣΟΝ ΦΕΥΓΘ. ΑΙΕΙ.
 ΤΕΙΧΕΣ ΑΙΔΕ ΤΗΣ ΜΑΡΙΑΣ,
 ΦΛΟΓΑΙΣ ΜΕΛ', ἢ ΠΟΤΩΣΙ
 ΤΟΝ ΕΦΟΡΕΤΩ ΚΟΝΩΝΑ.
 ΣΥ Δ' ΕΠΕΓΓΑ, ΝΑΥΤΑ ΦΙΛΕ,
 ΑΛΘΙΣ ΟΙΔΜ' ὅΤΑΝ ΠΕΡΑΟΣΗΣ
 ΕΠΜΑΙΕΟ ΤΙΔ' ΑΓΕΡΟΝ·
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 ΜΕΓΑΛΗΣ ΜΕΛ' ΕΥΓΥΣ ΑΡΚΤΟΣ,
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 ΤΑΛΑ ΠΕΡΙΟΙΣΙ ΝΑΥΤΑΙΣ.
 ΕΛΙΚΩΠΙΣ ΉΕΝ ΕΛΛΑΙΣ

ΕΛΙ-

s, Et

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Ἐλίκῳ ποτ' εἰσέρῳα·
Ἐλίκῳ περ αὐτ' ἔσσι·
Ἐσσεῶντες οἱ Βρετανοὶ
Ἐλίκαι καλῆς ΜΑΡΙΑΣ.
Φορέοιτο δὴ ἔκκλησι,

Σταφείον αἶν' Ἀγίων,
Χαλεποίον ἐν Γαδείροις,
Ἰδὲ Κελπῆς παρ' ἀκτῆς
Πλῆρον ὀπλοῶν διδοί'·

Geo. Tilson, A. B. Trin. Coll.

In Obitum MARIÆ Reginae serenissimæ.

DUM vigiles, inter Divina Negotia, Curas
Impendis Regno, digna MARIA, Tuo.
En subito raptam populus te funere vidit,
Et queritur vitæ *stamina* parca tuæ.
Ergo Dii tantis meritis ingrata rependunt,
Nec facili Numen concipit aure preces?
Scilicet invidiam non tanti criminis horrent,
Criminave infestis ipsa pianda rogis?
Te loquitur præsens Ætas, meminisse Nepotes
Gaudebunt Regni Sceptra decora tui.
Dum patriis, *tua Cura*, volans GULIELMUS ab oris,
Impiger hostiles provocat usque manus;
Tu vestros inter moderaris, Dia, Britannos,
Concedens populis mollia Jura tuis:
Qualis eras tunc, cum Regnabant pectore in illo,
Majestas, Pietas, Religionis Amor!
Non imbelles tamen pectus, Natura negavit
Quamlibet arma tibi, ac horrida Castra sequi.
Nuper cum armatas senserunt littora Classes
Hostici, & ignitis oppida strata globis,

Undi-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Undique mirantur victricis robora Dextræ,
Foemineasque stupent Gallica Regna manus.
Inunc vefanos tibi, Gallia, finge triumphos,
Et recreent animum damna aliena tuum.
(Diis placeat superesse) uno in Te, *Maxime Princeps*,
Fors vestrum & MARIÆ sentiet Imperium.

Wilhelmus Peirs, Coll. Eman.

NUbe quis Dæmon latitans opacâ
Sparsit arcanum plateis venenum?
Sideris cujus gravis ira nostrum
Perculit Orbem?
Cui malo tantas luitis Britanni
Flebiles pœnas? agit en! triumphos
Mors novos, nec non premitur sequenti
Funere funus.
Aeris massam latebrofa pestis
Inficit, cumbunt pariter remissi
Patribus Nati, & Veneranda Sacro
Præfule Princeps.
Phoebe, Tu quondam medicis benignus
Artibus Præses fueras, sciensque
Supplices Ægros revocare Avari
Faucibus Orci.
En! Caput perquam Tibi, Dive, charum;
En! Tuo semper celebrata plectro!
En! Tuæ Grantæ columen secundum
Cessit in auras.
Putridum jamjam jacet en! Cadaver,
L

Omni-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Omnium nuper Decus & Voluptas,
Terra fit vilis, modo quæ Deorum

Proxima Cura,

Quæ manu Sceptum tenuit superbum,
Et diu fulcit Populum labantem
Proh dolor fiet miseranda foedis

Vermibus Esca ?

Ut perit fulgor solitus Genarum,
Pustulis pleni maculisque sparsi
Albicant vultus, nigricatque putri

Sanguine Pellis.

Desides languor modo strinxit artus,
Luminum fit mox acies vieta,
Dein vapor totam calefactus ussit

Corporis arcem.

Tu para mœstas igitur Camœnas,
Lugubres, Mater, modulare cantus,
Queis soles sanctos revocare Vitæ

Non morituræ.

Sint tui versus teretes, venusti,
Candidi, molles, similisque Iunctæ
Moribus, lactis nivea referti

Undique venâ.

Rite sic pingas animam jacentis,
Illa enim Vati similis Perito
Aurææ semper Mediocritati

Invigilavit.

Castius nemo Veneris palæstrâ
Gesserit sese, illa animum minorem
Temperans rectæ rationis arcis

Vixit habenis.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Scivit, ut nulli est metuendus hostis,
Qui Ducis nondum didicit Periti
More, cognatis sapienter uti
Viribus in se.

Imperans Aurum obsequitur *MARIÆ*,
Omnibus plenas referavit arcas,
Possidens gazas, sua sicut ardens
Lumina Phoebus:

Contigit cui sic agitata vita,
Non eget Flacci calamo, aut Myronis
Ære, quo nomen celebre ad futura
Sæcula tradat.

Mentis humanæ penitus latebris
Insita, O felix sine fine vires,
Quam diù verè Pietatis extat
Aurea imago.

Ste. Cressar, Trin. Coll. Soc.

Ad REGEM.

ARma parabantur Tragico cantanda cothurno,
Et magnis Regum maxima gesta modis.
Grande aliquod dictura tuos, *GULIELME*, triumphos
Victuro tandem Musa studebat opus.
At quàm funestâ (positis ingentibus) horâ
In tenues miserè cogitur ire pedes!
Nunc elegis locus est, nunc indulgere dolori,
Lenimenque unum restat inane queri.

L 2

Nunc

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Nunc animos depone truces, mentémque viilem,
Quâ toties *Gallós* sustinuisse soles,
Non hic dedecori dolor est, Rex Magne, decetve
Fœmineas solum lacryma mæsta genas.
Patrocli mortem meritò deflevit *Achilles*,
Ploravit Nati funera *Diva Thetis*.
Illa licet Dea sit, licet Heros ille, dolore,
Huc usque invictus, Victus utérque fuit.
Causa tuas major lacrymas, & honestior urget,
Quod mage cognatum Coniuge nomen erit ?
Coniuge? qualis erat, cum viveret ipsa *MARIA*,
Sola *Venus* sec'li, sola *Minerva* sui.
Quàm tunc victus eras, lecto te adstante, sup'emâ
Cum visa his similes voce referre sonos.
“ Ante diem me fata vocant, *GULIELME*, venitque
“ Mors mihi grata minus, quo tibi acerba magis.
“ Fata quidem renuunt, quod non natura negavit,
“ Quod non *Anglorum* vota precésque mihi.
“ Tu tamen ut salvos moderere diutius *Anglos*,
“ Quos rapuere mihi, dent Tibi fata dies.

Fr. Wortley Trin. Coll. Comment.

INclyte Dux, *Britonum* spes ô fidissima, casus
Quis *MARIAM* extinxit? quænam inclementia fati
Percussit nos teque, & funere mersit eodem?
Fortunæ comes. illa tuæ, Te digna Marito
Uxor, & his tecum pariter confidere Regnis,
Deseruit terras, cognatæque ad astra meavit,
Et te, si poterit, felix tibi sola, relicto.

Debu-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Debuerant equidem sua fata resolvere jura,
Atque viam quæsisse novam, quâ scœmina plusquam
Mortalis, folio quæ quantum augusta refulget,
Tantum etiam virtute alias supereminet omnes,
Hic tecum æternæ traheret solatia vitæ.
Quam, dum animi virtus, specimen venerabile morum,
Et vitæ quoties divina recurrit Imago,
Miramur potuisse mori Rex Magne, superbos
Qui toties populos domuisti, semper & armis
Et pace insignis, pro libertate tuorum
Stravisti toties *Gallos*, infractâque bello
Corda geris, nè nunc animos submitte dolori,
Dummodò Consortem tibi, Rex, dessemus ademptam
Et *Thalami* Regniq; Tuas lenire querelas
Nos humiles tentamus, at (heu) quis nostra sovebit
Vulnera? quis nobis humentia lumina ficcet?
Funera communis lugemus quisque parentis.
Nec malè grata adeò gestamus pectora mœsti,
Quin memorare juvet, qualem, dum vita manebat,
Se nobis Regina tulit; mortisque levamen
Hoc unum miseris, Vitam meminisse, videtur.
At tu pulchra ferox moveas cum bella, memento
Dimidium cecidisse tui; nec rursus in hostem
Tam violentus eas, nec magni prodigus armes
Sanguinis intrepidum pretiola in vulnera pectus:
Non tanti *Oceanus* domitus, non *Gallia*, victus
Non tanti *Ludovicus* erit; renovare labores
Mitte, tui miserere & nostrum, quamque dedisti
Ipse tuis, placidâ compostus pace fruaris.

Edw. Wortley Commenf. Trin. Coll.

Eheu!

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Heu! quàm tenui pendent Mortalia filo!
Quàm subito collapsa ruit spes irrita Gentis,
Et Patriæ concussus honor! sperâsse triumphum
Quis modò non ausit, ductis per compita *Francis*
Tèque etiam, *Ludovice*, ingens decus addite Pompæ?
Fata obstant; cecidit Spes omnis, & *Anglia* (versâ
Heu! vice) Dura subit,-----

Scilicet usque adeò humanas res abdita quædam
Vis terit, Hanc Magnis juvat insultare, sibi que
Subjectat Reges, & *caco Numine* ducit.

Hinc nostræ lacrymæ & luctûs magnum argumentum!
Optima (quis possit lacrymis abstinere?) Princeps
Occubuit, totâmq; infestat funere Gentem.

Ergo Musa refer Cladem, quæ Numina læsa
Impulerint tot adire, & quanta piacula poscant.
Anne parùm credant nos sustinuisse doloris
Expositos, talisque abreptos ubere Matris?
Anne Aulæ leve fit damnum, sacroque Senatû, (ceps?
Quòd *MARIA* extincta est, quòd plusquàm Regia Prin-
Impar mersa jacet quantis Ecclesia curis!
Quam primam excepit Regina, sinûque fovebat
Alma, sinu tenero nec solum fovit, at Ipsa
Exemplo monuit quo gaudent Numina cultu.
Morte opus haud Illi laudes transmittere Coelis,
Non Animam transferre; fuit super æthera nota
Antè, & cum placidis habuit commercia Divis.
Mira quidem, sed vera cano de Principe: & oh sit,
Talia quæ velit & possit, sperare futuram!
Parva tamen sunt hæc: detur namque Altera Gentem
Quæ regat, Altera consiliis quæ polleat æquis,

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

At Regem immemorem Thalamis injuria facta
Non finet : heu ! nimium auspiciis fallacibus orta
Illa dies, quæ Hanc connubio Regique dicavit !
Concordes animos dederat, quia *Jupiter*, Illis
Credidimus nullo jactas discrimine sortes,
Hinc resonabat Hymen, paribusque Altaria stabant
Ominibus, jam tum spondebat *Sceptra futura*
Anglia, *sera* tamen, non antè *indebita*, cessit :
Credidimus, sed vana fides : dignissima Princeps
Conjuge divulsa est, Illi quæ ponere lauros
Suavius, & Belli potuit lenire dolores.
Amplexus quàm læta pios, atque annua vidit
Gaudia Gens, reduci cùm brachia circumfudit
Extremum Victori ; Illam quàm Forma decebat !
Quàm vera incessu patuit Regina ! sed Ipsa
Quàm voluit Regina nec esse, Uxorque videri
Mallet ! nec puduit Facibus submittere Sceptrum.
Victima proh ! qualis crudelibus occubat Umbris !
Dum loquor, ingeminant planctus, novus horror adurget :
Pectora, nimirum hæc *Gallus*, sævissimus hostis,
Audiit, & nostri ridet monumenta doloris.
Posse putat *lacrymas* Regi emollire furorem,
Aut saltem proferre moras, dum fulminet Ipse
Germanis dans jura, viamque affectet ad *Anglos*.
Demens ! qui nescit, quærítque in *Numine Numen* !
Rex noster divinum aliquid gerit intus, acerba
Securus videt, & tardantia fata laceffit.
Causa metus equidem fuit Huic justissima, sed nec
Corda quatit terror, luctumve indulget inertem,
Quod decuit, fleret : voluit finire dolores
Subsidium Populo, nutanti & vulnere Regno.
Gens felix ! servant quam Regis Numina, luctum

Si

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Si nequeas, tamen insolitos compesce timores.
 Sat Morti Fatóque datum est : luit optima pœnas,
 Quas Populus meruit, Regina, piacula tanta
 Sufficerent, quamvis redeant in pristina Gentes
 Crimina ; si fuerint humahâ morte pianda.

T. Offley A.B. Coll. Regal. Soc.

Ἐσπέριον παρὰ χυῖτον ἀφελγέῃ. Ἡελίοιο
 Εὐθ' Ἐρέῃ μεγάθυμοι δὲ Βρετανίδεσσιν αἰὲς
 Εὐσελμοῖς νήεσσιν εὐφραίνουσιν ἐπαύρας,
 Κήδεα μὲν Κέλτησι, φόως δὲ φέροντες Ἰεήροις,
 Κυρσοδένει Νυμφῶν ὄχ' ἀρίστη Κυανοπέπλων·
 Καρποθύμους ἀνέδου πολὺν ἀλός, αἱ δὲ σὺν αὐτῇ
 Δακρυόεσσι ἴξ', ὥς δὲ σφισι ῥήγνυτο κύμα,
 Ἥ δ' ὀλοφθερμῶν ἔπος αἰνεῖχθε φωνῶν,
 Τείνετε Ποντοπόροι μέλαν' ἱστία, τείνετε Ναῦται.

Αἰάζω συγερῶν περιπόνητ' κῆρα ΜΑΡΙΗΣ,
 Κῆρα μὲν Εὐρώπῃ, λῶν ἔσπον Ζόλ' καὶ σωῶσθ',
 Καί περ δ' ὑπὸ ῥίφας βροντῶν, καὶ βλέμμε' αὐτοῖο
 Ταῦρ' ὄφρυξίν παρηνέξατο κύμασι Πέτρῃ,
 Τείνετε Ποντοπόροι μέλαν' ἱστία, τείνετε Ναῦται.

Λογαλίῃ διίει τραφερῆς, ὕψῃς πειραγμοῖς,
 Νερὸ τρεῖν τ' αἶδαο, καὶ κρανὺ ἀστερέν' ἱστία·
 Οὐκ ἰξῶς ὕψος, ἢ λαῖα κείνουσιν ἄρνεαι,
 Ἀστέρεις ἢ γίλκυσι. Κύων τεκνέρεαν ὕλα κῆλ'·
 Ἀλλὰ τί μοι ἰξῶς· τί με λαῖα ; τί μ' ἄστ' ὀνίνησι
 Ὀλλυμμένης ΜΑΡΙΗΣ ἅμα πάντῃ ποθεῖν ἀπόλωλε.
 Τείνετε Ποντοπόροι μέλαν' ἱστία, τείνετε Ναῦται.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

ὦς Μοῖραι, δῖαι ἀγέρπρει, ἴδον ὠχρεοῶσ',
 Ἥδ' ἐμάνθεισαν τοῖς ὀξανθήμασι μωφίῳ,
 Ἐρπον δ' ὀπρυγέσται ἀπλῶς, τήμασι πολλὰ
 Ἥρῳ σῆμα βραχὺ, καὶ ἀολλέα δάκρυα χεῖαν.
 Τάιντε Πορτοπόροι μέλαν' ἰγία, τάιντε Ναύται.

Τὸν Ῥαδάμυρδω ἔφαν, πρᾶπίδες δὲ οἱ χαλκίαι εἰσίν,
 Οὐ παύσαι κλαυθμῶς, καὶ εἴν' αἶδμα δόμοισιν
 Αὐλομήνῳ θαλαρῶς κατακρίναντ' ὄμματα ψῆφον,
 Μαψιδίως, ὅ, πρὸ Ζῆς ἢ θελε, καὶ δῖοι ἄλλοι,
 Οὐκ ἂν τις δειή πλυνάγρετον, ἔπι ἀπρηκίον.
 Τάιντε Πορτοπόροι μέλαν' ἰγία, τάιντε Ναύται.

Ἄλβιον Ἠρώων, καὶ Ἀνδρῶν Ἰπποκρυφῶν
 Κυθάνερα Πατρί, ἥτοις μακάρεσσιν εἶσι,
 Ἐνεπε, δῖοι τέροις ἐπὶ πύμασιν εἴποτ' ἔκυρσαι,
 Ἥ εἴ τις ποτε σκῆπτρον ἐδῆξατο φίλτερον ἄλλῳ.
 Χρυσείης ΜΑΡΙΗΣ, ἢ Ἀρσιφίλοιο Βιλελμῷ.
 Ἀλλ' αὐτῇ ὁλοῇ: καὶ Μοῖρας γένατα λυτο.
 Τάιντε Πορτοπόροι μέλαν' ἰγία, τάιντε Ναύται.

Δερχυμένη ἐπὶ γῇ πεφίλητο παρ' Ἀθανάτοισι,
 Αὐτοῖς γὰρ πορσένεκα τελείωσαι Ἐκατόμβαι,
 Βωμὴν μὲ Πιμελῇ, χρυσῶ μωμπίσται Νηὲς,
 Καὶ ψυχῇ Θεοειδῇ ἐνεπείξατ' Ὀλύμπῳ.
 Αἰδοῖν δὲ βροτοῖς μεδομίλεον, ἥ τε μήτηρ,
 Δεῦρα διδύσ' ἀγαθοῖς ἀπείρεια, τοῖς δὲ χακίσοις
 Ῥηϊπείως συγνῆσ', ἢ αὐτοῖς αἰσὺλ' ἔρεξεν.
 Βέλετο γὰρ λαὸν σὸον ἔμμεναι, ἢ ἀπολέσθαι.
 Τάιντε Πορτοπόροι μέλαν' ἰγία, τάιντε Ναύται.

Εὐνομένην ὁσίως διενείματο πᾶσιν αἰμύμων,
 Ἐἰ δὲ τόμοι Βρετανῶν ἐκ ὧν σελίδεσσιν ἐγγραφῆν,

M

Οἱ

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Οἱ καὶ τόμοι ῥόμπ' ἔμ δ' ὅτ' ὅματ' Ὁ Βασιλίσσης,
 Τιμήδ' ἡ χαρίεσσα μετὰ δ' ἡτ' ἵπν' Ἀνασσα,
 Ἀμειβροτὶς ἄλλ' ἂν θάνα μετ' ἑρανοῖσι ἀνάσσει.
 Τείτετε Ποντοπόροι λάρ' ἱστία, τείτετε Ναύται.

Samuel Ambery, Coll. Jes. Soc.

FERTUR in Exequias MARIA. *Britannia*, planctu
 Jam saltem haud ficto infandum testabere luctum.
 Aspice WILHELMi Regalia tempora circum
 Victrices inter cupressum serpere lauros,
 Aspice pullatâ moerentem veste Senatum;
 Aspice lugentes Proceres, Gentemque Togatam;
 Ut sua cuique movent, & publica damna dolorem!
 Heu quonâm illa abiit blando condita lepore
 Majestas? quò frontis amabilitate Verendâ
 Lætus honos? quonâm Virtus maturior annis?
 Plurima quò pietas? at nondum heu debita cœlo!
 Præproperè nimis heu! cœlum, tua dona reposcis.

O Patria! O magni dominatrix *Anglia* ponti!
 MARIAE immemorem Te nulla redarguat ætas.
 Si sentis tua damna, Salus si publica cordi,
 Da gemitum ingentem, planctumque ad sydera tolle,
 Qualem fudisti fatis cùm cessit *Eliza*,
 Illam altis MARIA animis, Illam indole totâ
 Reddiderat terris. *Quantum Illius instar in Ipsâ est!*

J. Laughton A. M. Coll. Trin.

Nunc

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Nunc licet, & fas est alto indulgere dolori,
Occidit *Angliaci* Luna benigna poli ;
Occidit, attonitôque humens nox incubat orbi,
Nec reducis miseros spes manet ulla Deæ.
Ære laboranti liceat succurrere Lunæ,
Dum redit in vultus, qui modò fluxit, honos.
Sed frustra huic lapsum trepidi revocamus honorem,
Frustrâ, Phœbe, tuo lumine tendis opem.
Jupiter authorem se jactat, & æmulus aufert,
Ignotum superet, nè Dea nota, Deum.

Fer. Fairfax Trin. Coll. Alumn.

ET fas est *Britonas* cœlos sperare faventes,
Et Divûm inniti auxilio ? classémne sonoris
Commitemus aquis, velisque vocabimus Austros ?
Ibimus, atque novo instaurabimus ordine bellum ?
Credimus aversum Numen : quod *Gallia* vulnus
Hostibus incussum toties optârît, habemus.
Non, si se nostro tinxissent sanguine rivi,
Aut scœcundâssent nostris se cladibus arva,
Aut mare disjectas sparsisset in æquora naves,
Sic exultares, ageres sic, *Galle*, Triumphos.
Nobilior cecidit crudelibus hostia votis
MARIA, & gemitum nobis lacrymâsque reliquit :
WILLHELMO ante omnes ; cujus pacare dolorem
(Tantane infedit tanta Indulgentia menti !)

M 2

Non

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Non dilectæ acies, non æra cientia Martem,
Non ipsa accisis poterit Victoria pennis.
Nec gemit incasum, aut frustra plorantibus instat :
Quævis vivam ambibat functæ perfolvit honores.
Excitat ingentes ingens jactura querelas,
Et liquat, & fletu fortissima pectora solvit.
Credimus *Aneam* amisâ indoluisse *Creüsa*,
(*Aneam* pietate tibi, WILLHELME secundum)
Et solas iterâsse vias, planctumque dedisse.

UNA MARIA fuit WILLHELMO digna marito,
WILLHELMUS fuit unus ab illâ dignus amari :
Virtute insignes ambo, Majoribus ambo ;
Imperioque & amore pares ; decessit uterque
Utrique, æquatâ Sceptrum ditione tenebant.
Rex nituit solio, nituit Regina ; nec ille
Reginæ, aut illi Regina offecit honore ;
Emicuit junctis virtutibus æqua potestas.
Sic cum splendenti gemma intercluditur auro ;
Non aurum gemmar, non gemma obnubilat aurum,
Altera in alterius conspirat amica nitorem.
Occiduum quoties WILLHELMUM hæc insula vidit,
(At jam perpetuum nostro splendescat in orbe)
MARIA exorta est, digressoque æmula soli
Fulgore alluxit non inferiore *Britanniæ*.
Sic gemina alterno succedunt sidera fato,
Et fraternus amor, fraternaque flamma coruscat.
Nec minor illa fuit, quamvis divisa, potestas,
Nec major conjuncta fuit, respondit amor ;
Ambobus fuit unus Amor, fuit una Potestas.
At quoties unâ radiantes vidimus ambos,
Ut bini soles, aut sidera bina micabant.

Te Rex, Te Regnum inclamat, MARIA, peremptam ;
Hoc

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Hoc *columen*, vocat ille *suos* desertus *amores* ;
Hoc *decus*, ille sui *tutamen amabile* Sceptri.
Consiliis avulsa tuis Ecclesia Delo
Assidet, & rerum dubiis in fluctibus errat ;
Non citius perit abrupto moderamine navis,
Aut fracto in terram curtus prolabitur axe,
Quam Te cassa labat, summoque à vertice nutans
Concussa ingentem minitatur mole ruinam.
At Tu, quem nostris olim succurrere fatis,
Et populum voluit Numen fulcire ruentem,
Assistas, WILLHELME, tuis ; & perge priora
Auspicia accumulare novis, & sub juga Galli
Mitte dolos, noménque effer, Regnumque secunda.

Jacobus Clifton Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

Supplices frustra colimus Deorum
Templa ; nequicquam memores *MARIÆ*
Tendimus surdis Statuis supina

Ora manúsque.

Victimæ si Te redimant, *MARIA*,
Ara vel sacro cumulata Thure,
Solverent Indi Pretium, nec Agnus

Hostia desit.

Flenda in æternum cecidit *MARIA*,
At magis nulli, *GULIELME*, flenda,
Quàm Tibi, Regno, Soliòque quantò
Charior Uxor.

Granta, divinum resonante Chordâ
Docta Regales celebrare Laudes,
O Tuâ perstes lacrymâ Favillam

Spargere Sacram !

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Quin graves tandem moderare luctus,
Musa; non Sceptra abripuit MARIA,
Integrum at Regnum & Diadema tutum
Detulit Uni,

Jacobus Ibbotson, Trin. Coll. Alumn.

ADsis, *Melpomene*, jubeas ut carminis ordo
Lugubris exsurgat, nostram recitare querelam.
Quis celebrare potest (& non sua) funera *Tantæ*
Principis, in cujus Personâ claruit omne
Corporis ac Animi Decus? Atqui mors inimica
Destititque negans, spolia, heu nimis ampla, ferebat.
Tempora dum recolo, postquàm æquora tuta dederunt
Nobis *WILHELMUM*, atq; tibi, *WILHELME*, *MARIAM*.
Qualis erat rerum facies? quàm sorte beatâ
Omnia ridebant? pietatis gloria nullis
Nubibus obducta est, placido moderamine felix.
Horrendus refero quàm gens mutetur ab illâ,
Rusticus & Civis conjuncto murmure plorant:
Vestibus atratis ornata Ecclesia mœret,
Tristis & incedit, nè deteriora redirent
Sæcula. Nos miseri quid non ratione timemus,
Anglicos fines cùm nostra *Astræa* reliquit?
In cujus subitura locum, quæ turba malorum?
Quæ fraus? sed restat spes firma salutis in Illo,
Qui nos prospiciens, sine sanguine tanta peregit.
Heros vive diù, vincat tua dextera Gallos,
Détque Tibi famam virtus, pacemque *Britannis*.

Ro. Paradine, A. M. Coll. Magd Soc.

Pet.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Persensit Cæsar Neptuni Martis & Iram,
Sprevit at Invalidas fortior Ipse minas,
Sed cum Tota novo turbata Britannia fato
Defleat occasum, Diva MARIA, tuum,
Non tulit hoc, Vitæ cursumve peregit eundem;
Heroe exuto fit GULIELMUS Homo.
Sic adeo Invisum Mater non præstet *Achillem*,
Quin unâ Morti parte pateret iter.
Pars una illa Tui cum sit, GULIELME, MARIA,
Vulneribus fati dum cadit illa, cadis.
Ludere sic Visum est crudeli ænigmate *Parcis*,
Ante diem raperis, non pereundo peris.

F. Brydges, Baronis de Chandos Filius natu
minimus, Coll. Trin.

In 28. Diem Decembris.

Prolem luce suam *Judea* (en!) plorat eâdem,
Quâ DOMINAM exanimem terra Britanna gemit.
Perdidit *Herodes* teneros; sed Victima grandis.
REGNATRIX iræ fit, Libitina, tuæ.
Dum solùm Infantes subeunt mandata Tyranni,
Tu parere tibi Sceptera vel ipsa facis.

Radulphus Gilbert, Aul, Trin, *Alumn.*

Lacryma Cantabrigienses.

על בית מרים השנית מלכת אנגליה וסנטורה וצדפת
והיברניה שיר כשיט ומדכע:

שמע התבל את קרשך
יראת עליון בתוך נפשך
לאלהים בלכך צמאת
כבטח רב בשמו קראת
רכך עולם עד היכלו
כי את כמאר אהבת אילו
וישע יח אל מנחתך
ויצליחי צדקתך
וירצה בנו בללך
היטיב לנו בצלך:
כי אם אכר אור ענינו
מארץ מחמד נפשנו
אזל לראה הגלגלים
לשעם על כל הכוכבים
משתה בקהל הצדיקים
עם רבקה בין המלאכים:
אשרי מרים ואני עני
ספרו כל תמים אתני
ואנחות עם מספרים
ודמעות עם המזמורים:
כלם יגידו בהלה
כי מלכתנו בשאולה:

שמעו מטפר התמרורי
הקשיבו נא בינו צירי
חושו חנרו שן על אמים
יבכו כמאר כל רשעים
לא יהיו עוד המנינות
או קול שמחה בתוך כנות
כי מתה מרים המלכה
אל השמים מולכה:
ואני עני מי יורשי
הנהרות רבות על ראשי
מי יוכל יתן עינים
לדמע עולם פלגי מים
ומלכתי הנגדלה
אבכנה יומם ולילה:
אורה מרים את צדקתך
ושבט מישר מלכותך
באשר את אכיונים חוננת
וכמאר קדמני כוננת:
כי מלך הוא כמלחמות
בחרבות חורף בחניתות
הרוג הרג את נגבים
ויגדול מן הצרפשים
וזה מרים הנכברה
השלימה כנוים ירה:

Tho. Bennett A. B. Coll. S^a Johan.
Evang. Socius.

NON

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

NON opus ut jubeat plorare & signa Dolori
Musa canat; Proceres, Plebei mittite habenas
Fletibus, hæc digno decorantes Funera luctu.
Non dolor expectat signum, lacrymæque perennes
Sponte fluunt, Gemitusque injussi è Pectore rumpunt.

Regina occubuit, Pietas cui Criminis expers,
Summæque Cognati virtus fuit æmula Coeli.
Justitiâ insignis, sed quam Clementia prudens
Leniit, atque suo peccanti mitior hosti.
Candor in ore fuit facilis, quo plurima mixta
Majestas, nunquam coluit Diviniore Artus
Humanos Animus; Dixique *Dea*, ô *Dea*, certè.
Major adest virtus humanâ, major Imago.
Proh dolor infandus! jacet hæc mortalia passa.

Te tamen haud Paræ læserunt, Diva MARIA,
Fortunâ major, non ambitiosa petebas
Sceptra, aut ponebas tandem moritura renitens;
Regna dedit virtus, quæ immitia fata negârunt.
Sed socius solii atque Tori tria Regna superstes
Fastidit, mœrens queriturque sibi integra Sceptra,
Quæ Gens pressa jugo fremuit graviore, ferôxque
Excussit, placidas supplex ambivit habenas,
Auspiciisque tuis debebat grata salutem,
Jam dolet ablata quod non servire licebit.

*Edu. Vaughan, Coll. . Regal. Commens. ad
Mensam Sociorum.*

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

על מות המלכה מרים שיר נהיה

בקול מרח	שאו קינה
בכל מורא	לשר נורא
לכסליכם	ולקח גם
בעינינו	מחולנו
בנבליכם	רבו כרכם
יהי נהיה	ולאל יהי
מאר מרה	בקול רנה
בכל מזג	יהי עצב
למלכתהם	ואנו שם
לכל מרים	שמך מרים:
לפניך	ממותיך:
בעינינו	ונטפנו
כמו מים	לרמיעותם
נהי מרכה	יהי נה
ולאכיון	לכל עליון
והאמים	לכל עמים
מאר הרכה	ואון יהיה
לשר שרים	לשר גולים
אדונינו	למלכנו
ואברנו	אחיה נחנו
לפנינו	וכסלנו
במרערה	לקח ירה:
לרור דורים	הכינו רם

Josb. Man Coll. Christ.

Quot

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Quot sunt (heu !) dubii mysteria nubila fati !
Quàm spissis tenebris, & cœcâ nocte vagamur !
Eximias fingit mentes, & dotibus ornat
Natura, humanæ quæis sit pia cura salutis :
Cùmque adolevit opus, cùm se vis infita prodit,
Et miseri incipimus radios sentire benignos,
Dona sua immitis subitò lætantibus aufert.

Hoc nimis es misera heu ! experta, hoc, *Anglia*, veris
MARIAM plorans lacrymis, gemitique fateris :
Illâ equidem nuper gaudebas, insula felix,
Gaudebas, multisque bonis cumulata jacebas,
Plurâque sperâsti. Quid enim non, *Anglia*, speres,
MARIA quid non regnante ? Quis utilis unquam
Indicium magis exhibuit virtutis amœnum ?
Aut magis optandæ nobis dedit omina vitæ ?

Piæclaras illi inſevit natura benigna,
Excoluit ratio cœlesti lumine ducta,
Firmavitque usu longo constantia dotes.

Non cultrix unquam reverentior ulla Deorum,
Quæis thura assiduè, & purissima vota ferebat,
Non unquam excelsi, quo stantem vidimus omnes,
Blandimenta loci ; non quæ cinxere frequentes
Illecebræ, Fortuna, tuæ ; non munera vitæ ;
Publica non tantum potuere negotia regni,
Quin summæ fuerint illi cœlestia curæ,
Vidimus heu ! quoties *tendentem ad sidera palmas !*
Et summum sancto flectentem robore Numen !
Dona Deum quoties dum supplex poneret aris,
Dùmque fatigaret multâ prece fervida cœlum,
Pectoribus sacros aliis immiserit ignes ?

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Quæque illi pietas præsentia Numina semper
Sistebat, mores humiles, mentemque modestam
Indidit. Haud illi ventosus pectora fastus
Incessit, *vitium rebus solenne secundis*,
Extulit aut vanam malefana superbia frontem.
Sceptra quidem accepit, non quæ malefuada cupido,
Aut levis ambitio, sed gens peritura tetendit.
At quando ostendit mutatam induta corona?
Cui magis in folio visa est elata? quis unquam
Inflatam humidamque novo conspexit honore?
Fortunâ facies eadem crescente manebat,
Ut quâ delatum Imperium post mente gerebat,
Imperio caruisse putes;

At licet haud unquam ambiret MARTA coronam,
Oblatam ornavit præclare: & vivere in illâ
Et magnam regnare putes, & vincere *Elizam*,
Ingenii tantæ vires, & mentis acumen,
Et populis dare jura sciens prudentia, & artes
Regnandi (quibus & sexum superavit & annos)
Ut dum Regina Imperii, regnique Britanni
Difficiles fasces, & lubrica Sceptra teneret,
Senserit amotum clavo vix *Anglia* Regem.

Nec minus in folio majori luce micabant
Virtutes aliæ, Bonitas, Clementia, Candor,
Munificus cunctis animus, semperque dolentium
Vel minimis mens tacta malis & mota querelis,
Tardior inflixit penas, ad præmia velox,
Oblatis facilis precibus, miscisque secunda
Aut tulit auxilia, aut doluit quod nulla tulisset.
Muneribus quàm larga manus sentire petentes,
Senserunt omnes; & si non omnia vires
Nonnunquam dederint, ast omnia vota dederunt.

Sic

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Sic fuit heu ! vixitque suis sic Optima Princeps,
Quam licet insignis viventem fama secuta,
Ornavit tamen extremas insignior horas.
Non illi tanto cinctæ splendore coronæ
Consuetum visa est mors unquam inferre timorem,
Non ingrata magis mentem turbavit imago,
Quàm quæ pauperies confregit languida vires,
Et quos semianimum videas vix ducere vitam.

R. Laughton, A.M. Aul. Clar. Soc.

Reginæ extinctum Divum caput impete morbi,
Et quæ abreptam febre nocente deam,
Ambiit Augustam niveis victoria pennis,
Et Pietas, & Te Sospite, dia Salus.
Ambiit ; at nunc atra gravi nox obruit umbrâ :
Ipsa triumphalis luctibus Aula jacet.
Inter Cæsareos cupressum serpere lauros,
Feralique vides mista trophæa rogo,
Præscia Mitra sui delapsa est vertice sacro
Præfulis ; extinctæ præscia Mitra deæ.
Sic medio Phœbus se subtrahet Orbe, labante
Naturâ ; & mundi funeris omen erit.
Magna vides communi ut conditur *Anglia* busto !
Obruta ut horrenti est *Wallia* nostra situ !
Quin Divo, Regina æternum in conjugæ vives ;
Parsque tui Auriacus magna superstes erit.

Richardus Jones, Coll. Trin.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Εἰς τὴν πολὺν τῆς ΒΑΣΙΛΙΔΙΣ ΣΗΣ.

ΤΩνδ' ἄλλων ἀπαιέουδε πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θιῶν τε
 Ἦσο δ' ἦ κρημνὸν πολυδάρεά δ' Ὀ. Οὐλύμπιοι,
 Ἀγγλιακῶν γὰρ καὶ καθ' ὅλην Ὀ. ἔθαρ ἀρήρη,
 Καὶ Βρετανῶν Βασιλίσση ἑλὼ ἐπεπιξεν ὅπως
 Καλῶ, Δισποσίη * Δάμει Ὀ. δ' ἔχεν εἰσερωῶντα.
 Ὡς ἴδεν, ὡς ἀρ' ἔειπε πρὸς ἐν μεγαλήτορα θυμῷ *
 ὦ πόποι, ἦ μέγα δαύμα ποδ' ἐμῶν ἡμετέρων.
 Καλὴν δ' ἔγωγε ἔγωγε ἴδεν ὅφθαλμοῖσι,
 Οὐδ' ἔγωγε γὰρ νικᾷ γ' ὅφθαλμοι γυναικῶν
 Ἦ δέ μοι, ἦ φωνή, ἦ ἀρ' φέρεται ἦ τι ἔργον *
 Αἰχρὸν, τήνδ' ὅλην μετὰ δεισιπνοῖα μετ' αἶψα
 Δὴν, ἐπεὶ ἀδανείστοι δὴν ἀγχοῖς ἔφκει.
 Ἦ, ἔγωγε νυνὶ ἐπ' ὀφρῶσι νεύσῃ Κρονίων *
 Αὐτὰρ ἦ ὅξυ νόσον δὲ φρεσὶν Ἀρτέμις ἀγνή,
 Σήματι δ' ὅτε αἰὲς ἐπεπείθειτο Πατρός· ἔγωγε.
 Ὡς μάλ' αἰξάσα δι' αἰδὶρ Ὀ. ἀντιθέτοιο,
 Αἰψὰ δ' ἔχμε διαπύην γαλῶν * αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
 Αἰδελῶν Βασιλίσσην ἐποικίλῃ κατ' ἐπεφειν
 Οἷς ἀγχοῖς βελέεσσι, καὶ οἷς φίλα γῆα λάλωτο,
 Ψυχὴ δ' ἐκ μελέων ἀπέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὀλυμπόν.

Franc. Bennet Coll. Reginal. Alumnus.

NON ultra miramur, quod tam celeri cursu
 Ad Cœlites ibat magnus ille Archi-præsul,
 Fata impatientia moræ
 Jusserunt eum Superis ocyùs referre

Inex-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Inexpectatum tui adventum,

O Suavissima MARIA.

Omnem, ergo, O cœli pandite gloriam,

Novisque laudibus instruite Chorum,

Vos pulchrior nunquam invisit hospes,

Non Sanctior Majestas.

Debitas illi Sedes, monstrate,

Elizabetha nostræ proximas,

Æqualem illi imponite

Sempiternæ gloriæ Coronam,

Æquali quæ regnavit

Prudentiâ, magnanimitate, honore.

At heu ! dum novo Hospite lætantur Cœli,

Sævior in terris nos opprimit casus,

Magisque intensus dolor ;

Ingens certè hoc, & fœrale damnum,

Cui

Succubuit ipse invictissimus GULIELMUS,

Cui

Animus ille, periculis, bello, cæde, & sanguine intactus,

Se victum dedit, & potuit deliquium pati.

O triste & immedicabile vulnus !

Quo vitæ tuæ pars melior divulsa est ;

Ad *Martis* iterum campos redito,

Illæsus bello es, domi faucius ;

Domi ingentius malum tulisti,

Quàm mille foras rependent Victoriæ.

O qualis fuit Illa, Dii, Deæque

Gentis nostræ Gloria !

Certavit

In corpore, cum insigni Formâ Majestas,

In animo, cum Pietate Candor.

Ita

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Ita Mitis fuerat, & omnibus Placida,
Ut, quam primo intuitu conciliavit,
Pulcherrimis suis Gratiis Venerationem augetet.

Nemo unquam à conspectu illius

Vel tristis, vel iratus discessit;

Benigna omnibus,

Omnibus Propitia.

Virtus illius omni invidiâ, omni infamiâ major.

Munificentia, instar suiipsius, verè Regia,

Charitas erga inimicos plusquam Christiana.

Ecclesiam *Anglicanâ* intellexit benè & medullitus amavit.

Deo, Patriæ, & Conjugi fidelis.

Inter ardua Regni negotia

Æterno semper Numini, & precibus vacavit.

Animam potius, quàm Corpus, adornando

Horas suas collocavit;

Et tamen Publicis rebus intenta adeò, & indefessa,

Ut id solum agere videretur.

Nec potuit tanta Virtus in extremo actu deficere,

Mens enim, nullius mali conscia,

Quàm imperterritè mortis nuntium admisit?

Quàm efflictim coeleste gaudium deperibat?

Quàm placidè in Domino obdormivit?

Sic transiit ab Orbe nostro Sydus illud *Britannicum*

Majores longè in Cœlis acturum triumphos;

Nec certè tantis meritis invidenda est Gloria.

Hoc solum, GULIELME, Superos rogamus,

Ut annos omnes MARIÆ debitos addant tuis;

Tu solus possis regnare,

Solus vincere.

Quid ergo fles, *Britannia*?

Cruentas illas absterge lacrymas;

Eheu!

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Eheu! jam satis est indultum moerori,
Nondùm te perditam,
Nondùm te miseram dicas;
Tutelarîs tibi desupèr invigilat Dea,
Et quo magis divisa est, eo magis augetur salus;
Potentissimum ubique habes Defensorem
MARIAM in Coelis
GULIELMUM in Terris.

Joannes Wotton S. T. B. Coll. Regin. Soc.

Anglia cum nuper variis agitata Procellis
Errâsset tumidis, altera Delos, aquis;
Qui soli afflictis ausint succurrere rebus
Cum fidâ *Austriacus* conjuge Victor adest.
Nec mora; Turba gravis Paci, tua, *Roma*, propago
Cedit, & incipiunt lenius ire dies.
Ille fors nostro propellit limite *Gallos*,
Hæc vulgi mulcet pectora sæva domi.
Sed raram immodicis indulgent Fata senectam,
Nec, quos Numen amat, tempora longa manent;
Occidit (*Angligenis* heu non medicabile vulnus!)
Præsidium & Patriæ dulce MARIA Decus!
At nè corrueret Funesti conscia damni
Anglia, Deliquium Principe passa suo;
Augustum b'ando recreans sermone Maritum,
Fatidicâ moriens talia voce refert:
En tibi Pacatam Gentem. Quæ Fata revolvunt,
Me sine, jam proprio cætera Marte potes.

O

Macte

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Maſte tuâ Virtute, manet te plurima Laurus,
Omnibus haud impar hoſtibus Unuſeris.

E. Clarke Aul. Clar. Soc.

VEnit ſumma dies *Anglorum* : Atræ *Albion* uno,
Tota uno exciſa eſt vulnere, Diva, tuo.
Cæſaris en mœſti, & Patrum longo ordine pompam !
Pullatos quales ſingimus eſſe Deos.
Semideum en domus Aula ! & religioſa Deorum
Limina, ferali conſpicienda ſitu !
Ah ! partone ibit victrix Regina triumpho ?
Sæviet in noſtras Parca cruenta Deas ?
Si Paphia intereat mortali ſaucia dextrâ,
Concidet *Angliaco* num *Venus* orta mari ?
Credideram cœlo alterna eluxiſſe *Britanno*
Lumina, at occiduam nox premit alta deam,
Non opus eſt Pariis ut componare ſepulchris:
Te totam *Auriacus*, Diva, ſuperſtes habet.

Tho. Jones Coll. Trin.

Εὐχλαίεν δέ μιν ὅτι, θλίβει δὲ πένθη διαλύπη
Ἀθανάτους ἐνέχα ληστήδ', καταλείβει Νύμφαι
Δάφνας, σὺν Χαρίποι διαῖς * πένθαν ΜΑΡΙΑ
Ἀγλιακὴ Βασιλίσσῃ, φίλη φίλῃ ἀνδρὸς ἀγοίης.
Ἀρχὴν πένθαλέας, Μόσχ' φίλαι, ἀρχετ' αἰοιδᾶς.
Ἐπεί ποι τὴν δῶρον * αἰοιδᾶς τίς κεν Ἀνασῶρ,

Tis

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Τίς κεν ἔπνε φρονέσῃεν ὃν αἰδοί χαίπερ ἰοῖσα ;
 Πᾶσα πόλις ἑλνυῖ, καὶ πάντα Βρεττανίδ' ὠαῖς
 Ἄσπερ, καὶ πυκνοῖς δρυμῶν ἑλνυῖσιν ἱπαχῶν,
 Ὄρεα καὶ σποαχυνῶπι· τὸ πᾶν λιθὺ ἐξὶν ἐκείνῳ,
 Ὅστις ὀδυρομένοισιν ἀντήνατο δάκρυα μίσγῃν.

Ἄρχετι πενθαλεία, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἀρχετ' αἰοιδᾷς.
 Οὐ πόσον ὅτ' ἰομένοισιν Ἀηδόνες, ὄρεα Μωσῶν,
 Λασιμόμῃαι γλυκεροῖο μελίσματ' ὠδύραντο,
 Οὐ πόσον εἰνάλιοι Ποταμῶτο πρὶ ἱερὸν ὕδωρ
 Ἀργυρέαι δύναισιν ὀκώκωσι αἰλίνα κύκνοι,
 Αἴλιν' ἐπ' Ἀλλήλοισι ποπκρίναντο καὶ ὄρῃαι.

Ἄρχετι πενθαλεία, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἀρχετ' αἰοιδᾷς.
 Πῶς ἔπουν διωατοῖ ; πῶς δύσμορ' ὠλετο νύμφη ;
 Νύμφη ἱμερόεσσα, φάσκει, καὶ ἱρεσμο Βρεττανῶν,
 Δυσμολέσιν μέγα χάρις ; φυλάσσῃ, μήπιχα Κελτῶν
 Τῷ πτότῳ φάσμα πρὶ ἑῶν ἔατα λάθῃει ἱρποῖ,
 Μήποκ' εὐφρανθῶσιν ἀγαλλόμῃαι Κελταῶν
 Ουραπίρες Βασιλῆας, ὅτ' Ἀλλήλοισι λήρῃσαι,
 Κάτθανε δὴ λαιῶν μεγάλη Βασίλισσα Βρεττανῶν.

Ἄρχετι πενθαλεία, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἀρχετ' αἰοιδᾷς.
 Αἰ, αἰ, τῷ σκληρῷ μείλα δαμνοῖ, ἀνδράσιν ἑξῆρ' ὦ.
 Ἀνδράσιν ἐδὲν ἐῶν, ἐδὲν Βασιλεῦσι βίβαιον,
 Στυγνὸς ἱεὶ ἔχεπολκᾷς ἐπὶ λαμπεροῖσι βέλεμον.
 Πᾶν τὸ καλὸν ταχύποτμον· ἀπὸν παρ' ἑλλαβε φῆγ' ὦ.
 Νυκτιπόλ' Βασιλίσσῃ, πᾶχ' ἀρχεταῖ ἀέρε πῆμεν
 Σμικροτέρῃσι κρεάεσι, μινυδαδὶ πῶι αἰγά.

Ἄρχετι πενθαλεία, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἀρχετ' αἰοιδᾷς.

Ἐλκ' ἔχ' ὀύσαν, ἔχ' ποπκάρδιον Ἑσλίω.
 Τᾶ καὶ τᾶ φέρεται, κρατῶν δὲ δ' ἀμυγῶν ἀλγῆ.
 Οὐδὲ τίς σκῆπτρον χρασμοῖ, σὶδ' κλέει αὐτῇ.
 Ἀφιδίτον, υεανομικῆς, ὃ γ' οἱ πόρεν Ἀρεῶν ἔργα.
 Παγασίδε· κείνῳ διλκτίερον ἀδὲτ' ἐτρωδᾷ,

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienſes.

Καὶ γ' ὀδυῖναι σκεδάσαι Διληκτίει· οἶδ' ἐπ' ὀδῶν·

"Ἀρχεπ πενθαλίαι, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' αἰοιδᾷ·

"Ἦνδον χ' ἠγαμέμνεις, βυληφόροι ἀνέρες ἦνδον,

"Ἦνδε κραίηναι· χὼ Δανιχῆς, ἦπα εἰδῶς

Δόντα, καὶ λήγον αὐτοὶ ὅπσι' ἀρχεπ· "Ἀνακτι,

Λήγεο πῶ πάνδοτος, Βασιλεὺς φίλε, λήγεο κλαίων,

Δάκρυα τῆς Μοῖραισιν ἀνὰ λυγρία, δάκρυα πάντα.

"Ἀρχεπ πενθαλίαι, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' αἰοιδᾷ·

Οὐδ' ἐπ' ἐν τῇ γῇ δρῶν· λίπεν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ὀδῶν,

"Ἀλγέα δακρυοῖσι συμφορῆς, ἔχ' ὅτ' ἐκείναι·

Κυκλίους βλέφαροις ἐφίξετο νύξ ἐρεβεννή·

Καὶ τότε πορφύροισιν ἐπὶ λέκτροισι καλῶν,

Δειλαίαν δαίλαι· ὀδυρέτο· "Μείνον, "Ἀνασσα,

"Μάινον, ἐμὰ ζῶα, ζῶα γλυκίων ἐρατῆναι,

"Πᾶ φύλῃς, δύσανον ἐμὲ ζώνοντα λιποῖσα,

"Τίς σε δῖων ὑπὲρ αἴσθης ἐς ἄδην δύσμελ' ἐλκει;

"Καὶ Με σὺν λίπεν ἐνδα; τίς ἔστιν ἀνάμει· ὅπως;

"Οὐδέ τίς ἔστιν ἐκείν·, τοῖκε δ' "Ἐρινυὶ ἔλφω

"Χαιρεκακῇ· ἄλλως με σὺ αὐτὰ βάλλεις ἐς ἄδην·

"Ἀμφοτέρωσι ξυνά τόχ' ὀδῶν, ξυνά τι κέλευται·

"Σχέτλι·, ὡς ὅφελον σ' ἐ Πλυτία μέσφα διώκην,

"Καὶ γδ' ἐμὸν ἀνιερὸν ἐς ὑπερον ἵαπ' ἦμ'·

"Ἀρχεπ πενθαλίαι, Μῶσαι φίλαι, ἄρχετ' αἰοιδᾷ·

"Ὡς φαιδρὸν γόνον ὥρσεν ἀάχατον· αὐτὰρ Ἀνασσα

Λεπὶν δ' ἀποψυχισα, φίλον ποταμείῃ ἀνδρα·

"Λήγεο γόνον, φίλῃς, τί νυ δάκρυσι κηρὸν ἀλγῆς;

"Οὐδ' ἄρ' ἔχ' δύσποτμ· ἐκείναι· ἦ γ' ἐμ' αὐτὰν

"Μοῖρα χαλεπὴ, δάνατός τι βαρὺς· πείδωμαι ἀνάγκη·

"Ξυλὸς πᾶσι πέλει δανείν νόμ·, ὑδὲ βρετῆν' τις

"Οὐ κακῆς, σὺν ἐδ' ὅς φέλει "Αἰδῶ βασιλῆα,

"Λήγε γόνον, ἐμὲ Μοῖρα χαλεπὴ, τίδ' ἐσέο χαλῶν,

"Σώζεο. Μὲ τ' ἀφίλῃντο βίον θεοὶ ὅσον, "Ἀνακτι·

"Τόσ·

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

“ Τόσων ἡμῶν δοῖεν, καὶ ἵπ' πλέον ἴλασιν αὐτῶν·

“ Χαῖρ' ὦ ἡγεῖ, νᾶσον δ' θεοὶ πάντ' ἐν δ' ὁμοιοῖα

“ Ἐν τ' ἐνήμερίᾳ, καὶ ἡμῶν σώζονται δαίνοισι.

Λήγετε πενταλῆαι, Μῶσαι, ἵπ', λήγατ' αἰοιδᾶς.

Εἶπε, καὶ ἥντι χαμπὸς ὅσον τὰ γ' ὅ. ἱπ' αὐτο ψυχῇ.

Ἐλθεῖτε, Ναϊάδες, ποταμῶν γ' ἡμέτε, ἔλθετε, Νύμφαι,

Τύμβων ἐς εὐδμητον, ἡρόλοισι τε γερσί τ' ἐχρίσθαι

Λείρεα, καὶ ξανδοῖα κρόχιν δυσέλαστον ἐδείρῃ,

Καὶ ῥόδα, καὶ φιλέσκε, καὶ αὐτὰν ραίνετε πῶσαι

Εὐπλέκτοις στεφάνοισι, καὶ ἐνὸς ὁμοιοῖσι πετῆλοι.

Ja. Upton Coll. Regal. Alumnus.

QUÆ modò, dum vixit, dubiis fundamina rebus,
Et stetit unus Honos omnibus, unus Amor :

Dum moritur fato indigno, cadit omnibus Una,

Et lacrymæ, & quæstus, & dolor inde magis,

Hinc multùm dilecta Tuis, dilecta *Britannis*,

Gentibus heu ! cunctis Chara, MARIA, cadis.

At Tu præcipuè casus Gens *Anglia* ploras,

Et subito in fati turbine fixa stupes.

Illa Tibi nuper perituræ occurrere posset :

Penè simul, Tantâ depereunte, peris.

Nulla unquam accessit nostro virtutibus Orbi

Clarior, aut Populo gratior ulla suo.

Quantus honos vivo, Majestas qualis in ore !

Et formæ & morum gratia dulcis erat.

Nunc bona forma perit pariter, tantûsque recessit

Frontis honos : Corpus pallida inane jacet.

Illa

Lacryma Cantabrigiensis.

Ille inter pulchras olim Pulcherrima Nymphas
Par Veneri incessit : nec minor Ipsa Dea.
Par Veneri, Cyprium siquando revilere gestit
Dilectam, & Paphios ducere Diva choros.
Aut ubi mox voluit venienti occurrere Marti,
Et rubor in roseo pulchrior ore stetit.
Hoc vultu, GULIELME, Tibi Tua sæpe MARIA
Sudanti occurrit, saucia membra fovens,
Testor enim dudum expugnatae praelia Iernæ,
Tunc ubi virtutis conscius Amnis erat :
Qui, similis *Xantho*, intumuit crescentibus undis,
Et fluctu immani sanguinis erubuit.
Xanthi fama viget, dum Divi carmina Vatis,
Et veterum Herodum nomina magna manent,
Boyna simul succresce, licet Tibi nullus *Homerus*,
Æternat famam Major *Achille* Tuam.
Cujus honos nomenque Tuis cantabitur oris,
Donec, abhinc sacras, in mare volvis aquas.
Inde reportanti, GULIELME, insignia Belli
Occurrit primum Chara MARIA Tibi.
Dumque virum læta agnoscit, tacitisque pererrat
Luminibus, lacrymis lumina pulchra madent.
Tu tamen, ut visa est, positis hostilibus Armis,
Quæque minus Bellis sunt, Amor, apta Tuis:
Cæpisti laxis sensim mollescere curis ;
Et tremulam amplexus basia multa dabas.
Tum dix'ti, Mea Diva, mei Tu sola laboris
Præmia, Tu Conjux sola Triumphus eris.
Qualem, *Roma*, Tuus nunquam *Pompeius* Armis,
Nec potuit *Cæsar* commeruisse suis.
Est ubi nunc, solus Quam, Victor maxime, jactes,
Nempe comes rigidi mollior Illa Tori ?

Ille

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Illa cadit chari gremio divulsa Mariti,

Illa semel Conjux casta, venusta, decens.

Illa cadit Trini Consors fidissima Regni,

Dimidio Major Pars, GULIELME, Tui.

Jam propè Divinæ defluxit gratia formæ,

Sævit & in pulchras mors magis ægra genas.

Tu tamen egregio Languentis in ore moratus

Multùm, offers superis hæc pia Vota Deis.

‘Hæc mihi (Vos mentis modò conscia Numina testes)

‘Hæc erat unus Amor, nunc Dolor unus erit.

‘Ergo diu vivam sine Te, Dulcissima, Tecum

‘Ni vellem, aut pro Te jam moriente mori.

‘Fata obstant votis ; & me succurrere rebus

‘Nunc iterum fractis scilicet usque jubent.

‘Usque jubent latè fines, Gentèsque tueri,

‘Et pacem Patriæ conciliare meæ :

‘Quin simul, ante omnes, dum spiritus hos regit artus,

‘Semper erit Populi maxima cura Tui.

‘Hoc est sollicitæ quod ducam Tædia vitæ

‘Longiùs hîc, & Te seriùs inde sequar.

Dixerat hæc, Animum sibi Majestate relictus ;

Exsurgitque novis fortior usque Malis.

Et quanquam attonitus casu, multòque dolore

Pectora percussus, Par sibi Tanta tulit.

H. James Coll. Trin.

ERgo, MARIA, fugis ; nullis revocanda tuorum
Votis, Ipsius Conjugis aut lacrymis ?

At.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

At poteras, quamvis cœlo matura, tuorum
Respexisse fidem: nil pia vota movent?
Respicis; atque ægrè mens discessura recedit,
Et vellet dulces necere tarda moras.
Scilicet haud poteras Populi lamenta precèsque,
Conjugis aut lacrymas sustinuisse pias.
Sed frust. à ulterius lacrymæ & lamenta morari
Vellent; frustra cheu! officiosus amor.

Quas Violata fides *Ludovici* fœdere Gentes
Junxerat, aut veræ Relligionis amor;
Nunc tua communi deplorant funera planctu,
Confociâtque novus, te moriente, dolor.
Ante alias omnes dilectæ funera Matris
Insequitur madidis *Anglia* mœsta genis.
Sed non in lacrymas par tota erit *Anglia* tantas,
Insula nî in veteres mersâ rediret aquas.

Dum procul hinc turmas, *Mosæ* *GUILIELMUS* ad undas
Dux egit, medio pulvere Victor ovans:
Tu miti imperio Populos cohibere solebas,
Anglia nec Regem sensit abesse suum.

Post multo domitos sudore & sanguine Gallos,
In patriam rediens Victor, honore gravis;
Immemor is sævi belli, oblitusque laborum
Ibat in amplexus, Pulchra *MARIA*, tuos:
Et dum poscenti voluit memorare Triumphos,
Gratâ tardabant oscula verba morâ,
Qualis, cum rediit domitâ *Tyrinthius Hydrâ*,
In thalamos sponsæ dicitur ille suæ;

Tu

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

PONE minas, neque funestas, Mors dura, sagittas.
Ulteriùs vibra ; nil jam Te, Dura, veremur
Mortales, licèt usque acuas crudelia fati
Instrumenta : nihil pejus graviùsve timere
Possumus, amissæ post tristia fata *MARIÆ*.
Prodiga, inermâque Mors ! uno hoc in funere totus
Iratum vigor, atque acies perièrè furores ;
Sic mala pungit apis ; sed acuto in vulnere cunctas
Imbellis vires, infractâque tela relinquit.

Eximium verò decus, & spolia ampla referre
Intereâ speras ; si dono noctis opacæ,
Nocturnus veluti secura mapalia Prædo
Devastes, mergâsque unâ tria regna ruinâ,
Si non sint Reges, terrestria Numina, letho
Immunes, quid finitimis *Mezentius* arvis
Gallicus insultat, vetitissque inglorius armis
Victor ovat : quid adhuc crudelem ducere vitam
Huic datur, ô Superi ? gentes turbare quietas
Ausus, ad arma tuos cogit ; placidôsq; tumultu
Convocat infano populos : infanda furentem
Jam tandem colibete, sacroque absumite ferro.

Noli ergo ob duros Britonum, scelerata, dolores
Gallia lætari, atque novis gaudere triumphis :
Nam tibi tempus erit, magno cùm optaveris emptam
Incolumem, armorum furiis lacerata, *MARIAM* :
Cùm *Mars Anglicus*, nostræ Spes altera *Roma*,
WILHELMUS premet infensos ; quem justus in hostem
Impulerit dolor, atque gravis stimularerit ira.
Sic toto *Aeneas* delævit in æquore Victor,
Audacis Turni dextrâ Pallante perempto,

Oppo-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Oppositas Rutulorum acies junctasque Phalanges
Impiger urget, agens telis; furit ense cruento.

Fr. Arundell Coll. Trin. Comment.

In Obitum MARIÆ Reginae, De-
cembris 28. 1694.

AH! crudelis Hyems, execrandique Decembres,
Sicne meam licuit surripuisse Deam?
Si ne meo licuit diras struxisse Monarchæ
Insidias? Blandæ perniciem MARIÆ?
Nec pulchros oculos, nec fulgura Frontis
Divinæ, tantam posse domare Hyemem?
Fulmina nec magni, nec magni Conjugis iras
Audaci Morbo posse dedisse metum?
Credibile est-- Talis nam debita victima Cœlo;
Ut Gens placato surgeret Angla Deo.
Hinc nostris successus erit felicior Armis,
Hinc gravior dabitur, Galle, ruina tibi.
Omnia Nassavio & debentur fausta MARIÆ;
Pro nobis namque Hic vincit, & Illa cadit.

Joh. Cudworth, Coll. Christi Soc.

Mortua! Quis malus attonitas sonus impulit aures?
Mortua! & occubuit Magna MARIÆ neci?
P 2 Heu!

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Heu ! tristis sed vera simul fess Fama per urbes,
Occidit *Angliaci Gloria magna soli.*
Indignis Coeli donum invidere *Britannis,*
Depositumquæ placet jam revocare suum.
Fletibus Aula fremit, tristi circum omnia luctu
Squalent, ad cunctos pertinet ille dolor.
Cur verò assuetum servat Natura tenorem ?
Inter tot gemitus sola dolere nequit,
Non castigandum monstravit cælitus orbem
Pestiferum attollens stella maligna caput :
Tellusve horrendum lerali territa crine
Intremuit, dirum mox luitura jubar.
Nititur hâc Natura viâ se ostendere mœstam,
Cum magna, at nostro damna minora, cadant.
Nunc confusa hæret magno stupefacta dolore,
Abripuit tantas cum Libitina dapes.

Clifford Hall A. B. Coll. Div. Johan. Alumnus.

SPerabunt Alii faciles in vota Camœnas,
Ut Numeri venâ liberiore fluant ;
Sunt qui Phœbæas poscent in Carmina vires,
Ut funesta canant fata, juvante Deo :
Sed mihi non opus est *Phæbo,* non Auspice Musâ,
Altus enim stimulat pectora nostra Dolor.
O utinam possent versus decurrere *rivo,*
Quo fluit ex oculis lacryma multa meis,
Mœstis per sylvas, & conscia rura querelis
Fleret *musæ* suam non tacitura *Deam.*
Scilicet hæc nutu potuit cohibere Rebelles,
Augusto Tantis fulsit in Ore Decor.

Cæsaris

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Casaris ornarent virides cum Tempora Laurus,
Ambrosias Illi cinxit Oliva comas.
Mors tandem (ut fama est) *felicibus* invida *rebus*
Crudeli tales reddidit ore sonos.
“*Flandrica* sat nostros testatur terra Triumphos,
“Et satis humano sanguine pinguis humus.
“Obstupuit nostras Pubes *Germanica* clades,
“Cum dederint Rubras *Rhenus* & *Ister* Aquas..
“*Anglia*, vicinis nondum perculsa ruinis,
“Flebit Delicias *Anglia* mœsta suas;
“Nec miseri profint gemitus, nec inertia vota,
“Succumbet telis pulchra *MARIA* meis.
Dixit, & ardentes immisit protinus ignes,
Intima pertentant viscera dira cohors.
Serpere cum latè sensit Regina venenum,
Nec premeret luctus mœsta Corona suos.
“Quid me fletis? (ait) lugubres tollite planctus,
“Dimidium nostri vivere fata sinunt.
“Pars Animæ melior superest *GULIELMUS*, habenam
“Jam teneat Regni fortis utramque sui.
“Admoveat Superis Illum cum serior *Ætas*,
“Tum simul & nostro solvite iusta rogo.
“Interea insanos jubeo compescere luctus,
“Ante suum veniat nôve querela diem;
“Altera nè scindant Iratæ stamina Parcæ,
“(Este procul verbis omina dira meis.)
Pluræque conanti jam dicere inutilis hæsit
Lingua, ter in primo destitit ore sonus.
Hæc gelidis hæsit labris vox ultima, Vive,
“O *GULIELME*, tuo tempore, vive meo.

E. Lewis Coll. Trin. A. B.

Si

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Si pius elicerem afflictæ conamina Musæ,
Non ego gliscentes animo recludere motus,
Non ego *Cæsarea* gentis memorare labores
Sufficere n: trepidat, pallétque ad funera *Phæbus*.

Volvimur en, dubioque rotantur cardine fati
Res *Britonum*; en lusus iterat fortuna severos,
Instaurátque novos pariter Libitina Triumphos.
Cum vix inciperent *magni* decurrere *mensēs*,
Cumque sub *influxu* Martis Venerisq; *benigno*
Undique lætitiā speravimus, undique pacem,
Credidimúsque haustam toties fractámque ruinis
Gentem firmari demum, in solidóque locari;
Heu subito occidimus miseri, venerabile si *Jus*
Occidit, *Anglicásque* oras inimica premit nox.

O cinis Auguste! O ingentis nominis Umbra!
Si fuit in fatis crudam saturámque dierum
Concessisse *senectutem*, si tempora vitæ
Distulerint paulum; revocásses secula læta,
Secula perpetuis *Anglorum* sceta Triumphis.
Quid tamen & virides annos, niveámque juventam
Nequicquam recolam infelix? quid amabile nomen?
Quid solido innixam uirtutis *robore* mentem,
Mentisq; egregias, cœlestia munera, dotes?
Cum Tibi nativæ defluxit gratia Formæ,
Cum Regale decus, cum Majestatis honores
Defluxère: Tibique etiam *GULIELME cypressu*
Intertexta dolet *laurus*, semperque dolebit.

Cum tandem obductâ noctis caligine Lethum
Assitit, ora modis attollens frigida miris,
Regina hæc secum summissâ voce locuta est,

‘ Salve

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

"Salve pallida Mors. mortis salvet recessus;
"Scilicet exuto procedent aurea regna
"Corpore, divinos Animæ spirantia honores;
"Hinc Cœli tractus, puros hinc cominûs orbes
"Aspiciam, Numénque Dei præ fronte reclusum.
Vix ea finierat, contorta potentia lethi
Cum linguam invadit toto se vertice miscens,
Obruit invalidûmque caput, diffusa per artus
Cor tandem aggreditur, *centroque innixa triumphat.*
Jâmque fugam gaudet longè trans ætheris ignes
Moliri, Empyriôque animam diffundere Cœlo,
Atque Dei *influxus* propiore Numine fufos
Imbibit.

Carminè quam vellem sedes celebrare beatas
Cœlicolûm, Divæque novæ depingere formam,
Ætherios penetrando finus! si blanda canenti
Gratia, si digni spirarent Numine cantus.
At mihi languida mens *ingenti pondere laudum*
Obruitur, studiôque innixa laborat inani.

Gul. Shippen Coll. Trin. Alumn.

EXcepit Cytherea olim (ni vanus *Homerus*)
A *Diomedæâ* vulnera facta manu.
Crediderim, *majus* cûm sit violabile Numen:
En! cadit uno ictu *Juno, Minerva, Venus.*

R. Mofs Coll. C. C. Soc.

En.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

EN subito fatorum cæstro cura omnibus Una,
Omnibus Una Decus dulce, *MARIA* jacet.
Illa olim poterat perituræ occurrere Genti,
Omnibus una Salus & medicina malis.
Quid tamen in Vulgus Tibi non Libitina licebit,
Victa Tuis telis si cadat Ipsa salus?

Thomas Burrell Coll. Magd. Commens.

Quis ejulatus, quantus & possit dolor
Æquare jacturam gravem?
Quibus querelis insequamur Perfidæ
Sævam impotentiam Deæ;
Legemque inexorabilem necis invidæ,
Injuriosâ dexterâ
Quæ carpit omne pulchrum, & improbè cita
Meritam senectutem amputat?
Experta quoties hoc misera *Britannia*
Spes irritas deflexerit
Præcoci in obitu Regiæ propaginis,
Siqua extiterit illustrior.
Graviore tanto nunc sed ægrimoniâ
Te plorat abreptam sibi,
Regina, quantò Tu priores Principes
Et quot sequens ævum afferet,
Virtute superâsti, omnis Excellentiae
Exemplar Augustissimum!

Cujus

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Cujus meruerant templa dotes singulæ ;
Te sæculis prioribus
Rerum tulisset ordo si maturior :
Prudentiâ quæ *Palladi*
Præcelluisti, & pulchritudine fulgidâ
Parenti Amoris aureæ ;
Cessitque Tibi *Junonis* ampla dignitas.
His muneribus at præpotens,
Tamen ut facilis eras & omnibus bona.
Quantùm eminebat optima
In subditos clementia, insuperabilis
Et contumeliis amor.
Quàm regiam Te nomine hoc ostenderas,
Deoque quàm simillimam
(Sanctas gerebas cujus in terrâ vices)
Sævos aded in hostes pia ?
Radiis licet humus ut tepida solaribus
Atros vapores elever,
Qui splendidum illorum nitorem obnubilant ;
Puro renidet lumine
Tamen ipse Sol, & ignibus genitabilem
Nubes in imbrem colliquat.
At occidisti ; nec Tibi quid profuit
Prænobilis perfectio :
(Ita cæca fati immanis est audacia !)
Dum perfruuntur prosperâ
Vivacitate in exitia plorantium
Tristes Tyranni Gentium.
Imò occidisti ; (ut sydus absorptum, novis
Crescebat indies licet
Fulgoribus :) dolent nec Insulæ modò
Britannica Te mortuam,

Q

Diémquē

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Diemque lugent execrabilem ; adjicit
Sed universa lacrymas
Europa sociales, nefandi particeps
Lugubris infortunii.
Quin asperæ & levamen ægritudinis,
(Heu penè & hoc raptum fuit)
Quòd non perires tota, dimidium & Tui
Relinqueres superstitem
Te Conjuge eximiâ unicè dignum Virum ;
Dignumque, fortunas suas
Cui Christianus o. bis addicat volens ;
Provinciæque Vindicem
Quem perditæ, atque vera Pietas, publica
Salusque Patronum invocent,
Lenitus hunc indulgeat saltèm Deus
Periclitanti sæculo
Atque (absolutis si minùs fieri potest
Accessio virtutibus)
Solatium ut nobis faciat, & quod Tibi
Maturius fatum allevet ;
Bonus adjiciat Illi dies præter suos,
Tibi quos MARIA dempsit.

Guil. Denny A. B. Trin. Coll.

ΘΡΗΝΩΔΙΑ.

Ἰαμβοί.

Φημι μελαινὰς ὡς περ αἰωρημῶν
Πιρὺ γαστρίω, καὶ τ' ἐμπασι λυγροῖς ἑρᾶν
Αἰετὲρ εἰς πόλιν Ἀθηνῶν Βρεταννικῆς,

Περὶ

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Περὶ ὅχλον οἰκιστὸν τε, δυστυχεῖς λόγους.
 Λαοῖσι φιλτάτη γυνὴ δάινειν, δάινειν *
 Ἰδὲ * κατ' αἴψα πάντα χρημάτων ὀκνεῖ,
 Ἀπὸ ταχὺ πέλει τόση τε σύγχυσις,
 Ὡς ἂν τὸ τῷ χόσμῳ πύλας κῦρε πύλαι,
 Ἐχθρὸν οὐδὲ μὲν πλείοναι μὲν διωατίν *
 Κεῖν φησὶ φησὶ γὰρ πολύτροποι καὶ καὶ
 Μόνοι, χαλῶσιν ἄλλα δὲ λίαν χρεῖα *
 Νῦν οὐ σέβεις οἴπνεις σέβασμοι,
 Ὅσοι τε πραγμάτων ἔραο * Ἡρώδῃ
 Δέσποιναν ἤμῃ δὴ μέλιναν δάκρυαν
 Κλείνεις, καὶ ὡδαῖς ταφον μελιπλόοις,
 Ἐπεί γὰρ οἶδα πιν καλὰς σφοδρῆς,
 Ἐὼ χεῖρας χιδονός, σέβασμα τ' ἕρανον *
 Μάστιγι εἰ ἀρετὰς ὅλη σὺ οἰκνυμένη
 Ἀνακλῖσθαι αὐτῇ, καὶ βίον πτόλειςιον,
 Λογῶν ὡς περὶ σὺ δύσχευς ἐστὶν,
 Ἀρκεῖ πολὺν γόνον μόνον τὸ δ' ἰέναι,
 Γένεσις τίς τίς τὰ πραγμάτων γηθεῖ κλύων,
 Ὅπως φρόνισεν αἴσα πτοινίλῳ βροτῇ,
 Ἐν ἡμέτρῳ ἰδέναι φαινοῖς ἐν δροσίοις,
 Πάντων ὅπου σέρνων ἐτοιμάσιν σέβας *
 Γλώσσῃ νέον τὸ βαρβάρων, αἶ, αἶ φέρει,
 Τυρῶν τε δὲ νῶν ὁμμάσιν πολλὸν δάκρυ *
 Ὅταν λόγῳ νικᾷ πᾶσι Βρεταννικῇ,
 Καὶ φρῶδον ἔστιν αἴψα ἀλγῶν φρῶδον,
 Οὐ γὰρ πλέον μῦθον σῖναι αὐτῇ χεῖρας,
 Ἐκκῇ γὰρ δεῦ πικρῶ φῦγεν ἄθονα,
 Ἐχέου σκῆπτρον Ἀγγέλων ἄρυσεν χροῖς.

J. Weld Coll. Emman. Juris Civ. Studiosus.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

IMmanem mortem, nimumque potentia fata,
Novimus experti, atque immitia numina Parcas,
Vos *Britonum* Terræ, nunc *infelicia Rura*,
Plangite. At O! quondam nimum *felicia Rura*,
Rura Deo dilecta, nimis lætique coloni,
Ereptam vobis Dominam lugete. *MARIAM*
Ingemat omne nemus, valles plangore resurgent.
Indicium luctus lacrymæ, curæque silentes
Ora rigant hominum, & præcordia fortia rumpunt.
Ipse autem, ante alios, multò *mæstissimus*, omnes,
Rex ibat; quantò majore ardebat amore,
Tantò majores vexabant pectora curæ.
Tota fuit pietas, & tota modestia, tota
Justitia, & totam clementia vendicat; omnes
Virtutes propriam agnoscunt, totamque requirunt;
Tam charum Caput amissum non usque juvabit
Mæstos deslere, & mordaces volvere curas.
Non lacrymas *Cineres* curant, *Manesque* sepulci,
Non verò eripuit totam mors atra *MARIAM*;
Vivit, & in terris quod erat mortale reliquit,
Jam cœlo matura Anima ad Cognata recessit:
Astra, atque insuetum miratur limen *Olympi*.
Hospes Divorum gratissima. Jamque frequentes
Divi, *Semideique*, *Heroes*, candida turba
Occurrunt, quorum longè clarissimus Ordo
Henrici, *Edvardique*, & Magnum nomen *Elisa*
Bellatrix, *Carolusque* Duplex, pacisque *Jacobus*
Cultor, Sceptigeri incedunt longo ordine Reges.
Cognatam accipiunt læti, soliisque locantes
Sydereo, instaurant epulas, Cœlestia dona,

Purpu-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Purpureisque bibunt felicia Nectara labris.
Illa autem ætheriis de sedibus omnia lustrans,
Prospicit *Anglorum* terras. Regemque dolentem
Alloquitur, tandem & roseo sic ore profatur.
“Pone modum curis, tristes deponito luctus,
“O Rex! O quondam Conjux fidissime! nostri
“O nimium memor! O nostris Decus addite Sceptra!
“Tu regere Imperio populos, *GULIELME*, memento,
“Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos.
“Auspiciis, Victorque, tuis, *Russellius* alta
“Æquora *Neptuno* doceat parere *Britanno*.
Dixerat. Et dictis Divinum adspirat amorem.
Multa animo Regis virtus, multusque recurat
Gentis honos, & visa loqui quum somnia vera
Conjux, Jam pugnās, jam poscit fervidus arma.
O! animum invictum præsens Fortuna sequatur,
Atque triumphali donet Victoria lauru
Et vos, O Superi, curæ quibus *Anglia*, votis
Anglorum annuite, & tanti solatia luctus,
Annos *Reginæ* abreptos superaddite Regi.

Rob. Grove A. B. Coll. D. Joan. Soc.

Reginæ Exequias, & non reparabile vulnus
Prosequimur lacrymis: altè ut dolor incubat *Angliis!*
Ut triste ut terale gemunt! fuit *Anglia*; Diva at
Semisepulta suâ est, tantum *Regni*que Cadaver,
*Reliquiæ*que sumus populi, vix spiritus intus
Exagitat molem Imperii. Cum funere *Eliza*
Occidit, implevitque polos, Gens præfica flevit.

Sic

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Sic lacerata comas, & sic nimis horrida luctu,
Deliquio percussa genas *Academiæ* largis
Humectat rivis, neglecta squallida deflens
Heu! conclamatos cineres, atque *aspera* *Coeli*
Vulnera; nam doctis meditans *Pæana* sub antris,
Quid canere inciperet, quod surgat carminis ordo,
Flandriæ postquam, spoliis indutus opimis
Constiterit campis, Victor firmo pede, *Cæsar*:
Fatale ut sentit per vulgus serpere murmur,
Carminis illa oblita sui, calamósque lyrámque
Projicit, ingratum jam pondus, *inutile lignum*.
Quidni etenim? Quæ carminibus numerosque sonósque,
Vimque modis dederat, vitali vescier aurâ
Defuit, & moriens secum tulit illa *Camœnas*.

Credimus esse Deos? bene vix absterferat imbres,
Et vix sopitos Gens delinita dolores
Mulserat; illatos rursus Dea duplicat ictus,
Crudescitque iterum nunquam coitura cicatrix.
Præsule de tanto cum *Mors* spolia ampla reportas,
Cur quoque Regales agis imperiosa Triumphos?
Vicisti tandem, dum per compendia rerum
Cædebas penitus funestâ clade *Britannos*,
Spemque gregemque simul, totamque ex ordine Gentem.

Dii Tutelares gentis, quorum omine vestri
Angligenæ regimur (quondam dilecta propago:)
Anglia fortè suum, rebus si elata superbis,
Non moderata animum foret, aut si perfida foedus
Fregerit, aut vestris si non adoleverit aris,
Vel *Tybris* *Thamesi* impuras commiscuit undas,
Tum nihil O querimur; sed cum commiscuit undas
Non *Thamesi* *Tybris*, cum nos adolevimus aris,
Ingruit immeritis nimis inclementia *Coeli*,

Secu-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Securos nostri, sin Vos Ignavia cœlo
Alligat, Imperii cui olim indulgistis habenas
Illius oblitos si Vos incuria cœpit,
Vel vestrâ saltem causâ succurrite nobis:
Nam Vobis, vestrisque ex æquo invisa *Britannis*,
Ignati incipiet soboles sic spargere voces:

“ Scilicet ut movit cœlos Regina propinquos!

“ Eja ut Cognatæ tanguntur funere Divi!

“ Huc redit *Angligenim* fixæ pietatis imago?

At nos quid contrâ? taciturni triste cadaver

Efferimus, lacrymisque genas turpamus obortis.

Quorsum hæc? allatras & cûr Musa impia cœlis?

Cur repetisque illam, quam cœlo debita Virtus

Eripuit matura, subque ascripsit *Olympo*?

Illa autem Superis quanquàm Matura cadebat

Plena ævi & fame, nobis tamen indiga vitæ

Implevit numerum, & nimis improvîsa, Deorum.

O quis se, morbi quoties occurrit imago,

Temperet à lacrymis? artus sacer ignis edebat,

Purpureos artus, & iniquo pondere fessum

Succubuit caput, olim illud Diademate quamvis

Cinctum erat; Imperii magnos & sæpe dolores,

Atque absente graves tulit olim *Cæsare* curas,

Diva tamen nostris ingentia nomina fastis

Usque, *MARIA*, geres; olim volventibus annis

Maturus dum multa super Virtute *MARIÆ*,

Multa super formâ rogitans pendebit ab ore

Narrantis patris, arrestis avidè auribus astans;

Sic Pater excipiet: “ Fili olim quis fuit ille,

“ Quis fuit ille dies? cûm (qualis *Eliza Philippum*

“ Virgo audax, qualis vel *Margareta* rebelles,

“ Dum pius *Henricus* precibus dedit otia, turmas

“ Fregerit,

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

"Frēgerit, immanique agitare**t turbine belli**)
 "DIA MARIA Domi (dum *Mosæ* *Cæsar* ad undas
 "Galligenas avidè hærentes, jam jamque tenentes
 "Reppulit) ingentes *Gallorum* contudit iras,
 "Et latè instravit laceratis navibus æquor,
 "Imperium Oceani victrici classe reportans :
 "Os humeròsque *Dea similis*, sic gratia pulchris
 "Interfusa genis nituit, regnavit ocellis
 "Vis vegetis ; sed quis describat frontis honorem,
 "Aut ignes oculis, & non imitabile fulmen ?

Nicho. Penny Coll. Regin. Alumn.

" Ἀρχετε θεοπασιών, Μῦσαι φίλαι, ἀρχετε θρῶνων,
 " Ἡδὲ μελᾶγγλῆαινοι κτ' δάκρυα χέετε λυγρῶ,
 " Ὀλέο γδ Νήσω Πυργῶ, κ' Χάρμα Βρεταννῆς,
 " Σκυπῖον βασιλῖος, Ἀρετῶν κ' ἱδῶ ἀείρει.
 " Κάτθανεν ἡμιθάνα, ταχὺς γδ Πότμος ἵκανε,
 " Καὶ πολλοὶ νόστοι οἱ ἐπὶ γὰρ ἡρόσιμον ἦμῶ.
 " Ἀλλὰ τί τῷτο νέον, Μοῖρα βροτολογεῖ, ποῖσαι;
 " Οὐδέ μιν, ὦ Θανάτῳ, βασιλῆα σώματ' κτείνει,
 " Σοὶ γ' ἔξερ' βροτὸς πάντ' ἐπεσκέμην. Αὐτὰρ
 " Ἀδανάτῳ βασιλεῖ, ὥσπερ θεοὶ ἑραινῶνες.
 " Τὺτ' ἴγνω Θανάτῳ χαλεπὸν κ' δυσχερὲς εἶ),
 " Καὶ τερμένον ἀπέβη, βασιλῆα τι δάματ' αὖ φεύγει,
 " Αἶματι μὲνδ' αὐτῷ χεῖρας πολέμοιο μαίνειν.
 " Ὡς γδ' οὐτ' ἰξούσις τυττάς ὄρνιδας αἰώσων
 " Ἰξῶ ἀεὶ λιπῶν ἀμελὲς βλαστήματ' αἰεῖφει,
 " Εἰ δὴ πως Ἀετὶς νεφελοῦν γε χεδίπτεται ἀκρον,
 " Δίκτυα μὲν φρόνισα πλέκει, πῶς δ' ἡσμπύλα πῆξα

Καρπ.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Καρπαλίμῳ πυτύει, χελάμῳ σέρει π φαρίτῳ,
 Ἡ βία ἢ δόλοισι μάπτειν Βασιλῆα πετρίαν·
 Οὕτω καὶ Θανάτῳ. Σπῆτ' ἡνῶ. ὕσατον ἀνδρῶν
 Νικᾷ ῥηιδίῳ, ωρώτοισι τε πλήγῃσ' ἐναίρει·
 Ἀλλ' ὅταν ἡμετέρῳ βαλὼν ἐδύλῃ Βασίλειον
 Ἀργαλέον πυρετον ωρώει, καὶ φλυκτῖδας αἰνᾷ,
 Ἀπλῆτος ωρωμάροι, οἳ τ' ἀλγέα μυρ' ἐδῆκε·
 Καὶ τύτοι μὲ χεῖρ' αὖ δαμῶν δεοειδῆ, Αὐτὸς
 Ἐργίξει· Κῆρες δ' ἄρρεσι καὶ μέλαιναί,
 Πιόμ' αὖ τ' ἀφαιρῶνται· Ὡς ὤλετο Δία ἡνωικῆς.

Κλαίετε Πιερίδες καὶ σπῆτα, τύπτετ' ἄδυμα,
 Ὡς το γδ ΜΑΡΙΑ, φιλέοντι τε Σπῆματ' Ἀχρίτη
 Ἐλλίπε, αὐτὸ δ' αὐτοῖς ὀρμήματ' τε σοταχᾷς τε·
 Αὐτὴ δ' αἶξας εἰς ὕσανον ἀπερῶντα
 Ἐλλῃ χεν αἰδῖον σέφανον, καὶ ἀδέσποτον ὄλεον.

Λήγετε νῦν ὀδυῶν ἀλεχρῶν, λήγετε Μῦσαι,
 Δάκρυ' ἀφ' ὑμετέρων ἀπομωργνυτε πάντα παρειῶν,
 Ἡδὲ χαρὰ μεγάλη λιγυραῖς τάχα μέλπετ' αἰοιδῆς,
 Ἀγγλοὶ ἐπιρροῖων ἐπ' αἰσὶ μαχαρταῖσι ἀνδρῶν.
 Ἡμῶν γδ κρατεῖ Βασιλεὺς ῥηιτῆρ' ὅχ' ἄρειτ'·
 Φρεσὶ Δικαιοσύνης, ἡδὲ Πυλῆμοιο κεραυνός,
 Κάρτ' Ἀλεξάνδρῳ, Σοφίῳ Σολομῶνι π' εὐκαῖς,
 Οἳ τε Νόμος σώζει, μετὰ τὸν κίνδυνον ἐρύκων,
 Ἀμφοτέρων Βασιλῆς τ' ἀγαθός, κρατερός τ' Αἰχμητής.

Joh. Cressener, A. B. Coll. Regin.

TE si quando Tuorum aut tangunt tristitia Regum
 Fata, nec es saxis, *Anglia*, dura magis.

R

Aut

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Aut si quando Tuas propius res aspicias, & Te
Sollicitam usque Tui conscia cura subit.
Indue nunc tristes, pariter tristissima, vultus,
Totâque diffusis fletibus ora riges.
Soccubuit morti Princeps charissima, Regna
Quæ potuit nuper sustinuisse Tria.
Mors illam importuna rapit, morientibus olim,
Et miseris vitam reddere quæ poterat.
Quæque prius latè gentes dominata superbas,
Pulvere in exiguo *corpus inane* latet.
Corpore quin pulchro sævi vestigia morbi
Usque manent, lacrymis usque lavanda piis,
Mœsta Tuum casum lugebit Turba Tuorum,
Sæpe petens vacuas Turba relicta Domos,
Regia respondet miseris concussa querelis,
Et sudant lacrymas marmora sacra suas.
Dicitur hîc Conjux ingenti adductus Amore
Te, fugiente animâ, detinuisse sinu,
Hic Soror in partem, fato percussa, doloris
Venit, & immotos multa precata Deos:
Illa sinus pariter lacrymis implevit obortis,
Jam pallescentes dilaniata genas.
Atque ait, O mihi Luce magis dilecta Sorori!
Lucem hanc ingratam Te sine sola traham?
Solâne perpetuos patiar deserta labores?
Tecum abeam, aut mihi Tu, chara MARIA, redi:
At quoniam vulgi vox est insulsa prophani
Exerceri odiis pectora nostra malis:
En fletus, gemitusque, imoque in corde dolores
Versatos, nescit talia fictus Amor.
Quod superest, adero ad sacras tristissima Pompas,
Et simul in cineres ultima dona feram.

Tu

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Tu verò, meritis si cedant maxima magnis
 Præmia, apud superos usque, MARIA, reges;
 Cognatisque Animis Comes ibis, Avunculus Alter
 Carolus occurret, Carolus alter Avus.
 Una tamen propior, Tibi par, dum vita manebat,
 Una erit ante alias dulcis Eliza comes.
 His plenos miscebis Amores, gaudia semper
 Mutua concipies, mutua, Diva, feres.

Br. Fairfax, Trin. Coll.

Ἐπὶ τῆς οὐδιοτάτης ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΣΑΣ ΜΑΡΙΑΣ ἡγε-
 ῶντι τῷ πλοῦτῳ Ἐιδύλλιον.

ΒΑΤΤΟΣ, ἡ ΚΟΡΥΔΩΝ.

- Εξ. **Ε**πί μοι, ὦ Κορύδων, τίνα συ φρένεις ἄλγεια πάσχεις;
 Τί συναχθεῖς ἀχέων, συστέρνῃ τ' αὐλοῖσιν αἰέδων,
 Αἰλινά τοι συναχθεῖν τι γάπας, ἡ δένδρα διδάσκεις,
 Καὶ χροὶ ἀμέπερον φούρχει, ἡ δαῖτα ἡμέθληεις;
 Μήθ' ἱερὰς μεγάλῃ Ψάλλεις τὰς Πανὸς ἑορτάς;
 Κο. Βάττε, βαρυμοῦθον κραδίαν μέγα πένθει ἔχθμεν,
 Ὅτ' ἰ βίη θανάτοιο χαλάν περ ἂν Ἀρτιμὺν εἶλεν,
 Ἀρτιμὺν, ὑεάνιον ἦνθον, ἀνποτι ματίετα Ζοῆς
 Καὶ ζαδέα ψυχᾶ, ζαδέφ ἡ σώματι κρομμύ,
 Οὐρανόθεν κατεπεμψ', ἀμύνει' ἐπέδωκεν ἀναοσαν.
 Βα. ὦ τάλαν, ἡ θανάτοιο βίη ἡ Ἀρτιμὺς ἔκταν,
 Αὐτὰν ἀθανάτοισιν αἰεὶ ὀνομίσθημι ἰσχύ.
 Κο. Ἀθανάτοισι μὲ ἴοικα, ἡ ἡμετέρος ἀπάταις
 Ἀδὲ λίαν πᾶσιν τοῖς πυμμένοι, οἱ ὑπὸ ταύταν

R 2

Γα. 90.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

- Γαδοσιώως ἀγέλας χερσὶν ἐφύλαξαν ἐν ἀγροῖς,
 Ἄσπεργας, μηδὲν ἢ λυγρὴν πεφοβημέναι ἦν.
 Βα. Οἱ θνατοὶ πελομεάδα, τίδ' αὖριον σὸν ἐσπεύμεν;
 Ἐἰς ὅσον Ἀρτίμειδ' ὅ. χεῖρας μάλ' ἰσχεύαμεν ἄμμις,
 Αἰπνὲς ἐν ποταμῷ ἐλαμψυμένον φορῶντι.
 Σκαφαμβροὶ ταμάλισα νόφι ἀρετῆς ἀνάριθμοι,
 Ὡς ἐν πύρρῃ χερσὶν τὰν ψυχὰς ἐκπλεον ἔχον,
 Οὐδέ ποτ' ἐν θνατοῖσιν ἐνθελθούσας αὐτῶν,
 Ἀλλὰ διὰν φήδημιν γαεῖν ἐπὶ γῆαν.
 Κο. Νῦν ἀπάταν ταύταν ἐπεδάνυσεν μοῖρα μέλιμα,
 Ὡλετο δ' ἀθανάτων γένος, ὦλετο δ' Ἀρτίμειδ' αὐτῶν.
 Ἀρτίμειν αἰάζοντι ἐπαύζοντι Ἐρωτὶς,
 Παρθένης αἰδώς φιδῶς Ἀλκυονίδος αἰ ἐνθάδε Μῦσαι,
 Καὶ χεῖρες σπινθῆρες, δρυμὶν ποταμῶν πὶ Νύμφαι.
 Θάμειοις μύροντ' εἰν ὕδασι αἰλίστα κύκλοι
 Καὶ πυκναὶ γρεῖαν ὑμνῶσιν ἀηδέτες φιδῶν.
 Ὀρῶν φιδῶς καὶ πᾶσα κλυτὴ πόλις, ἅστα πάντες,
 Ἀμέτρεα ταμάλισα πόλις Χαμῖο παρ' ὀφθαλμοῖς,
 Ἀπὸ τῆς χαμῖοις αἰδῶς μέλπτουσι φειδωλῶς,
 Ἀρτίμειδ' ὅ. εἴφανον ξυμπύρρῃ κατὰ γέφυρην ἰσχυρῇ,
 Εἴμεσι νῦν λυγροῖσιν ἀπὸ δρυμῶν καὶ φιδῶν,
 Καὶ φοιτῶν ὑμνεῖ λυγρῶς πενθῶντι ὅ. ἀριθμῶς.
 Βα. Λῆγε πῶς πένθεις, Κορύδων, τὰ σὰ δ' ὅμμετ' ἀγαιρε,
 Μήδ' ὅλον ἀσύχον καὶ ἑυδὶον ἑρατὸν ἴδεις;
 Τὰν λαμπερὰν ταύταν Διὶ ἔστιν Ἀρτεμῖς οὐρανῷ,
 Ἀθανάτῃ πέλεται, καὶ ἀθανάτοισι σωεῖται,
 Καὶ εἴφανον χρυσῶν καὶ χρύσεια σχῆματα λιπῶν,
 Ἀμβροσίαις σφαίροις, δαῖτον τε διήλλαξε σχῆμα πύργου.
 Ἀλλὰ σὺ, ὦ Κορύδων, μὴ δακρυὰ χεῖσον ἔννευρα,
 Ἦδη Ἀρτίμειδ' ὅ. παρεκρίθη Φοῖβ' ὅ. Ἀπολλων,
 Ὅν γ' ὕπατος θνατοῖσι χεῖρμα μέγιστον ἰδούμεν,
 Αὐτὸς ἐπ' ἀνδράσι μῆτις, καὶ ποιμήσιν ἀμύν.

Ἰδα.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Ἰλμ. ©, ἀλλότριον τε λύχον ποιμένασιν ἀπαθεῖ.
Κο. Ζᾶσον, ἰὼ, Ζᾶσον, καὶ ποιμένες πᾶσιν ἐν ἀγροῖς
Ἀρξοῖ, ἵως ἀμφοῖν ἀρχῆς τι βίη τε χορευθεῖς
Ὁψὲ πύθον ὁπότες πάλυμπα δώματ' ἀνελθεῖν.

Job. Wilkinſon è Coll. Emman.

CARMINA si fas sit mœstis adhibere querelis,
Sive unquam liceat Fata maligna queri,
Carmina jam poscit justissima causa querelæ
Immiti Mortis rapta MARIA manu ;
Nil unquam ad nostras pervenit acerbius aures
Qui colimus *Cami* lenè fluentis aquas :
Optavi quoties aut vanus nuncius esset,
Aut ullâ hæc esset mors redimenda prece,
Sed nil crudeles, nil curant talia Parcæ,
Nil illas lacrymæ, nil pia vota movent.
Heu Regni columen, decus immortale *Britannum*,
Præsidium Sacris, occidit ante diem !
(Haud aliter tenerâ quàm cùm refecatur in herbâ
Quæ primo decorat gramina vere Rosa)
Hei mihi quot clades ex Funere metior uno !
Odolor ! O læsi tristia signa Dei !
Jam cohibeto manum, sint tanta hæc justa piac'la,
Ira nec ulterius sæviat, Alme Deus,
Oppressam luctu Regem nè sentiat Hostis,
Sentiat Inviçtum sæva ubi bella vocant.
Jactatas da, Summe Pater, decerpere laurus,
Da *Britonas* lætâ pace beare suos.

Ric. Coore A. M. Coll, Regal, Socius è Senioribus,

NOX.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

NOX erat & gratum captabant fessa soporem
Membra mihi, subito cùm sese inopina jacenti
Obtulit ante oculos humanâ Major imago,
Cui vultus Cœlestis erat Divinæque forma,
At lacrymis scedata tamen passisque capillis,
Quos miserâ plangens conata est vellere dextrâ,
Primum multa gemens suspiria pectore duxit
Ex ino, favôque stetit confixa dolore ;
Mox has in voces erumpit : siccine Cœlis
Contempta est Pietas ? sic nostrâ cura tuendi
Posthabita est ? Ah ! quid queror ? aut quid Numinis iram
Incusô demens ? Me, Me culpâre parente
Indignam tali fas est, --- Sic fata, furentes
Solvitur in luctus rursus, lacrymisque coortis
Obruta conticuit : quo viso, me quoque Mœror
Invasit : Mystusque rogo : Quæ tristia fata
Tantos Diva, ferunt planctus ? aut tanta dolendi,
Quæ tibi causâ manet ? Nomen quoque dicere fas sit
Ut, si fata sinant, miserâ succurrere possim :
Sin minus, at saltem socium es me habitura doloris
Tum, sic, suspirans, Ah ! quid renovare dolorem
Infandum tentas ? inquit, Solamina tanti
Nulla dari possunt luctus, Sed cùm mea fata
Te quoque, Chare, manent, hæc Me tacuisse pigebit,
Quamquam animus meminisse horret, Lacrymæque recusant,
Albionæ mihi Nomen, castissima cunctas
Inter *Christicolâs*, quoniam mea Maxima Cura est
Religio, qualis puro de fonte supernæ
Manavit legis : nec enim meretricia sumo
Ornamenta mihi : sed dignum Numine cultum

Sin-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*Sincerâ pietate colo. Contrâ, mihi Numen
Præfens semper adest : nam, cùm crudelia bella
Ingruerent, fraudesque domi struerentur iniquæ,
Cæde metuque procul posuit, geminique parentis
Auspiciis lætam fecit : quorum alter in armis
Hosti terrorem incuteret, sociisque salutem
Firmaret : pacis pietatisque altera leges
Moribus exornare suis & nomine posset.
Hinc Romana soror (si fas dixisse sororem)
Ferro Me flammæque petit : nec Gallia diras
Insidias, quibus inteream, neque negligit artes
Infandas : sed cùm superi sprevere, petendum
Credidit Infernum, precibusque *Acheronta* laceffit.
Hinc Rex *Tartareus* (cui Gens Nomenque *Britannum*
Invisum) diris sacum meditatus *Avernus*,
Quo simul & pietatis honos columenque salutis
Corrueret, Morbum furialem misit ab Orco,
Atque dolore gravi jussit vexare *MARIAM*
Reginam : jussus paret, nec destitit, ante,
Ægra piæ tetro perfundere membra veneno,
Quàm letho dederat. Sic diro saucia morbo
Occidit alma *parens patria* : (miserabile dictu!)
Nec pietatis amor, summi neque cura colendi
Numinis eripuit fato. Rex ipse dolendo,
Quin animam expiret victus, vix continet, agram.
Impavidâ qui mente solet per tela, per hostes,
Ire ferox, quem nulla Maris domuere peric'la
Nec terræ, domuit tandem *immaturus* amata
Conjugis interitus : jacet, ô jacet inclytus heros
Semianimis : stupet ingenti conterrita luctu
Regia tota domus : Nomen gemebunda *MARIÆ*
Conclamat, desiletque suum *Britannia* fatum.*

Hæc

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Hæc ubi dicta dedit, tristi superata dolore
In terram collapsa esset, ni forte cadenti
Auxilium præsens & opem deus ipse tulisset,
Ecce etenim subito coelis delapsa serenis
Una quidem superum, placido cui lumine vultus
Lætus erat, circæque caput Diadema refulsit:
Et vestis candens gemmis auróque micabat:
Cui facies augusta fuit, qualisque *MARIÆ*
Semper erat, sanctâ cum Majestate benigna,
Hæc tum labentem sustentans *Albionæam*,
Ore pio sic est affari visa dolentem.

Fata quid incassum quereris? Nè cede dolori,
Chara Deo; quanquam pater ad coelestia regna
Me vocat omnipotens, haud illi cura tuendi
Posthabita est vestri: nec enim sine rege reliquit:
Rege *pio*, *forti*; sed quos mihi denegat annos
Hos illi superesse dabit: nec defore vobis
Me (licet ex oculis sublatam) spondeo: sed, cum
Magnanimus densos fertur *GULIELMUS* in hostes,
Ipsa adero capiti tam charo semper, & illum
Turabor, donec tandem saturatus honore
Et spoliis redeat victor pacemque reducat
Europæ, Sic te facili multos reget annos
Imperio, & serò cælum exoptatus adibit.

Jo. Leng. A. M. Aul. D. Cath. Socius.

ECce jacet, Vidén' ut densâ stent lumina nocte,
Insidèatque genis, totâque infusa per artus
Mors teneat molem, & toto se corpore prodat
Plurima: nostrarum Spes O fidissima rerum,

Ut

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Ut Te spectamus ! cur Mors indigna serenos
Fœdavit vultus, aut cur hæc vulnera cerno ?
O faciles dare summa Deos, eadẽmque tueri
Difficiles ! fuit Illa, (fuit, quam flebile verbum !)
At nunc in vacuum ferus omnia Jupiter Orcum
Transtulit (in vacuum cur tam citò transtulit Orcum ?)
Invectus veluti magno Romana Triumpho
Mœnia cum Consul victam longo ordine Gentem
Insignis curru Capitolia ad alta trahebat ;
Seu Nomadum Gens dura fuit nova causa Triumphi,
Seu Parthus, Medasve, pharetratusve Gelonus ;
Tot spolia ampla Ducum, ludos, plaususque secundos
Una angusta dies excepit, terminus arctus :
Et quàm contraxit nostram Parcæ invida dextra
Lœtitiã ! nimium vobis, Dii, visa beata
Anglia, si longum super Utraque dona fuissent.
Dii, quibus imperium est Orci, tuque optime Minos,
Dicite : (Vos novistis enim, & memorare potestis)
Dicite, terrenos equaniam anima exiit artus
Integra tam morum, tamque atræ nescia labis ?
Non ita : namque Illa à teneris Virtutis amictu
Puniceo incessit super exornata, morasque
Passa parùm, ritusque aliorum pergere sensim
Dedignans, jam tum fuit undique & undique Virtus.
Sic ubi divinos pandit Novus Orbis honores
Agrotum, tenuis sine re, sine nomine planta
Labentis bis ter volvendis mensibus anni,
Ad Cœlum justis pollens radicibus arbor
Exiit, & sese cursu miratur in ipso.

Qui fuerint habitus animi quoque fortè requiras.
Cuncta inibi pacata : inibi pax læta, serenæque
Halcyones : placido Concordia plurima vultu,

S

Atque

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Atque hæc alma suum posuit Clementia nidum.
Ac veluti *Thamesis* nitidis argenteus undis
Majestate fluens leni, puro agmine currit,
Et facilem cerni Labyrinthum volvitur aquarum:
Non obex, moles non ulla moratur euntem,
Nec delabentis cum pace volumina fluctus
Provocat occursum saxum tacitura rebelli,
Nec facit, ut tumidas spumans assurgat in iras:
Tali fluxerunt placidissima pectora motu
Anglica Matris, natæ sine bile, sine ira.
Haud secus ille *Æther*, ubi laxo flumine *Nilus*
Excurrit, pluviaeque, uligine, damna rependit,
Vel minimæ nubis nitet integer: omnia pura,
Omnia: continuo ridet Clementia cœli.
Salve ingens cœlo Decus addita, si tamen O si
Ut versu, sit & vitæ Te reddere possim!
Quas parca natura manu dispersit in omnes,
Prodiga virtutes junctas conludit in unam.
Sic ubi *Turcæ* tenet Magnus latissima regna,
Hinc vis undarum se *Caspia* in æquora fundit
Plurimæ, concurrunt ex omni flumina parte,
Et *Volga*, & rapidus, pontem indignatur, *Araxes*,
Atque lacus, fontesque, & non ignobile vulgus,
Certatim, & fluctus facto agmine fluctibus ægens.
Sed Virtus (docet ah! dura experientia) nescit
Iati alas tardare, & porro ducere vitam.
Quid benefacta juvant? quid nunquam in vota precēsque
Cessasse, & nostros cultus firmasse labantes?
Instaurasse etiam vigili pia munera curâ,
Atque sui memores alios fecisse merendo?
Nam quid habent momenti? haud secius Illa facessit
In cineres, dulcisque vadis immitibus esca

Cocyt

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*Cocyti cessit, nec jam ultra evadet ad auras,
Tethys at thalamis condit sacra Lucifer ora,
Lucifer æthereæ pulcherrima gloria turbæ :
Lucifer, ante alios Veneri gratissimus ignes :
Mox tamen ignicomus, redivivo insignis & auro
Attollit jubar, & divinæ frontis honorem
Prævius in Coelos effert, tenebrasque resolvit.
Postquam homo somnum oculis, noctemque acceperit atram,
Quove loci jaceat. da nobis, quamve secet spem ?
Sed quid ego hæc ? quamvis artus, moribundaque membra
In cineres ultrò sese collapsa resolvant ;
At puri sensus, atque auræ simplicis ignis
Succedunt Cælo, non inferiora secuti.
Idque MARIA probè novit, nam pectore firmo
Fortiter occurrit morti, increpuitque morantem :
Ut cui tarda fluunt, ingrataque tempora, dum se
Urbs habet, & saliant aliena negotia circum :
Ut primum illa retrò cedunt, interque quiescunt,
Ad villam fugit, & portu se condidit, alto.*

Gul. Willymot Coll. Regal. Alumn.

SYdus nefastum ! ficiæ Febrium
Sillapsa terris, incubuit cohors,
Ardore restinguens maligno
Dulce jubar, columenque nostrum ?
Pulchræ ruinæ ! nec sine gloriâ,
Nec sola (nostræ ô Stella Britannicæ)
Tandem cadis : Te Splendor omnis
Anteit & sequitur cadentem.

Lacryma Cantabrigiensis.

Præsentis ævi fama, Pater Sacri
Ecclesiarches, sicuti Phosphorus,
Præcedit, hunc solem occidentem
Sydera ad inferiora ducens.
Atqui sciebat quas tenebras Polus
Portenderet noster: Chaos hoc timens,
Vitamque linquens, inter astra
Egregius properabat Auspex.
Tecum recedunt gaudia Patriæ,
Fletu requirit Curia Præsidem:
Patrona, teque, & te, Patrone,
Concilium & pia Tempa lugent.
Necdum querelæ: um *Anglia* definit:
Ceu perdit jam Palladio *Anglia*,
Nostros dolores in supremis
Hostis ovans numerat triumphis.
Ingens Dolori Pompa venit comes:
Chori Angelorum nectare lacrymant;
Singultuant moestisq; latè
Astra movent Geni querelis.
Hinc indè Virtutum agmina confluunt,
Elapsa cœlo: lucida *Veritas*,
Insons *Fides*, *Æquum*, *Pudor*que
Oscula dant, cinerésque lambunt.
Quin turba *Dirarum*, *Eumenides* sacræ,
Et quotquot Orcus monstra parit capax,
Solvunt honores, quin *Erinnys*
Ipſa, semel pia facta, moeret.
Num sic *MARIÆ* purpureum decus
Squalebit Orco? pulvere tam sacræ
Dotes jacebunt obſoletæ?
Quid queror? En recidiva virtus!

Has

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Has nempe Virtutes, GULIELME, fers,
Tanquam tot Heroas, geris in sinu;
Quarum phalanx unum ordinata
Constituit decoratque Regem.

Rob. Creighton Coll. Trin.

EHeu! Quàm vario volvunt mortalia casu,
Quàm magno humanas versant res Fata tumultu?
Ergône Te gelidus Pallor, Lethique perennis
Ferreus invasit, Princeps, tua lumina somnus?
Ergône vilescunt Diademata & ergò putrescunt
Majestas & Amor? Facinus prohibete nefandum,
Dii summi! *Tantane animis Cælestibus ira?*
Eheu! Nil prodest superos in vota vocâsse,
Nil divina piis cumulâsse altaria donis.
Heu! Frustrâ fumant Aræ, nec munera nostra
Jam superûm quisquam curat, nec inania Vota:
Scilicet ob multas. infelix *Anglia*, noxas
Iratum haud aliter tibi sit placabile Cælum.
Albion, ergò tuos pandes mœstissima fontes,
E scopulisque tuis lacrymarum flumina fundens
Vicinum Oceanum salis jam fluctibus auge,
Ultima qui subitò lambentes Littora, toti
Immensumque Orbi referent reddentque dolorem.
Tu tamen interea, Felix Anima atque Superstes,
Sedibus è summis accisis annue rebus,
Quas Regina modò rex'ti, jam prospice Numen.

Edw. Oliver A. M. C. C. C. Soc.

Ex

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

FX quo sacrilegi collapsa est vulnere fati
Divi loci, dederatque animam diffundere coelis,
Cæsareosque suâ temeravit clade Triumphos;
Patrêque, Proceresque, & non ignobile vulgus,
Et convulsa gravem deflent Tria regna ruinam.
Anglia finitimo dictat sua murmura *Belgæ*;
Littus utrumque suos intermiscere dolores
Cogitur, & sociæ responsant omnia ripæ.
Convulsam *Augustam*, & funestam cladibus *Aulam*
Vidimus, atque atræ indutam solennia vestis,
Ah! Divam montesque feri, *Sylvæque* loquuntur
Funere crudeli abreptam; quâ sospite, victrix
Anglia, magna parens *Heroum*, imponere leges
Oceano, & populo didicit dare jura volenti.
Orbe triumphato, convexo vertice *Cœli*
Indigetes inter *Divos*, & magna locatur
Nomine *Stuartum*, Templis veneranda *Britanniæ*.
Vidimus (incessus qualis solet esse *Dearum*)
Evectam cœlo, Superum stipante coronâ,
Divam omnes cecinere, triumpho inclaruit *Æther*.

Guil. Thomson A. B. Trin. Coll.

Epitaphium Serenissimæ Reginae MARIE.

SIste, qui moliris iter, Viator,
Hic latet clarus celebræque pulvis
Marmore extructo: tumulata Nata est
Sponsaque Regis.

Hic

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Hic jacet Sexûs Decus atque Splendor :

Sin ubi quæras animus lateſcit ;

Celfa convertas faciem dolentem

Sydera verſûs.

Matt. Baines Coll. Chriſti Alumn.

Ἐν κλεινῷ ΜΑΡΙΑΝ γεννηθεῖς ἡμέρᾳ καὶ Ἀπριλ.
 Πανθόσῃ ἡμέρᾳ καὶ Δεκεμ.

Κ Αἰτῶνε, καί τῶνε διὰ ΜΑΡΙΑ · ἄλλὰ πῶς παύμα ;
 Ἡμεῖς Μίωος ἔλω ὠλὸν ὠλὸν ὠλὸν.

Ἐξ ἀρχῆς Δέχεται μὲν ἔπλετο Διότῳ ἑρῶς,

Αἰετὶ γὰρ μάχεται εἰς αἰνοῖσι κρύβ.

Ἡμεῖς ἐν τῷ ἐλῶσι Βρεφοκτόν· Αἴτη

Παρωπὸν Βροτῶν δὲ ἐλῶσι μάτη.

Ἡμεῖς ἐν τῷ Θανάτῳ Σωτῆρα Βρετανῶν

Ἐμπεσὺν ὡς εἴπῃ ὠφελὺν ἄλλὰ μάτη !

Audieram ; ô si nostra priùs defecerat auris !

Aût nunquam patulis fama importuna sonârat

Præ foribus (semper nimis intellecta, ubi narrat

Tristitiam & plaudit celeres in funere pennas)

Fata (satis populis nuper cognata Britannis)

Exuviis plusquam sævis, diròque trophæo

Manûm Lugubres exornavisse triumphos,

Et Divam, quantum poterant, spoliâsse MARIAM.

Audieram, & medius steteram inter spémque metúmque,

Longùm agitans quos pro se testes Nuntia ferret,

Nam licet haud poteram, mallet diffidere famæ.

Rerum

Lacryma Cantabrigienses.

Rerum eadem facies ; in eodem cardine Mundus
Constans erravit ; nec stella suum ulla reliquit
Signandum Nostro & Meliori sydere cœlum ;
Thamesis & *Camus*, solito sua littora fluctu
Lambentes, nullam agnôrunt nisi frigoris iram ;
Mater Terra, gelu nimium constricta, querelis
Parfit, nec gemebunda sinus ostendit apertos.

Tota adeò Natura filet ? Poterátne *MARIA*
Sic sine Teste mori ? quantum esset ut omnia mixta
Et confusa Chaos renovarent ? Sydera saltem
Vortice turbata inciperent errare Cometæ ?

At nusquam gemitus, nusquam nisi lacryma nostra ;
Atque essent certè vacui solamine plânctus,
Nî quoddam fuerit Socium invenisse doloris
Immersum toto lacrymarum flumine Regem,
Regem, quem positum supra discrimina fati,
Nunquam vel Superi priùs audivêre gementem,
Nunquam dejectum vidêrunt. Parcite, Cœli,
Parcite prodigiis vestris ; Suspiria Regis
Ostendunt nostras curas, quantumque sit illud,
Quod serò nôrunt multi, irreparabile damnum.

Johannes Savage Coll. *Emman. A. B.*

Prolue Te totam lacrymis mœstissima *Granta* ;
Sufficiátque tibi *Camus* amicus, aquas.
Clara Stuartiadam Soboles, *MARIA*, fulque
Sexûs, & nostri Gloria rara Soli.

MARIA

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

MARIA occubuit, nitidæque in flore Juventæ

Cessit inexplendæ Candida Præda neci.

Non Anni, at Virtus cœlo matura MARIAE,

Et quæ jam meruit sydera Diva petit.

Richardus Davies Coll. S. Pet. Alumn.

Ad REGEM.

DUM querimur mœsti Regina fata, querendo,
Rex GULIELME, Tibi renovamus pectore curas:
At Tu tam sævo noli indulgere Dolori;
Parce Tuis lacrymis, Princeps Invictæ, precamur,
Hostibus ut vivas Terror, Spes tuta Britannis.

Foh. Searle A. M. Coll. Gonv. & Caii Soc.

QUÆ quasi de Cœlo nuper delapsa, MARIA,
Ecce iterum ad Superos quàm citò rapta redis.
Sed Superos invita petis modò, Rege relicto,
Et perfecta minùs gaudia Sola capis.
Longius in terris Hic nollet ducere Vitam,
At sibi maturam sperat ad Astra viam.
Sed date, Dii, solum hoc petimus renuentibus Iphis,
Ut longum optantes Unio fera beer.

Br. Fairfax Coll. Trin.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

VIX prius æthereas penetrârat Episcopus ædes,
 Venturâmq; brevi dixerat esse Deam,
 Quàm nostra extemplò terras *Astræa* relinquit,
 Ritèque dispositos occupat Alma polos,
 Nescit inurbanè Regina ascendere Cœlos,
 Et sine præmisso nuncio adire *Jovem*.

T. Asherton A. B. Trin. Coll.

Ἐἰς τὴν τῆς ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΣΗΣ πλοῦτιν
 Εἰς Θ. Πινδαρίχον.

Στεροφί.

Φιλτάταις νυμφᾶν ἔμὲ θυμὸς ἀνώγει
 Πενδύειν ὅδ' αἰ κατακλαυόμενον
 Ἄυτὰρ ὀφειδύμην μὲν ἀπο
 Δάκρυ φθὲς τε καλύει, φωνᾶν τε βαρυστοχόντων
 Σπιδύειν ἄλγος τ', ἰδυμὸς τε δαί-
 μων καρτερός, μεγάλαι τε βοαί.

Ἀντιεροφί.

Ἦν γὰρ αἱ παῖδες ἀρετῶν καὶ θρηνησῶσαι
 Ἀνθ. Θ. ἦν καὶ σῶμα φανερὸν ἀγαθόν
 Ἀλλὰ καὶ φιλοξενίας,
 Καὶ Θεῷ σέβαι ΜΑΡΙΑ δέκνυτο χαλμιπαρῆς,
 Ὡς τὰ β' χαλμισα πρὸς μὴν Θεός
 Αἰώνιος. φιλεῖ ἀγάγῃ ἐσπίνω.

Ἐπε-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Ἐπαῖδι.

Μοῖρα ὃ τὰς ἀρετὰς ἐσιδεῖσ' ἰδὼν
 Ἀγνοῖται Βασιλίσσαι, πὺν δρόμοι
 Ἀν' ἕραν' οἰοῖται χαράσδ' ἰδὼν,
 Τὰν ἰν' ὥραιαν Ὀλύμπῳ ἐκφέρει.
 Ἀλλὰ μὲ τῷ ΝΑΚΤΙ χερσὶν ἰδὼν
 Εὖ κεραιώωνται λα-
 οί, ἐπεὶ ἔπειτ' ἔβλεψεν φέρτερον νοσημάτων.
 Ἄ ΜΑΡΙΑ τῷ Ζῳῆς ὑψί-
 στω ὃ γυναικῶν λαοῖσιν
 Ἐπὶ τῷ λίπῳ.

Caroim Danbuz A. B. Coll. Regin.

TRes olim Insignes, Muliebri ex Ordine, Fama
 Prætulit, & voluit Cætui adesse Jovis:
 Altera Consiliis, pulchro Altera claruit Ore,
 Audiit Imperiis maxima Jūno suis:
 Consiliis, Ore, Imperiis, tribus hisce **MARIA**
 Clarior, & Cœlis dignior una fuit.
W. G. A. B. Coll. Regal. Soc.

Siccine Principibus vulgaria statmina Parcæ,
 Atque è communi nectunt pendentia filo?
 Quos Superi sibimet solis voluere secundos,
 Supremi quibus impressa est Rectoris Imago,
 Æquâ lege metit, telo prosternit eodem,
 Et cum Plebeio conjungit pulvere fatum?
 Sic etenim heu! Superis nimum dilecta, **MARIA**
 T 2 Heu!

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses:

Heu! terris indulta parùm Regina, cadebas,
Tanquam Sceptra Tibi nunquam gestanda dedisset;
Cinxissetve Caput sacro Diademate Cœlum.

Non hoc pollicitus tibimet, post tœdia belli,
Æstatémque tuis, *GUILLIELMÆ*, laboribus actam,
Nostra Triumphanti repetebas littora puppe;
Sed positâ ut galeâ, & *Martis* terrore remoto,
Conjugis in gremio recreâris pectora, mole
Vexata armorum, & mordacibus anxia curis,
Dulciâque alternæ libares munera pacis.

Ah! sincera diù quis novit gaudia? tristis
Ausâ lues-pulchræ Faciem temerare *MARIÆ*,
Et miscere suum Régali sanguine virus,
Dividit amplexus, atque Ôscula prima resolvit,
Quos non tum Divos, quæ non in vota vocabas.
Numina? quot forti suspiria corde ciebas?
Cum teneros artus, & membra fluentia tabo
Exederet morbus, quibus & *Venus* aurea quondam
Mille pharetratos inter ludebat Amores,
Ferreus urgeret languentes Somnus ocellos.
Tum primum immotâ toties quam fronte videbas,
Inter & instructas acies, atque obvia tela,
Terribilis mors visâ Tibi, tum pallor in ore
Nassavio primus, nunquam quique omnibus impar
Hostibus, haud tanto poteras par esse dolori.

Indulgere autem lacrymis, fortissime, noli,
Partiri hos tecum luctus, uti gaudia, *Cæsar*,
Anglia tota cupit, non sic oblita *MARIÆ*,
Quæ miti dum Sceptra Manu gestaret, & inter
Armorum strepitus, Bellique incendia, volvi
Felices annos, atque aurea sæcla juberet,
Tempora magnanimæ nobis revocabat *Elisæ*.

Dum

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Dum Augustos igitur veneramur carmine Manes,
Invigilent Charites sparsis ad busta capillis,
Inversâque adstes tu, mœste *Cupido*, Pharetrâ.
Vos autem, ô Nymphæ, manibus date lilia plenis,
Lilia, quæ niveos mores, animique modesti
Candorem referant, vitam & sine labe peractam;
Atque rosas, formæ egregiæ, vultûsque decori,
Evi etiam nimium qui sint properantis imago,
Discitæque ô, vegetæ quascunque in flore juventæ
Lætantes, atro mors invida carpsit ungue,
Non gemere, at sortem patienter ferre severam,
Occidis heu! Princeps, Juvenis, Formosa MARIA,
Nulli immaturum posthac plorabile fatum.

Occidis; at sequeris jamjam convexa Tonantis,
In quocunque igitur sedem tibi legeris orbe,
Virgine seu motâ accipiat vicinia Libræ,
Sive suam cedit tibi Cassiopeia cathedram,
Unde novo totam perlustres fidere terram,
Angliacis semper rebus præsentior adsis;
Atque eadem cœlo maneat te cura receptam,
Sive tuus rutilis fulgens GULIELMUS in armis
Pulvereo trepidos urgebit in æquore Gallos,
Et rapidum hostili tardabit sanguine *Mosam*,
Sive ultra *Herculeas* tendentur carbasa metas,
Neptunumque Indi disceant horrere *Britannum*,
Ut sacro invigiles capiti, ut quæcunque peric'la
Immineant nobis, inimica ad castra facessant.
Nec dedigneris nostris hæc otia Musis
Conservare, tuis ut laudibus usque vacare
Possint, usque tuo ut resonent hæc nomine sylvæ,
Atque Pater totis *Camus* respondeat undis.

Geo. May A. M. Aul. Clar. Soc.

In

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Thyrsis, Mopsus.

- Th.* **A**udin', *Mopse*, malum, quod jam sibi *Tityrus* ista
Sub quercu narravit heri dixisse *Menalcam*?
Mo. Id mihi jam dixit *Corydon*: atque illicò clausi
Omne pecus stabulis. *Th.* Longè ah! me tristior isto
Nuncius affligit; Regina.--- *Mo.* At Dii meliora!
Decessit? *Th.* Miseros pastores! Mortua liquit
Angliacos campos nostri spes certa peculi
Mo. Tale quid expectans metui; sic raucus oberrans
Campos infestis turbabat bubo querelis.
Th. Illa pecus nostrum servavit, dentibus agnos
Eripuitque lupi. *Mo.* Sic, concedente *MARIA*,
Prostratos calamus nos oblectabat in umbrâ.
Pro quâ jam teneram statuens mactare Saluti
Depuleram cupidus materno lacte Capellam.
Th. Ast ego Coelicolis mistæ mactabo *MARIÆ*,
Sospitet *Angligenas*, & dulci pace fruamur.

Ris. Bold Coll. Jes. Commens.

In Obitum Reginae MARIE, quæ Decem-
bris 28. DD. Innocentium Festo
obit, An. 1694.

Nondum Festa dies vergentem absolverat Annum,
Térque arsuræ fuit tantùm *Titania* Lampas;
Quùm jam immane nefas animis meditata malignis
Fata diu, *Anglegenis* vulnus crudele dederunt,

Vulnus

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Vulnus acerbum, ingens, nullis medicabile sec'lis;
Et Mors vesano Reginam sustulit ictu.

Heu! Quam penè pius nobis, quàm penè, *December,*
Innocuus fueras & diri criminis expers;
Tūque adeò exieras totus feliciter Annus:
Nunc Ambo æternùm *Angliacis* per secula Fastis
Damnandi. Inlandis onerabunt Vos quoque diris,
Qui sibi, vel duris optabunt hostibus acres
Dirorumque iras & non revocabile fulmen.

Nec Natalis erat magis execrandus Iōbo;
Nec *Roma* tam triste dedit gravis *Allia* nomen,
Aut *Canna*, aut *Trebia*, aut vestra, ò *Thrasymene*, fluentia.
Nec tam devotos dederat *Pictavia* Gallis
Ire dies, *Selusa* potiusve, aut *Cressida* oræ;
Quandò *Niger Princeps*, Pater & cum Principe Magnus
Franciacos Anglo decerpfit milite Flores,
Tertius *Edvardus*, famâ super æthera notus.

Ingens ille Dies, Damnum, nullique silendum
Dicendumve ævo, peperit populòque *Britanno*,
Christiadumque Gregi, serisque Nepotibus ipsis;
Quo Mors vesano Reginam sustulit ictu.

Scilicet haud majus, magis aut memorabile, Damnum;
Fecit *Idumeus* simili feritate Tyrannus;
Quàm *Christi* incertus Puerum tot millia letho
Hæc ipsa *Infantum* dimisit Luce nefandâ.

Illi etenim Pueri, licet ipso in limine Vitæ
Occisi, (ah! durum) numeroque haud millia pauca;
Primitiæque adeo per secula longa ferantur
Martyrii, sibi non tantum, pro sanguine tanto
Aut Meriti aut Pretii poscunt (licet omnibus ingens
Laurea succrescatque & Laudis Adorea magnæ)
Quantum jure sibi Pretiisque & sanguinis una

Vendi.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Vendicet, innumeris Pöpolis magè digna, MARIA.

Námque illa haud Infons tantum, quia Fraudibus uti
Nescit, aut Vires nequit proferre potentes;

Arte Animi valuit; quantum *Ars* solet ipsa valere;

Viribus & manuum, quantum Suprema Potestas

Excellit Regum: Nec erat tamen Hæc minùs Infons,

Nec satis est òlli visum, quòd degeret Infons,

Quòd Nive Candidior; Quæ duræ tempore Mortis

(Coelestum Lacrymæ) fœcundo defluit imbre;

Atque etiamnum operit candenti vellere terras:

Pluribus Illa quidem Virtutum splendida Gemmis

Enituit Regina decens, quàm Floribus Horti,

Quàm Foliis Æstas, quàm Fluctibus Æthera surgunt.

Et tamen Hanc, ah! Dure Dies! Ah! Lethifer Annus!

Hanc Mors vesano Reginam sustulit ictu.

*Josua Barnes S. T. B. Emman. Coll. Socius
maximè Senior.*

Ad REGEM.

Flevimus: ò utinam nostris lassata querelis
Leniret luctus Musa, GUL'ELME, Tuos.

Ut dú Tu magnos Magnus meditere Triumphos,

Plectro eat in celsos nobiliore modos.

Hæc peragenda manent extincta Justa MARIE,

Funere ut è tanto Gallia victa gemat.

Tho. Browne Procan,

Sur

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*Sur la Mort de nôtre Auguste Reine
MARIE, qui mourut a la Noël le
Jour même des Innocens.*

Stances Irregulieres.

HEureux & sacré Jour, qui mets devant nos yeux
un Sauveur incarné pour nous donner la vie,
que tu rejouirois ces lieux
si nous donnant un Dieu, tu n'enlevois MARIE.
tems melé de plaisirs, & de vives douleurs,
contraires passions, dont nôtre ame est la proye,
un Dieu naissant nous ordonne la Joye,
une Reine aux abois nous arrache des pleurs.

Inexorable Mort, dont l'aveugle Rigueur
servit en pareil Jour, a contenter la rage
d'un Tyran rempli de fureur,
par un pitoyable Carnage ;
tu n'osas attaquer dans cette lâche action
qu'une Innocence Jeune & tendre,
mais aujourd' huy tu peux pretendre,
d'en avoir triomphé dans sa perfection.

Le Sceptre, et la Couronne, ornemens de nos Rois,
empruntoient leur Eclat de nôtre auguste Reine :
nous vivions heureux sous ses loix,
nous luy obeissions sans peine.

V

rien

Lacrymæ Cantabrigiennes.

rien n'auroit adouci nôtre Juste douleur,
et arrêté les pleurs, que sa mort nous inspire,
si le ciel n'eut daigné consoler cet Empire
par la venue d'un Sauveur.

Puis donc qu'un Dieu naissant vient essuier nos larmes,
cedons a cette Joye, et detournons nos yeux
sur GUILLAUME Victorieux,
on doit tout esperer du succès de ses armes,
gloire, trésors, prospérité;
et je me sens inspirer par ma veine,
qu'il doit remettre un Jour l'Europe en liberté,
et cueillir des lauriers sur les bords de la Seine,

GRAND ROY qui si souvent as affronté la Mort,
ton exemple nous doit apprendre,
a te voir si touché de son funeste sort,
qu'on peut estre Heros, et avoir l'ame tendre.
arrête tes soupirs, surmonte ta douleur;
elle n'a passé l'onde noire,
qu'afin que tu eu eusses la Gloire,
de faire tous nos soins, & tout nôtre bonheur.

Digne d'un plus beau fort elle a quitté ce Monde;
Juste sujet de Joye et de Douleur;
un Empire aussi grand que sont ta terre et l'onde;
n'est rien au prix de son bonheur.
ne la pleurons donc plus, nous ternirions sa gloire;
son fort merite des Autels,
car qui vit dans le Ciel, dans nos cœurs, dans l'histoire,
est mis apres sa mort au rang des Immortels.

G. R. Coll. Christ. A. M.

On

On the Untimely DEATH
OF THE
QUEEN.

TIS own'd: No juster Cause was ever given,
No greater Sign of an incens'd Heaven;
No Theme so sad, no Judgement so severe,
Nor Fate so inconsolable, as here:
Yet thou, ô Muse, whose sweet Nepenthean tongue
Can charm the Pangs of Death with Deathless Song,
Can sting Plagues with easie thoughts beguile,
Make Flames and Torments objects of a smile;
Must now attempt to stop these Floods of Grief,
To mitigate these Woes with kind relief,
To ease our boundless Sorrows, cheer our Pain,
To clear the Clouds and bring back Day again;
Attempt, what ne'r could be presum'd before,
Great Cæsar's languish'd Comforts to restore.

Frail are our Joies, and Impotent our Grief;
Those will not hold, and this yields no relief.
Vast Excellence but rarely doth appear,
And when She comes, disdains to settle here.
She stays? Her Worth is hardly ever known.
She's understood? Why? Then she's quickly gone.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*Then Floods of Tears and Storms of Sighs are vain :
The Blissfull streams will ne'r flow back again.*

*The Heavenly Gift We know not how to prize,
Or view her Graces with undazled Eyes ;
But when to Native Regions she's retir'd,
We sadly find, how vainly she's desir'd.*

*Cimmerians, when to their long Night consign'd,
Bemoan the Loss of Day, who left them Blind ;
Yet, when six Signs the Sun has passed o're,
Himself and Bliss he doth to them restore.
Our Bliss and Light now both together wain ;
Ah ! Bliss and Light ne'r to return again.*

*Great Britain, now her Light no more is seen,
Laments in Black the Absence of her Queen :
A Queen, whose Vertuous Splendours were so Bright,
They quite Eclipse the Rays of Phœbus Light,
Rays, far too weak to vye with Hers ; for how
Must not the Sun himself to Vertue bow ?
Her Zeal, Her Sense, Her Piety so great,
Her Lowly Soul joy'n'd with so High a State,
Her Affable and yet Majestick Mind,
Her Heart to Generous Acts so well inclin'd,
These and Ten Thousand more bright Rays of Worth,
Her Heavenly Form more gratefully set forth.
Her Conjugal and Her Maternal Love
Between Her Husband and her People strove
With Equal Vigour ; And they Both again
Equally Lov'd Her Person and Her Reign.
Only Her Love to Heaven did both Exceed ;
And Heaven at last has gain'd the Point indeed.*

*We can't Repine, that She doth thither goe ;
Tho' What to Her proves Bliss, to Us yields Woe.*

Her

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*Her Gain is our irreparable Loss;
And in Her Glory We have found a Cross.
Her Mortal Crown had gladdened still our Eyes,
Tho' well We knew, it could not Her suffice.
So, at Her APOTHEOSIS We smile;
But at Her Death Tears overflow our Isle.
That Heaven enjoys Her, We must be Content:
Yet Missing Her, how can We but Lament?
Such is thy Sorrow, CÆSAR, such thy Case;
Pious Despair well qualify'd with Grace:
A Grief, to Thee, beyond the Plagues of War;
Yet such, as tho' not Courage, Faith may Bear.
No Loss could ever equal this of Thine,
So soon to Loose a Partner so Divine;
Yet Gain may be extracted, ev'n from hence;
If She's Resign'd to Heaven with Patience.
Thus We may Comfort find, when God doth chide,
For by Submission Suffering's Sanctify'd.
Remember, Who has taken Her away;
And Cheerfully His Sovereign Will Obey.
Preserve his Worship, and by Law uphold
The Honour of his SON now growing Old.
This long will fix thy Throne: This will afford
A Mighty Harvest to thy Conquering sword;
And This alone, after a Late Remove,
Will seat Thee on a better Throne above.*

*Joshua Barnes, Bachelour in Divinity, Senior
Fellow of Emmanuel College.*

To

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

To the KING.

Permit, Great Sir, a Loyal Muse to shed
An artless tear upon the Royal Dead:
For Whom our grief to such a height doth rise,
We fly from Comfort, and all Joy despise.
This thought can only mitigate our pain,
That You, the living Half of Her, remain:
You born to succour, and to send Relief
To Nations wearied and oppress'd with Grief.
'Tis Kindness then and Justice too to spare
That Life, in which all Europe claims a share.

Since She is gone, who bore a tender part
In all the Cares, that touch'd Your Royal Heart;
What we have lost in Her, in You we find,
Those Vertues, which adorn'd her heav'nly Mind:
The Goodness, Candour, Prudence and the rest,
That fill'd the Treasure of her Princely Breast,
Now She's withdrawn, in You appear more bright,
And fear no Rivals to eclipse their Light.

As when the Sun appears and gilds the Skie,
The lesser Stars all vanish from our eye:
So when Her Piety is brought to light,
We shrink and tremble at the dazzling sight:
Our twinkling Tapers lose their languid beams;
As shallow Brooks are lost in deeper Streams.
Such were the Rare Endowments of her Mind;
She was the Phoenix of all Womankind;
Only this Just exception we may bring,
None Such will after from Her Ashes spring.

Where

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Where all's Sublime, Illustrious, and Divine;
Where Great and Good with equal Lustre shine;
'Tis to diminish what we aim to Praise,
When we to single Vertues Trophies raise.

When Death with all his terrors did appear,
And ev'ry face betray'd unusual fear;
She only Fearless, and Undaunted lay,
Waiting th' Approach of Everlasting Day;
For thō She Rul'd, She knew how to Obey. }
Above the reach of Envy and of Rage,
And all the Crimes of this ungratefull Age,
She truly lives now free'd from grief and pain,
And wou'd not live this Dying Life again.
This thought Her mournfull Story may supply;
The Best of Consorts, Best of Queens must die.

Tho. Walker B.D. Fellow of Sid. Suff. Coll.

On Her Majesties Death on Innocents Day.

AH, Cruel Day! must We for ever grieve
The Fatal stroke, which thou art proud to give,
In the dark distance of revolving Tears,
Has't thou forgot the mournfull Rachels tears?
In thee were crowds of harmles Infants slain,
And does thy hate to Innocence remain?
That since, through time, thou art become more bold,
Thou strik'st at Vertue, when grown strong and old:

Al!

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*Al! Thou hast giv'n too sure a Blow: She's gone,
She's dead, whose Vertues did adorn the Throne:
MARIA's Dead, MARIA is no more,
Weep, Britain, weep, MARIA's Death deplore,
Lament her Death, who was divinely Fair,
And Good, as her own Guardian Angels were;
All Female Worth was venter'd in her Breast,
Not one Rough Passion did her Soul molest.
But why her Vertues do I strive to dress
In Verse? which can, at best, but make 'em less:
Not Fame's loud Trumpet can her Actions praise,
Or teach the World what our MARIA was.
We can no Simile, no Instance bring,
But the Great Person of our Living King:
Only in Him is such high Vertue seen,
Only by Him we can describe the Queen,
All WILLIAM's Words, and Actions nicely view,
Then think, His Soul inform'd her Body too.*

*John Sharp of Christ Coll. Eldest Son to his Grace
John Lord Arch-Bishop of York.*

W*Hen Fatal Stars are in Conjunction found,
And Plagues and Death distributed around,
The bleating Flock before the Master dyes;
But Man at last compleats the Sacrifice,
And in one heap of strange Confusion fall
The servile Beast and Mighty Lord of All.
Thus MARY fell the last of all the Fair,
And Royal Slaughter crown'd the Pestilential Tear.*
While

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

While She Example from her Hero took,
And with a matchless Courage bore the shock,
Revolving some great Action in her thoughts,
And try'd to die, as Conqu'ring WILLIAM fought,
WILLIAM ! Who for his Country does expose
That Life his Subjects only fear to lose ;
And through the Tearful Rage of War extends
The thread of Fate, on which the World depends.
But ah ! where's now the Royal Charmer gone,
That through the Ocean call'd the dusky Warriour home ;
That smooth'd the dangers of the rugged Seas,
And paid his Toils with all the sweets of Peace ;
That to his Valour gave a double Flame,
And wing'd him in the Noble Chase of Fame ?
Ah cruel Heav'ns ! are You ungratefull too,
And thus reward the Care He takes for You ?

Methinks those Beings, that from Gods derive
Their own high Blood, Eternally shou'd Live,
And in a lasting Series bestow
Their kindly Influence on Us below :
Then WILLIAM still and England had enjoy'd
The greatest Princess, and the Noblest Bride,
Born in Conjunction to adorn the Throne,
The Partner of his Counsels and his Crown ;
Whilst He, disposing of their Princes Fates,
The Rise of Kingdoms and the Fall relates ;
And in her Bosom safe repos'd those Cares
Europe expects, and trembling Gallia fears.
But Angels never long inhabit here,
They do the Will of Jove, and disappear :
Assume a Body, and descending down
To bless a Nation and oblige a Crown,

X

But

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*But do the Pious Work, and upward tend
With speedy Wings and to their Heav'n ascend.*

*Such was Good MARY, whom too hasty Fate
Seems not to strike with Death, but to Translate,
And to Her early Vertues sooner give
The Blissfull Seat, where Others late arrive.*

*For surely some Diviner Being fell,
When Heav'n proclaim'd it by a Miracle,
And Grief Eclips'd the Glorious Prince's brow
That guides the World and Governs all below :
One Universal Trembling Nature took,
And with the Vast Convulsion WILLIAM shook,
Crush'd with the Blow, yet willing to survive
In Pity of his Albion, tries to Live.*

*And, O Dread Sir, forgive the Muses Care,
If in Your Grief We claim a Subjects share ;
And with our Pious Tears approach her Herse,
Whose Heav'nly Nuptials we admir'd in Verse.
Thus when black Clouds the Lab'ring Sun invade,
And o're his Visage spread a Mournfull Shade,
Easterns behold with Sorrow and surprise
Whom They Ador'd before with Sacrifice.*

William Brown A. B. of Trinity College.

THE ways of Providence are just, but wear
Sometimes a dress that makes em look severe ;
Lightning from Heav'n strikes Temples where we pray,
And God's lov'd Palaces in ashes lay.
Malignant Stars shed venome from the sky,
And Tyrants live while Pious Princes dy.

But

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*But when we make reflections on our Sin,
It soon unriddles all the doubtfull Scene.
Tho' Wicked Men grow by such Judgements worse,
And what was meant a Favour turns a Curse :
For such their malice is, no sence they show
Of their Great Loss, to whom their Lives they owe.*

*Yet Noble Hearts are by Compassion known,
Such make the Suff'rings of Mankind their own :
Something there is which will their grief command,
Something their Generous Tempers can't withstand,
Something which to the Worst of Men they pay,
As Heav'n takes care of those who disobey.
But for a Dear, Good, Loving, Sovereign's Fate,
Ev'n they themselves can't their own pangs relate :
For in their Souls strange Agonies they have,
As Children at a tender Parents Grave,
And in one bitter drop contracted share
A Quintessence, like a whole Nations Care.*

*The Hebrew King that did in Love excell,
That lov'd his God, his friend, his People well ; }
Curst the sad Mount where Saul in Battel fell : }
Where Valiant Saul and Faithfull Jonathan,
By the unequal chance of War were slain :
And wist the dew might ne'r fall kindly there,
Nor Heav'n refresh with one moist pitying tear
The cruel Parched Soil ; wist he cou'd give
His life in change that Jonathan might live.
Such was He after Gods own heart.--Nor less
Do's our Great Prince his Bravery express }
In War ; nor less his Piety in Peace :*

La cryma Cantabrigienses.

Which yet He do's not by bare wishes prove,
But shows too sad experience of his Love;
He who in Battel never turn'd aside,
For thousand Deaths that there in Triumph ride,
Finds his Heart faint in this unequal strife,
So much his Love is dearer than his Life.

And who shall now the Rapid sorrow stay
That forc't so great a Courage to give way?
Who ever owns a tender loving Heart,
Can't without grief Think what it is to part;
Tho' sure with Ecstasie to meet again,
With joys that spread Oblivion o're the pain:
With joys that sweetly recompense the wrong,
And crown the Martyr that has suffer'd long.
But so to part as never to return,
This is too Great, too Just a Cause to Mourn.
Something like Death our Hero felt before,
Or rather something that He dreaded more,
When e're He left his Love and the sad English shore: }
But all cou'd not ward off this sad surprize,
The Valiant must fear Death when MARY dies.
All Comforters appear as Vain as they,
Who bid us cast our busie cares away;
Tell us that Death is nothing but the fright,
And what in sleep we suffer ev'ry night,
For sense do's all their Pedantry despise,
And they who sleep so easie dare not die.

But our blest Queen, our Saint, so Good and Kind,
Fore-saw the Sorrow She shou'd leave behind;
And therefore She in Pity led the way,
And taught us needfull Patience for so sad a day: A

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*A Lesson which did much the harder shew,
Cause to be learnt at once and practis'd too.
Sure Heav'n is self to Govern made Her fit,
That taught Her first so gently to submit:
That those who envy'd much Her living breath,
Envy'd much more the Glory of Her Death.*

*Part of the suff'rings which did Her assail;
Might make a manly Strength and Courage fail;
The cruel Tyranny of the Disease
That often shifted form and Properties,
And storm'd the Works of Life with various Batteries. }
But above all the thing which toucht Her near,
Was Her Great Consorts sympathizing care.
Yet She bore this, and more, and with a mind
As unconcern'd, as Saints that leave behind
The thoughts of Earth, and wing'd with rapture hast
In Heav'nly Visions wondrous joys to tast;
Which God do's oft Indulgently bestow,
To make 'em gladly drink the bitter Cup below.*

*Tho' one Disease had been enough to prove
A Vulgar Patience or Imperfect Love,
On Her Great Soul Heav'n pour'd compounded Fates,
To teach Submission to Inferiour States.
Such were her suff'rings, She such Temper shou'd,
Meer Nature sure did ne're sustain the load.
Perhaps we shou'd not err, if we shou'd say
Some Angel stood and made the Pangs give way:
Some Angel who to recompence did strive,
Her Charity to others when alive.*

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

For She was Good and Bounteous ev'ry where,
Like Heav'n that shew's down plenty all the year:
Yet She to hide as much her Bounty try'd,
As others strive their greatest Faults to hide:
As unobserv'd, as Nature does prepare
For life, when we in sleep unthoughtfull are.
On distant People did her Blessings fall,
But O She was Her Self the Greatest of 'em all!

And where are now our Hopes and Wisbes fled,
And who shall after such a Queen succeed?
To shine like a pale Tapers weakly ray,
Invented to supply the want of Day.
Or if new Judgment's should from Heav'n be sent,
Where shall We now find sorrow to lament?
This Accident hath lavisht all our store,
And Heav'n must stay till we are fit for more.

Hail Happy Queen! that art no longer here,
To grieve for what we Love, and what we Fear.
While we like Centinels must stand our ground,
Whatever Dangers threaten us around;
Whatever Ruin's bursting o're our head,
Or undermines the places where we tread:
Till Fate at last indulges a Release,
We live to hope, but die to find our Peace.

Hail Blessed Queen! and if Thou still can know
Or hear your Subjects wisbes here below;
If from the happier Kingdom there Thou find
Thou can look back on This Thou left behind:

If

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*If You have Liberty in our Affairs;
And no new Change your former Love impairs :
O let Your watchfull Care still keep our Isle,
Still kindly on your Fav'rite Nation smile:
Always in danger near Your Hero wait,
And by securing Him secure our State.*

P. Save M. A. Fellow of Trin. Coll.

I.

Would but the Delphian God my Soul inspire }
With a Poetick, Tragick Fire, }
Tragick, as is the Subject that does it require,
My Muse as free, and unconfin'd
As are my Tears, as was Her generous Mind,
Shou'd grace the Royal Herse, }
With never fading noble Sophoclean Verse, }
Noble, as is the Theme, which I rehearse.
But thò the God to me denies
That glorious Prize,
And I to th' sbrine of Poetry
Did ne're profess my self a Votary;
Yet when such mournfull Themes command I'll come :
To my dead Sovereign's Tomb,
Not plead unskilfull Modesty, but bring,
Among the rest, my Hearty Offering.

II.

But stay, bold Muse, no farther enter in,
Venture not on Her great Encomiums, who
So far above your Praise is set.

That

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

That vent'ring on, you Sacrilegious grow,
And striving to avoid a sin,
A greater do commit.

Too great for Homer's lofty strain,
Too great for Virgil are they: how much then
Out of the Shallow reach of thy Unlearned Pen.
Far above all the Praise that Humane Art
Could ere invent, or Muse to Man impart,
Her Actions were, and by them She
Did Living write Her own true Elogy.

III.

Thò then, too justly, I despair
Worthy her Deeds to celebrate her Fame,
And with Respect due to her Glorious Name,
Her Sacred Ashes to profane I fear:
Yet may I be allow'd my Sorrows to express,
And force my Muse,
Thò in a rude unseemly Dress,
To tell her sad resentments of the too unhappy News:
For what so sordid Soul is there that hears (Tears?
A Nations Loss, a Prince's Death, and don't dissolve in
Sorrow now reigneth unconfin'd,
Sorrow the conquering passion of the Mind.

IV.

Why did the Heavens treacherously smile
On the deluded Isle:
And no unusual Star appear,
Such as the Deaths of Princes do attend,
Or the Destruction of some mighty Land?
To tell the deadly Fate of the succeeding Tear,
Thò we'd been troubled with continual fear.

Yet

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Yet long expecting would have eas'd the Pain:
Now we the mighty Torrent cannot bear;
But strive against the conq'ring Stream in vain:
Now overwhelm'd in sudden Grief we lie,
Weeping the Churches Loss, the Nations Misery.

V.

Thus the Avenger of our Liberty,
The Pattern of true Piety,
Belov'd, and Wept of all,
Thus did the Pious Edward fall;
Thus fell the Good, the Maiden Queen,
Who whilst they liv'd, had been
Protectors of our Infant Cause,
Defenders of our Faith, and Patrons of our Laws.
Not less Belov'd, not less Bewail'd of all,
Than either of these Monarchs, did MARIA fall.
As Great as either our MARIA was,
As great a Mother of our Church, Defender of our Laws.

John Hoadly of Cath. Hall.

HOW Dead! and no presaging Star to show,
Or give Us warning of the fatal Blow:
No threatening Meteor to inform Mankind
Of th' unexperienc'd Ills were still behind.
Then might our boding Fears of those to come
Have render'd Us prepar'd to take our doom.
The thoughts of what our Crimes deserv'd to have,
Had arm'd our minds against the Terrors of the Grave:
Or taught us so much Patience in Distress,
As might elude, or made our Sufferings less.

Y

But

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

But now alas! as if Heav'n did intend
The utmost Efforts of its rage to spend;
The Churches Atlas first does yield to Fate,
And then the Grand Supportress of the State.
O Church and State, how near are You ally'd,
E're one was scarce enter'd the other dy'd.
Hail Thou, Blest Saint, for so I dare Thee name,
For after death sure none can blast thy Fame.
Hail Thou, who from thy Pulpit cou'dst command
Legions of Vices to depart our Land.
Who didst Religion with such Reason joyn,
As made ev'n Atheists own the Word Divine.
And with a tongue so charming Verine praise,
As in the minds of Libertines cou'd raise
A sense of Good, and force 'em to confess
Their stubborn Passions to thy Eloquence gave place;
And thò thy Words like their's of old inspir'd,
Whole multitudes with true Devotion fir'd,
And in such pleasing numbers did dispense
To list'ning Crowds such Sacred influence,
As made the hearer strait the Saint commence.
Yet may thy Life be said to convert more,
Than all thy powerfull Sermons did before.
A life so Good, so ev'ry way compleat,
So truly Wise, and so sublimely Great,
So like the Doctrine you taught other men,
It seem'd but the fair Transcript of your Pen.
O that it might the self-same Fate have met
As the Immortal Off-spring of your Wit;
Or that my Muse cou'd like thy stile imite,
Flow with that Grace, or with that Art cou'd write,
Profound yet clear, without o'reflowing fully,
Easie yet not flat, Grave yet natural;
Then

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Then wou'd it prove, and then wou'd only be,
Worthy to write, Great Tillotson, of Thee.

Pardon, Blest Queen, if I deferr'd too long,
'Twas thy own Saint-like Bishop claim'd my Song,
Whom with the same attention Thou hast heard,
As the first Saints did their departing Lord;
And with the self-same vig'rous Zeal as they
Didst firm obedience to his Doctrine pay.

He taught the true and only way to Bliss,
And Thou in ev'ry action didst express

His Doctrine to the Life, and plainly show
His Heav'nly Rules might practic'd be below.

And had Kind Providence prolong'd her stay,
(But Angels only visit and away)

We might have hop'd her bright Example wou'd
Have wrought the Stubborn Nation into Good,

Or forc't at least her wandering Sex to be
As pious, faithfull, and devout, as She.

But we submit, and from Her sickness learn
How all our sad afflictions must be born.

Others Enthron'd and plac'd in Publick view,
Do with their Stations change their Nature too.

They're stun'd and dazled with their glorious Fate,
And like the Stars thro' height appear less great.

The humble, just, mild Subject but before,
Does often Tyrant turn when arm'd with pow'r.

So dangerous it is to trust Mankind

With pow'r of doing Ill, unless Confin'd.

But Thou, Blest Queen, as if design'd to be

Th' Unerring Pattern of Humanity,

Did always act the self-same vertuous Part,

Great without Pride, and Lovely without Art:

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Thro' ev'ry Stage of Life were clearly seen
The happy Omens of the Future Queen.
No sudden Passions did thy Reason blind,
Nor latent seed of Vice pollute thy Mind.
In the same Orb of vertue did Thou move,
Constant as Planets to their Spheres above.
Thy Soul all Truth, and so from Vices free,
As if not out of Choice, but of Necessity.
So fixt and to thy Kingdoms Int'rest True,
Its Laws were not less mutable than Thou.
So tender of thy Subjects in distress,
That to enlarge Thy Pow'r was to enhaunce their Bliss.
Thus Guardian Angels o're their Charge preside,
Thus they the Vertuous aid, and thus the Erring guide.
Such is their Pious Care of us below;
Nay to thy Goodness more, than unto Theirs we owe.
The Blessings of thy Reign shall never end,
But unto distant Ages shall descend.
Succeeding Kings shall learn to Rule by Thee,
And in so doing bless our late Posterity.

Will. Russell Trin. Coll. A. M.

WE drop a tear at every Vulgar Herse,
And tell our Sorrow to the World in Verse:
But when the Best of Queens mixes with clay,
The Universal frame shou'd melt away.
Nature her self must put on Mourning dress,
And all its Works the Mighty Grief express.
See, see the Beauteous Charmer yields Her breath,
Smiling on Fate, and Lovely ev'n in Death.

No

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

No Rebel passion sway'd Her calmer Breast,
Peace there was entertain'd, a Nobler Guest.
Her even temper'd Soul was still the same,
And prov'd its Sacred Rise from whence it came.
No crossing Chance cou'd sour Her to a frown,
Nor all the Grandeur that attends a Crown
Hinder the Publick Good, make Her neglect Her Own. }
Tho' artless Majesty Her Soul did Grace,
Yet condescending Meekness found a place.
Strict Justice with contending Mercy strove,
But Mercy still prevail'd, and Her transcendent Love.
So when the Fatal Rod from Heav'n is sent, }
The Gentle stripe, that warns Us to repent,
Has more of Mercy than of Punishment. }
Wisely She kept the Factionous crowd in aw,
And Rul'd Her Subjects with Impartial Law.
The Gods that sent Her envy'd Mortal Race,
Surpriz'd to see such Charms in humane Face;
"For how (cry'd they) can Men new joys receive,
"Since they have gain'd the Best that We can give?
So Heaven refus'd Her Mortal part to save,
And snatcht in haste the Blessing which it gave.
Mount up, Great Queen, ascend thy Native Skies,
Whilst we still pay the Tribute of our Eyes.
Cast down a Beam of Kindness as Thou move,
And mix with Quires of Glorious Saints above.
So when Diana came in publick sight,
She laid aside Her dazzling Rays of Light;
Till tyr'd to hear the Rural Nymphs debate,
She Reassum'd the Deity and Her Immortal State.

Fran. Robbins. A. M. Fellow of S^t John's College.

To

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

To his *MAJESTY* in Tears.

IN *Vulgar Souls weak passions We descry,*
They Love, they Hate, Admire, or Laugh, or Sigh;
Are Angry, Pleas'd, and All they scarce know why. }
The Hero-make is of a Nobler Turn,
Great is the cause when Cæsar deigns to mourn;
No meaner Grief could MARY's Ghost suffice,
Nor ought but WILLIAM grace her Obsequies;
And She alone Your Virgin-tears can move,
As only She could first subjeſt Your Love:
Thus Empires Riſe and Fall, and Mighty'st Things
Are the concern of Providence and Kings.

This to Her ſacred Memory was due,
But Kings to Subjects owe ſome Tribute too,
And now ſince Heav'n uſurps Your Private Care, }
The Publique juſtly claims a double ſhare;
This can alone Her Envious Fate repair.
May Generous Grief a Generous Heat inſpire,
And to redreſs Your wonted Courage Fire;
To Mightier Actions all Your Thoughts engage;
And aid ſound Wiſdom with Heroique Rage.

And thus (for would We juſt reſemblance uſe
Above ſtriſt Truth We muſt a Hero chooſe, }
A Hero above All but You and Homer's Muſe)
Stern Thetis ſon, whoſe Valour's Stubborn bent,
By nought but Love and Friendſhip would relent,
When Rage, Deſpair, and Love to madneſs wrought,
More then Achilles for Achilles fought;

When

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*When Grief transports Him for his Dying Friend,
Not All the Gods that Rais'd can Troy defend: }
Your Ominous Tears shall like Success attend,
And thus when Kings, as when Omnipotence
Is said to grieve, 'tis not in common sense.
And Grief in Both is but a loud Alarm
By which You'r rous'd Misfortune to disarm:
In You, Great Sir, may We Our Queen regain,
And many MARY's in one Cæsar reign.*

W. Turbill A. B. of St Per. Coll.

I.

ALL we can see that's excellent and fair
We find too subject to decay,
And yet we rate not Blessings while they're here,
Nor rightly grieve when they are snatcht away:
We murmur even while they flow,
But when the Rod is shook Impatient Rebels grow.
Such peevish Things are We! but Heav'n is kind
And leaves us more than we deserve behind,
And leaves us ways our sorrow to express,
Balm the pain to mitigate,
And soften ev'ry stroke of Fate;
And learns us many Vertues in distress;
And endows our Pious Grief that swells not to excess.
But O the Lesson's hard to learn!
Because the nature of our Love is such
As censures much a cold Concern,
But never thinks that it can love too much:

T. H.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Till some sad Accident prevail,
And shows the noblest Temper where 'tis apt to fail.

II.

In this one Point our Mighty Hero's mind
Did a well-natur'd Tenderness betray,

He Lov'd too much and was too Kind;
If those be Faults in our ungratefull Age,

When Malice does the World engage,

And Goodness hastens to decay:

Sure to offend, and in such Gen'rous ways,

Seems not to claim our Pity but our Praise,

Besides compar'd to His, our Troubles are

Like those shown on a Theatre;

Where a deep Tragedy may sometimes rise

So high, to work the sorrow to the Eyes;

But yet the Hero's secret Grief they shew

No more, than the mock Prince is like the True.

For something we in sorrow find,

Proportion'd to the mighty Sufferer's Mind:

Which Paint and Poetry pretend to show,

But only those who feel it truly know.

III.

Yet if wee'd guess our Princes Care,

We from our own may faint Ideas make,

How were we vext with hope and fear!

And how at last did we the Fatal rumour take!

How swiftly did the Judgment spread,

In ev'ry place 'twas heard, and in each Look 'twas read,

Sad was the Egyptian Cry,

When the destroying Angels band,

Smote the First-born throughout the land:

And when the Best of all her Sex did die.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

So universally did We complain,
As if in every House there Some body were slain.
Thus far our Passion went; but well
May WILLIAMS larger Heart our narrow Love excell.
A Common Judge can't without pity see
A Roman Structure sinking now in Age,
And ruin'd by the fatal Rage
Of Goths and Vandals that destroy'd all Italy;
But a great Artist that does thoroughly know
The strength, and skill, and Symmetry
Besides Ten thousand Beauties more,
Which art can ne're sufficiently deplore,
Finds his heart rise against the cruel Foe,
And curses their dull Rage and rude Barbarity.

IV.

But O She was too Good to stay,
And We too wicked to deserve her Reign;
Heav'n has been pleas'd to take our Joys away,
And leave us the sad Comfort to complain.
Where shall we now sufficient Vertue find
To trace the glorious Steps She left behind?
Who shall her Condescension imitate?
And who her Skill to Rule the State?
And who so sweetly mercy can Dispense,
And who can match her Life and Spotless Innocence?
Who shall her artfull Hands express,
But who, O who her lovely Patience in distress?
They who now own one single Grace
Of those She had United may for Beauties pass:
Ah Noble Queen thy Vertue like a Star
Shines from on High our Guide, our Wonder from afar!
Z Like

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Like Men astonish'd with some cruel Blow
At first We wanted Sense the Hurt to know,
But now our mighty Loss we daily find
Scarcely to be repair'd, tho' WILLIAM 's still behind.

Tho. Hayward Fellow Commoner of Trinity Coll.

PENurious Heav'n, 't had been more kind to save,
Then thus to snatch the Treasure which you gave :
Yet since your firm immutable decree
Had doom'd the fall of Majesty ;
Why did not thro' the flaming skies
Some threatening bearded Comet rise ?
Heav'n had been kind to shew our State
The signal of approaching Fate ;
Degrees would make the loss familiar grow,
Prevent the fatal stroke of a too sudden blow.
Why did not Nature's frame appear }
Full of horror and of fear }
To shew the dreadful Hour was near. }
The Gods the blackest Mourning should have worn,
The mighty ruin to adorn :
Our sorrow would have met relief,
To see Heav'n's sympathizing grief.
Did they the melancholy Hero view,
How sorrow sat triumphant on his brow,
How charming ev'n his Mourning did appear,
They proudly would affect the lovely dress to wear.

Par-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

II.

Pardon, ô Heav'n, my too officious Zeal,
Which my daring thoughts reveal,
O then let this acknowledgement suffice,
(For who with such a load oppress
Is with a prudent calmness blest?)
He mourns but dully who in grief is wise.
Injustly I for Comets call,
Injustly ask the thunder from above,
Those prodigies would ill become Her fall,
And rather terror than compassion move.

Serene should be

The signal day,

Serene as in the Month of May,

To make her Life and Death agree.

Storms may indeed a Tyrant's death attend,
Tumultuous is his Life, tumultuous is his End;

But when a Saint like Her shall die,

Let every Tempest cease

Let Nature in a pleasing silence lye,

And through the Universal Frame be peace;

Let Heav'n the jarring Elements controul,

And all things seem

As gentle as her Life, as calm as her departing Soul.

III.

How vain are Pleasures, yet how quickly gone!

How soon alas the gawdy Scene is done!

Who would believe the Gods decreed

So bright a Sacrifice to bleed?

Who that had seen Her glorious State,

Where She appear'd so Brave so Great,

(She seem'd almost above the reach of Fate)

Z 2

Would

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Would e're have thought a funeral Pomp that Triumph
would succeed.

Heavens! I remember when amongst the Crowd
The glorious sight I view'd,
When to the wondrous Shore,
The gentle Winds our Guardian Angel bore,
How did there o're the silent Main
A sudden pleasing Calmness reign!
(Whilst every Wave appear'd as smooth as those
From which Love's beauteous Deity first rose)
Oh! how Majestick was her Mein,
Worthy Great Nassau's Wife and Albion's Queen!
How did She with a comely Grace
Diffuse her spreading Glories round the place!
Ev'n so tumultuous were the People's joys,
Their Hearts could not their Voice command,
But with the pleasing sight o'rewhelm'd, stood speechless on
So when from Sinai Moses did descend (the Sand.
Israel's long stained Honour to defend;
By Gods peculiar Message sent
To break their Idols, and their Shame prevent,
The Elders meet Him on the way
And to their Saviour homage pay;
Whilst round his Head
Disseminated beams of Light and heavenly Glories play'd.

IV.

But stay my Soul, & whither would'st thou fly?
O pass the pleasing Image by,
Still on our former Joys to dwell;
Does onely shew the Heav'n from whence we fell.
Oh! had the Gods, propitious to our Prayer,
(And sure no Prayers more pious ever were)

Vouch-

Lacryma Cantabrigienses.

*Vouchsaf'd to smile
With an eternal Summer on our Isle.
Oh hadst Thou liv'd,
We might the envying World with pity view,
And their sad State deplore because not blest with you :
Where Piety and Greatness join'd in One
Claim'd our just Homage, and secur'd thy Throne.
Religion was thy Care, and thy mild Sway
Made Kingdoms think it Freedom to obey.*

*Like a tall Pine Thou stood
And gave kind Shelter to the Wood,
Under thy boughs securely laid;
In peace we liv'd, and blest the Friendly Shade.
But now alas the Shelter's gone,
And all
The Forest feels the fatal Fall ;
And ev'n the Lion's self does the great Loss bemoan.*

V.

*But yet Thou didst not unattended go,
No ; Heav'n design'd to signalize thy Fate,
To strike at once the Church and State,
And by the Double Loss set off the Scene of Woe.
How did we, Heav'n ! thy anger move,
To pull such ripen'd Vengeance from above ?
Great sure our sins, and loudly do they call
For which the Priest and Prince must fall ;
Which none
But Two such mighty Victims could atone.*

VI.

*But tho' our Crimes call down your heaviest Curse,
And sure your Vengeance had not worse,*

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

It were more just that We had felt
The Punishment, since ours the Guilt.
Why did not all our Death's suffice?
-Why did you thro' the King the people's sins chastise?
Did he for this his succour lend
Religion's long lost honour to defend?
Did he our Land with pity see,
Restore the bleeding Church, and Nation free?
Who will not Justice's cause neglect?
Who will oppressed Innocence protect?
If this be all his Valour gains,
If thus you shall reward your Conquering Champion's pains.

VII.

Perhaps you might his Acts with wonder see
Resolv'd again his constancy to try,
Design'd to add one Labour more,
Which vanquish'd might the wondrous task compleat,
And make his life appear miraculously Great.
Heav'n! thou hast touch'd the tend'rest part,
And found the only passage to his heart,
A while immov'd the Heroe stood,
A while oppos'd the growing flood,
A while His sinking spirits staid,
Summon'd His long try'd Valour to his aid:
In vain. His swelling passions rise,
And force a passage thro' His weeping Eyes;
So great a weight no force could have withstood,
Alcides self had sunk beneath the pressing load.

VIII.

He whom the fiercest Power could never move,
Is vanquish'd by the tend'rest passion Love.
He who a thousand Deaths in thousand shapes had seen,
Could

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Could unconcern'dly on 'em gaze,
And view the Tyrants dismal face,
With trembling pangs behold's His dying Queen.
So Mars in midst of dangers boldly stood,
And laugh'd at wounds th'd cover'd o're with blood;
But when to Heav'n returning big with spoils,
To reap the noble Harvest of his toils,
He saw His lovely Goddess bleed,
Anger and Grief by turns succeed,
He curst the Fatal Spear,
And thought the Danger not beneath His Fear.
In vain disdain'd at first to shew
The tokens of effeminate woe;
In vain collected all His soul,
Th' attempt too feeble prov'd th' unruly passion to controul.

IX.

Mourn not, brave Prince! since Death's the door to bliss,
Let not our sorrow stain Her happiness;
It was Her Innocence
That took Her thus untimely hence:
Whilst we remain,
To drudge a wretched life, and drag a toilsome chain.
Methinks I see Her rise,
To wing to Her Native Skies;
See the officious Angels wait,
And Her Great Ancestours attending at the Gate.
There She their loud applauses do's receive,
But above all
Eliza do's the greatest welcome give.

Blest Souls! Vouchsafe some interval to spare
For Us the humble Objects of your care;

Attend.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Attend our darling Monarch's Fate,
Avert each threatening blow,
Be ye kind Guardians of our State,
And Heav'n revenge on Heav'n and WILLIAM's foe.
Like Two bright stars for ever smile,
With a kind influence on our Isle:
Then when the gathering clouds appear,
And threatening tempests shew some danger near,
Look then with pity down,
'Tis Godlike to preserve a crown,
And be in Heav'n as once on Earth supporters of our Throne.

Bart. Stote of Trinity College.

SAD was the Day, and gloomy all the Air,
When on a Rock the Fair Britannia fate,
(The Rock too, like her Self, was Fair)
And listned to the Messengers of Fame.
The swift-wing'd Winds, too plainly now articulate:
She fate and listned, whilst they sigh'd and said---
MARY---at which Auspicious much lov'd Name
Gently She rear'd her thoughtfull Head;
But---oh alas! said they---the Matchless MARY's dead.
Soon as that dismal and surprizing Sound
Pierc'd her astonish'd Ear,
The Guardian Nymph, doubtfull to wisb, or fear,
Wisb'd, what she fear'd, that she was Mortal too,
Impatient to sustain such mighty Woe.
Then up she rose, and with a furious leap
Amain she plung'd into the briny Deep,

And

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

And made it deeper still, and salted with her Eyes;
Whence as the unexpected Billows rise,
"The wond'ring Sea-nymphs all around her join
"To swell the Flood with Tributary Brine.

II.

They wept, and still the Torrent rose
So high, so fast no Words could interpose;
And Words alas! had been but small relief
In this tempestuous sea of Grief:
But after many throbs and throes
The blew ey'd Nymph, unable now to hold,
Burst into words, but mingled still with Tears;
And in sad broken Accents told
Her mournfull Loss, her Sorrows, and her Fears.
Unhappy Isle, said she, my hopeless Care,
How do thy sully'd Glories fade!
How is thy Beauty lost, thy Strength decay'd!
And all thy stoutest Warriours dismay'd!
How heavy, and how helpless thy Despair!
How does thy Sceptre reel, thy Mitre shake!
Thy Young Men start, thy Old Men quake!
Thy Matrons moan, thy Virgins faint!
And tender Infants with their boding Cries
Foretell thy Future Miseries,
And of the Present make insensible Complaint!
And well they may-- For all thy sprightly Health,
Thy Safety, Honour, and thy beauteous Pride,
Thy boasted Vigour, and thy far-fetch'd Wealth,
All, All with the Illustrious MARY dy'd.
For She was all to Thee, and more
Than Heaven it self now seems to have in store,
Or than its Bounty e're bestow'd before.

A a

'Twas

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*'Twas She, Whose Goodness aggrandiz'd the Throne,
Whose Vertues gave fresh lustre to the Crown,
And outshone all the Jewels that She wore.
"She said and wept, whilst all the Sea-nymphs joyn
"To swell the list'ning Floud with tributary Brine.*

III.

*But oh ! how soon is She expir'd !
She, whom each Grace and every Gift adorn'd ;
Believ't, for I'm no flatt'ring Poet hir'd,
Nor mercenary Tongue suborn'd
A pompous Altar to her Name to raise,
And load it with the Frankincense of Praise :
I only tell what Fame already knows,
The Wonder of her Friends, and Envy of her Foes ;
Her pious Ardour, and her flaming Love,
And all that She is acting o're above.
Her court'ous Mein, and humble Majesty,
Humble i' approach, but potent to command,
And govern with a Mild, but just and prudent Hand :
Her chaste Affection, and her Constancy,
The noble Greatness of her Princely Mind,
Her Thoughts still gen'rous, and her Heart still kind,
Kind to forgive, and Bounteous to bestow :
And all the Vertues that She practis'd here below.
"She paus'd and wept, whilst all the Sea-nymphs joyn
"To swell the list'ning Floud with tributary Brine.*

IV.

*Then She went on-----
Methinks I see (for 'twas a Charming sight)
I see Her at the footstool of that Throne,
Which was the sole Supporter of her Own,*

Paying

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Paying just Homage to the One Supreme.

But hold—This is an Angel's Theme,
For they, and onely they can tell
With what Seraphick heat and light,
What wondrous Raptures, what exalted Zeal,
Her Soul unfetter'd took its lofty Flight
Up to that Heav'n where She aspir'd to dwell.
Her secret Motions were, 'tis true, unseen,
But yet in all the publick Part
No pageantry betray'd its self, no Art,

Nothing that look'd like Mask or Scene;
She acted all the Christian by heart
In all She did, and all that She appear'd.
Sweetly She check'd, and silently She taught
Both what we us'd to do, and what we ought.

For She sincerely lov'd the God She fear'd,
And breath'd the Pray'rs, and liv'd the Precepts that She
“Again She wept, whilst all the Sea-nymphs joyn (heard,
“To swell the list'ning Floud with tributary Brine.

V.

Devoutly thus She liv'd, whilst here below,
No pious Bigot, no implicate Slave:
But Judgment chose what Education gave,
And She was Good because she wou'd be so.
With equal pace her Zeal and Knowledge mov'd,
She knew the Theory, and the Practice lov'd,
She lov'd it in her Self and others too:
For sure this Church ne're lost a Faster Friend;
But Friend is too remote and cold a Name,
Unworthy of Her Faith, unequal to Her Flame;
For She—(Oh! where shall we Her second find
Or to adorn or to defend?)

A 2

Was.

Lacryma Cantabrigiensis.

*Was past expression, and Example kind,
And with a sweet inimitable air
Express'd at once (what is but rarely joyn'd)
The Daughter's Duty, and the Mother's Care.
Mourn then, distressed Church, and fear,
Fear for thy self, and mourn for Her;
Firm tho' thou art as thy great Founder's Rock,
Fair as the Eyes of th' Emblematick Dove,
All fair and spotless as is Love,
Yet mourn and fear (for dangerous is the shock)
And think thy Altars all prophan'd and spoyl'd,
Thy beauty quite defac'd, thy purity defil'd,
Thy Innocence condemn'd,
Thy sober Rites contemn'd,
And all, like Anarchy, distracted now, and wild:
Far be the Omen! False these sad alarms!
And lo! I see th' auspicious Heavens nod,
Charg'd with the favour of a sparing God;
So mighty, so resistless are the charms
Of consecrated Tears, and pious WILLIAM's arms.
'But still She wept whilst all the Sea-Nymphs joyn
'To swell the list'ning Floud with tributary Brine.*

VI.

*Cease then, said She, surcease thy pensive fears,
Since Thou art doubly fortify'd
With sacred Arms, and sacred Tears,
With Arms and Tears, both hallow'd by thy Pray'rs:
Thy God, Thy King will still for thee provide,
That Godlike King whom Vertuous MARY lov'd,
(Belov'd by Him with Equal Flames)
And yet She zealously obey'd Him too,
To set a Pattern to the stately Dames,*

And

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

And by her bright Example shew,
That all Obedience is but Love improv'd,
The self same thing distinguish'd ill by names.
Nor was't the glitt'ring Title to a Crown,
Nor equal Tenure in the Throne,
Nor Lust of Empire, nor the Pride of Life
Could make Her in the Queen forget the Wise.
No--Her Majestick Greatness strove
To hide it self in Loyalty and Love;
Witness those uncommanded weeping Eyes,
Those ardent Wishes, and those tender sighs,
The Soul's soft torturing agonies,
With which She parted from her dearest Lord,
When Honour Him to Danger call'd,
To carve out Europe's Fortune with His Sword,
And teach the faithless Lewis how to keep his Word.
How then oh! how was She appall'd!
She whom the King of Terrors could not fright
Tho' arm'd with all the complicated spite
Of a malign distemper sent,
As Fate's ne'er failing Instrument:
She--who so calmly could resign Her Breath,
And bravely shew that Love is stronger much than Death.
' But here again with wasting sorrow spent
' The Sea-Nymph wept, whilst all her Fellows joyn
' To swell the list'ning Floud with tributary Brine.

VII.

Tet grant me, Rev'rend Father of the Main,
Grant me, She said, this last and dolefull strain---
Calmly She dy'd--but calmly to stand by,
And see Her hastning Death with steadfast Eye;
This

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*This prov'd Great WILLIAM's Courage more
Than all that He had seen or suffer'd e're before.*

*Fearless a while the Heroe stood,
(Familiar, as He was, with Arms and Bloud)*

But yet at length He fear'd---

*He fear'd at length, when all the rest despair'd.
And then amazing sorrow too,*

Came, and insulted o're a yielding Foe,

And proudly bad Him quit his Arms, and go

To the fam'd Sons of Art for aid;

But the fam'd Sons of Art were all themselves dismay'd.

Then grizly Death prepar'd his Envious Dart,

And laid in ambuscade to strike His Heart,

And by surprize seiz'd that important Life,

Thò baffl'd oft before in the unequal strife.

But Barb'rous Grief was now confederate,

And vilely stoop'd to do the work of Fate.

And oh! how near the treach'rous work was done,

When, all His active Spirits gone,

The vital flame lay stis'd in a swoon?

Surprizing this, and very rare to find

Such tender passions in so Brave a Mind;

'Tis in this Mould the Perfect Hero's cast

Of steely temper that's not form'd in haste:

Such is the Sword that England's Rights defends,

Too tough to break, thò plyantly it bends.

But rouse, Heroick WILLIAM, rouse,

Thy Honour, and our Safety are at stake,

'Tis time the slumbring Lion wake,

And Nobly reassert the Cause He do's espouse.

Behold! Three Kingdoms dark'ned by the shade

Which

Lacryma Cantabrigiensis.

Which all around thy Sorrows cast;
And longer if the sad Eclipse should last.
What common Mortal would not be afraid,
Thou little skill'st in the Diviner's trade?
But superstitious brain-sick jealousy,
What brooding Dangers will it not desire, }
If heavy Malice once directs the Eye?
Suffer not then usurping Grief
Still to possess thy Royal Heart,
'Tis time now to be patient of relief,
And let the faithfull Senate bear their part:
The City, and the echoing Country too.
Strive to divide thy Princely Woe,
And stop the triumphs of the grinning Foe.
But let them grin—for they shall onely triumph so.
The King revives, and all our misty Fears
Are gone, and lo! a wondrous chain of Tears;
I see them all with comely Order rise,
And fix the period of our Miseries:
'Tis fix'd; and boldly now we shall advance,
In conquering Himself he conquers more than France.
"She said, but wept no more--no more the Sea-nymphs joy;
"To swell the wond'ring Floud with tributary Brine.

Rob. Moss Fellow of C. C. C.

O Albion mourn! And let not the least Smile
Be on the Face of this unhappy Isle.
Weep all ye Rocks, and let your Fountains flow,
Sobbing and Murm'ring, o're the Plains below.

Let

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*Let the laborious Hinds leave Tillage now,
And free the Haifer from the useles Plough:
No longer let th' Advent'rous Merchant roam,
Round the wide World, to bring rich Treasures home:
Let Both the Indies keep their precious Store;
We have no longer use for Gums or Oar:
She, to enrich whose Altars they were drain'd,
Is now no more!*

*The Gentle Venus of our Isle is gone,
By Subject's Crimes forc'd from her Earthly Throne;
In haste She went, and left our Mars alone. }
So, when of old, the World Licentious grew,
And nought but Vice with Passion did persue,
Astræa took her much-lamented Flight
To purer Regions of Eternal Light.
Great was Their Loss; but Greater We sustain;
For in our Goddess did All Vertues reign.
Then let our Sorrow Universal be,
And Thou, my Muse, in Dolefull Elegy
(If Sobbing will permit thy Verse to flow)
Tell the sad Story of our present Woe.*

*How Unexpected and how soon She fell!
The Pride of Earth, her Sexes Miracle:
Sure so Divine a Soul ne're yet came down
To wear a Veil of Flesh, and Mortal Crown:
Such was the Form of Eve, e're Envious sin
Soil'd the Fair Frame, and tainted all Within.*

*The Cyprian Dame for Beauty was renown'd,
And Wise Minerva was with Knowledge crown'd,
But Both Perfections in our Deity
United, made a full Divinity.*

To

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

To the Grave Senate She could Counsel give,
Which with Astonishment they did receive :
Well was She skill'd in Depths of Politie,
Could the great Ills in Government foresee.
Her Crown she wore with no Affected State ;
Nor did Her Great Perfections Pride create :
She'd Condescend, yet lose no Majesty,
And be Majestick with Humility ;
Familiar, yet not Fond ; free of Access,
But yet not Mean for all her Easiness.
Such different Notes, when they in One agree,
Must needs produce Amazing Harmony.

'Tis well we know not how our Loss to rate ;
Oh ! We should sink beneath our Weighty Fate.
He whom the Terrours of a bloody Fight,
Nor all the ghastly Forms of Death can fright,
Nor the loud Cannon's Roar can terrifie,
Falls from the Grandeur of His Majesty.
Tears from his swelling Eyes profusely flow,
And the Great Conquerour lies Prostrate low,
To see his Consort raviſh'd from his Arms,
And Death triumphing o're her beauteous Charms.
Thus have I seen a well-grown Oak contend
With all the boiſtrous Storms the North cou'd send,
And with its stubborn ſtedfaſt Trunk outbrave
The Fury of the Winds, when moſt they'd rave ;
At laſt a pointed Bolt the Thund'rer darts,
At which its groaning Body 'sunder parts,
Unable to reſiſt the mighty Wound
It's Airy Top is level'd with the Ground.

See Phœbus now (as once for Phaeton)
Has mask'd his Face, and put deep Mourning on ;

Bb

Dark

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Dark Clouds his sable Chariot do surround,
And the dull Steeds stalk o're the Melancholy Round:
Night with her Sooty wings o'recomes the Day;
Triumphant Sorrow drives each Joy away:
All Nature groans! The hollow Winds do sigh,
As thò the Final Scene were drawing nigh.
And sure it is. --For now the Life of All
Is gone. All that we Good or Lovely call.
Then welcom Chaos and Eternal Night!
For who would now behold th' Ungratefull Light?
It yields no pleasing Object, no Delight. }
But Hark! --Sure 'tis her Charming Voice I hear!
Or is't my Fancy, that deludes my Ear?
No; 'tis the same; there's Musick in the sound,
Such as of Old the watchfull Shepherds found,
When Angels sang the Birth of that Great King,
That did Redemption to Lost Mankind bring:
Joy it proclaims throughout each British Plain,
And bids us hope for Sun-shine days again.
Look down, Bless'd Saint, with Pity then look down,
And ease the Burden of thy Partners Crown:
Do Thou who did'st on Earth our Princess reign,
Our Guardian Angel still above remain:
Shed on this Land thy Kinder Influence;
And guide us through these Mists of Providence,
In which we stray, unable to foresee
The Dark Resolves of Sullen Destiny.

Ambr, Phillips of St. Johns
College.

Dead

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

DEad night the world in dusky clouds had drest,
When gentle slumber charm'd each weary breast }
And lull'd their cares asleep with soothing rest ;
I slumber'd too, till ruder Dreams began
With wild Ideas to disturb my brain.
A thousand antick shapes did round me play,
Cloath'd in sad Figures and prepar'd the way.
Then the pale Genius of our Isle drew nigh,
Death in her gate, and Horror in her eye,
Her Robes were tore and soil'd, loose flew her hair,
And in her meager face sat cold despair.
Her wonted grace and gay desires were fled,
A wither'd Cypress droopt around her head, }
She stopt, and ghastly star'd, and cry'd She's dead. }
Then shriekt, and down She fell to shapeless air,
And left me waking into fresher care.
I felt the black effects before I knew
The dismal cause to which those throbs were due.
As when some stately pine unmov'd has stood,
The glory and protection of the wood ;
Under whose shade the flocks supinely lay,
And heard the harmless storms around them play,
By some rude blast is stretch't along the ground,
The shatter'd Earth and conscious Rocks resound,
The tottering Wood do's sympathize, and all
As once they shar'd her shelter, feel her fall.
But the sad news our doubts too soon did clear,
And left not the poor Happiness to fear.
Born by a fatal wind the sudden Fame
Like Lightning flash'd, and blasted where it came.

B b 2

From

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

From the harsh sound my frightened senses fled,
And durst not, would not hear, MARIA'S Dead.
She's Dead whom once my Muse prepar'd to sing,
Try'd little flights, and impt her tender wing.
The Beasts from every part were heard to groan,
And Woods and Rocks return the Savage moan.
The day it self in cloudy mourning clad
Wept dewy tears, and was exceeding sad.
The grieving winds their plaints in murmurs tell,
And Natures self did sicken as She fell.
The Mournfull Nine indulg'd their pious cares,
And Helicon ran muddy with their tears.
They lost the easie shrillings of their song, (along.
And flow'd, as Grief, Despair, and Rage did hurry them
Nor could our Isle the Mighty Grief confine,
Her Fame which Rival to the Sun do's shine, }
Makes other Countreys in the Grief combine.
But Belgia most doth her sad loss deplore,
For She a Sister's portion with us bore.
'Twas there, when England's better Genius led,
The blushing Virgin to Her Nassau's bed ;
Whilst He thrō rowls of smoke and Seas of blood
Pursu'd His Glory, and His Countreys Good ;
She midst Her Nymphs in some belov'd retreat
Forsook the guilded Troubles of the Great,
Laid by Her State, and o're the Happy Plain
Lov'd and Ador'd, and more then Queen did Reign.
So with the Beauteous Daughters of the Grove,
The Fair Diana's pleas'd sometimes to rove ;
In some chaste lonely shade unbends Her mind,
Plays with the Streams, and courts the wanton Wind.

Nor

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Nor less a Goddess, nor is Heav'n less there,
Then when Triumphantly She mounts the air;
Supplying thence Apollo's absent light;
Gilds o're the rising Clouds, and rules the Night.
So having timely rais'd our sinking State,
(Her Hero absent to improve His Fate) }
She bore alone the Nation's pond'rous weight. }
With no additions to Her Fortune blest,
Only in Danger, and in Care increast.
Thus bright MARIA's golden Reign began,
The Blooming Tears in a Blest Series ran;
Propitious Heaven seem'd once again to smile,
And with returning favours crown'd our Isle;
When Envious Fate did suddenly destroy
Our budding Hopes, and dash'd th' Imperfect joy.

Ah! how uneven is the stream of Life,
With ebbs of sickly joys and Flows of grief;
Where cares are still beginning, never done,
Woe urges woe, and new Despairs press on.
Here while She reign'd in what a temper'd mean
With humble goodness She allay'd the Queen,
Poising th' uneven scales! be witness you
Whose lives to injur'd Innocence were due.
You who the Manna with the Jews did blame,
Tho' by an Angel's hand, from Heav'n it came;
Yet She like Heav'n forgiving, always kind;
Shews She could pardon where You durst offend, }
And Justice only to Your faults was blind. }
For tho' Her Love to One alone was bound,
Yet all Mankind Her general Goodness found;

Like.

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Like a fair brook which to the Sea do's glide,
And meets with equal streams the swelling Tide;
Yet little rills on every side do play,
And Greens and springing Flowers attend their way.
But most the banisht Poor Her favour shares,
Their shatter'd Fortunes gladly She repairs;
Secure on Her, as Providence they lay;
Sure of Her Bounty as approaching day.
What the Tree was, and how Her soul did shine,
There's none dare question where the Fruit's Divine.
Thus ripe for Heav'n, and a far surer Throne,
She felt the welcome warning to be gone;
Her Mourning Court encompass'd round the bed,
With silent Tears, and look't already dead;
Some call on Heav'n, some curse it's harsh decree,
Whilst She unmov'd approaching Fate do's see.
Fixt on the Mansions where She was to go,
Chid their fond Tears, and softly hush'd their woe.
Down by Her side Her drooping Hero lay,
Oppress'd by Fate; and slung His Wreaths away;
Death drest in all it's horror, brow to brow,
Oft had he seem'd, but never fear'd till now.
But when She dy'd, no bounds His grief contain'd,
His Soul grew wild, and lawless fury reign'd.
Thrice did His Lab'ring Heart in swoonings try,
To call Her back, or with Her break, and dy.

Ah! Royal Sir, snatch not your self away,
We've cause enough to curse the Fatal Day;
You are the only light we've left behind,
For our sakes deign to live, let not us find (sign'd.)
Our selves more wretched still, then angry Heaven de-

Char. Whitworth Trin. Coll.

To

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

To the KING on the Death of
the QUEEN.

DRead Sir! If your just Grief no bounds receives
For England's Loss, for which all England grieves,
If You'd confine to Your own Royal Breast
The Publick anguish for the Queen exprest,
Our Sorrows then which to the Queen are due
Must flow in Loyal Pity all for You.
But since the Queen, whose Fate we here bemoan,
More Sorrow claims than of one Heart alone,
This mournfull Debt of Tributary Grief
Let Subjects pay, and give the Crown Relief.
See with what Zeal officious Throngs resort,
Condoling Trains of Mourners fill the Court,
Desiring that You'd of Your Self beware,
Nor yield too large Indulgence to your Care.
Let not those Virtues which should Empire sway
Forget themselves, and turn their Passion's Prey.

For You, Great Sir, must other Glories raise
Then what spring from Your Royal Consort's Praise.
To Her Your Majesty has bravely prov'd,
Beyond all force of Passion, how You lov'd:
Witness that falling Agony of Death
Which for a while withrew your Royal Breath,
And lay'd your Life it self expiring by,
Rather than see so Dear a Princess dye.
In this last rushing mighty Pang there strove
The finisht Pattern of Heroick Love.
Now having paid a Sovereign's Noble part
Thus to the Darling Sovereign of your Heart,

Your

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Your inbred Courage should again take wing,
Let not the Husband overſway the King:
Let not her Maſteſty poſſeſs Your Mind
More than Three Kingdom's Safety left behind.
Protect Your Nations from preſaging Ill,
Protect Your Self, and nothing hurts us ſtill.
This was the Charge of Royal MARY's Breſt
With Princely Virtue, Honour, Love poſſeſt:
She fir'd your Heart your Enemies to meet,
To lay returning Trophies at Her Feet.
Go on, let freſh Renown afford Relief,
On conquer'd Nations execute your Grief.
May, Sir, Queen MARY in your Heart ſurvive,
And France yet feel her better Part's alive.
Thus Kings ſhould mourn; Not more lament the Fates
Of Darling Queens, then ſtill defend their States.
Let it ſuffice that Fame ſhall boaſt her Love,
Whoſe Death could thus Great WILLIAM's ſorrows move.
Whiſt We, Her Subjects, come to mourn Her here,
And bleſs thoſe Days when We her Subjects were.
A Queen (on whom fond Heav'n did ſtill diſpence
The Bleſſings of its own choice Influence)
By the quick ſtroke of England's haſty Fate
Torn from the Glories of our envi'd State.
But tho' our Iſle was never threatn'd more
With all the Tempeſts it e're felt before,
Yet whiſt, Dread Sir, You with your Conqu'ring Hand
Diſperſe our Dangers, and our Hearts command,
Our Loſs may now ſecurely joyn our Tears.
At once We grieve, and baniſh all our Fears.

Jā. Brabourn M. A. Fellow of Trin. Coll.

To

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.
To the QUEEN.

Since all must something give t' adorn Thy Herse,
My Tax will easier be in Tears than Verse.
Those are free Subsidies, which Nature pays;
This is a Levy which forc't Art does raise.
But he that can with Justice understand
The Life, the Hopes Thou gav'st our Church and Land,
Thy lasting Fame and Bliss, must needs confess,
Though none deserves Both more, none needs them less.

Hen Lee Coll. Christ.

OF all the Happiness of humane State
How few the Blessings, yet how short the Date!
Hence in the Great Deceas'd we've lately lost
The Best of Princes Britain e're could boast,
But One, to whom She gave a Birth before,
One grac'd with equal Vertues, not with More:
Nor more deserving, but an Happier Queen,
She blest her Subjects by a longer Reign;
Whilst with her Tears her Vertues just encrease
Made bright her Throne, and crown'd her Days with Peace.

This Late Asserter of her Country's Cause,
And kind Defender of our Faith and Laws,
E're we cou'd Her, or She enjoy her Own,
(She was the Sum of all our Hopes) is gone;
By too malignant, cruel Fate oppress'd
Has left us Wretched, tho' design'd us Blest.

Cc

For

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

For the desire of Unknown Happiness
Is a small Pain, the greatest Torment is
Once to enjoy, and after want the Bliss.
The Gods in Good MARIA gave a Taste
Of Heav'nly Joys, then snatch'd them back in haste.
Such Joys were much too Exquisite to last.

When all around Her rising Glories spread,
And flourish'd most, She then declin'd her Head;
And from her Prime, like tender fading Flow'rs,
That sweetly blooming decks her Princely Bow'rs,
Sunk to her Earth: what Nature does create
The Finest, always soonest yields to Fate.
This was a perfect Piece, where Nature strove
To prove her Pow'r in Beauty, Grace, and Love.
Where all the Vertues of each Sex combin'd,
To make her fit for Empire: Meekness join'd
With Manly Majesty, a vigorous Soul
By gentle Beauty soft'n'd, through the whole
So just and so well Temper'd did appear,
As She could Amfull look yet not Severe,
And rather won by Love, than forc'd by Fear.
In Her alone was found such Royal worth,
As Subjects pray for at their Princes Birth.

How sweet her Charms, what saving Looks she wore
When late She landed on our Tronbled Shore,
And blest the Nations She had grac'd before.
With what Officious haste the People met
The Guardian Goddess of their sinking State!
Whose bright Approach dispers'd their doubtfull Fears,
Refresh'd their fainting Souls, and banish'd all their Cares.

Tet as in stately Pomp the Princess pass'd,
And won her Way through yielding Crowds, She cast
Flames

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*Flames from her Eyes, controul'd Her gracious Will,
And where She kindly meant to save, would kill.
So the Sun scorches, when he shines too near,
And warmly courts us in a brighter Sphere.*

*From those Auspicious Smiles, that Lovely Grace,
Divinely Good, resplendent in her Face,
Of lasting Bliss we happy Omens took,
And thought our Fortunes lodg'd within her Look.*

*Thus was her Rise adorn'd: but yet how soon
Vain hopes! are all her short-liv'd Glories gone,
And sett e're the Meridian of her Sun!*

*In Her what mighty Blessings have we lost!
In Her what hopes of Happiness are cross'd!*

*For ever let us mourn Her sudden Fall,
Yet never wonder at Her peacefull call;
That no Prodigious Births presag'd her Doom,
And made us Dread this worst of Ills to come:
The milder Heav'ns did more our Good design
By no ill Omens to disturb her Reign.*

*Had we foreseen these Clouds that overcast
Her coming Glories, we had left the past
Enjoy'd, and fear of future Misery
Hadr b'd us of the short Felicity.*

*We now alas! by sad Experience know
No Good is great and lasting here below.
This longing Soul thence took her Flights to prove
Th' eternal Joys of those that dwell Above.*

*Whilst each amaz'd, with grief and horror struck,
Behold Her mount with wonder in his Look:
The Saints Elect so view'd Divinity
Rise by its force, and tow'r to t's native Sky.*

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*Above the Rest the Noble Warriour stood;
And once shed Tears, more precious than his Blood;
This oft to th' Publick Good the King had lost,
So dear the Freedom of the People cost;
These from the fatal Wound, the deeper Smart
Of Ravish'd Love, and anguish of his Heart.
Proceed, distracted from its better part.
That could alone in Fight remove his Fears
(His nightly Visions, and his dayly Prayers)
Could ease his Labours, and reward his Care.
Great was his Grief, and at no vulgar Rate
Our Heroe mourn'd this more than common Fate.
Yet as his Passion swell'd could Rage controul
By reason; whilst within his Royal Soul,
Collected, bore above the Fatal stroke
And like a God receiv'd this Universal Shock.*

H. James of Trinity College.

T*hat thus, blest Princess, we lament thy Fall,
Thus Mourn thy Mighty Funeral,
Think not we presume to raise,
Lasting Monuments of Praise;
Thy Praise as far transcends our Song,
As those glad Quires Thou dwell'st among,
In Heav'nly Notes, and Hymns Divine ontgo
The meaner Musick of the Spheres below.
But as when David's Lyre in sounds,
That both could give, and cure wounds,
To Saul's affliction lent relief,
And solac'd with soft Harmony His grief:*

In

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*In unequal numbers so
As our Passions ebb and flow,
Whilst we pay Tribute to thy Royal Herse,
We vent our swelling grief, and ease our Thoughts with*
(verse.

II.

*O were my Thoughts rais'd equal to my Theme,
Or this would them
Kindly inspire! I'd then rehearse
Immortal Merit in Immortal Verse.
I'd tell the wond'ring World much more,
Then e're it knew before,
The wond'ring World I'd tell
How Great MARIA stood. and yet how Good She fell.
In lofty Verse my numbers flow,
The lofty Verse is for my Theme too low,
When down the Tide of thought I roul,
Words were not made t'express the Sent'ments of my Soul.*

III.

*How Glorious in Her East broke forth
The rising Lustre of Her Worth!
When all around the Beauteous Goddess play'd
With chearfull Light, and in Her Beams display'd
A Brighter Day than e're had sbone
Bentath the Region of the Sun,
Brighter than Phœbus in His fullest noon.
'Twas then our English Genius broke.
Once more Her Chains and Heavy Yoke,
And rising from the Oozy Bed
Reviv'd and shook Her awfull Head,
And blest the Happy Hour,
But blest it more,*

'Cause

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

'Cause it return'd Her own,
To Her Land, and to Her Throne. (run,
Then bid the Mighty Months henceforth in long Procession
Henceforth we hop'd that on our Isle,
Eternal Happiness would smile,
Till darker clouds of Fate obscur'd this Radiant Light,
And set our falling Glories in Eternal Night.

IV.

The Gracious Queen of Britain's gone,
That could deserve a World alone:
The Envious World rejoycing at our Tears
May rise and triumph in our Cares.
But yet Her better Part's not dead,
Nor all Her Glories quite extinguish'd.
The Brighter Light She left behind,
Of the just Worth, and Vertue of Her mind,
To all a kinder Influence shall impart,
And fix Her Empire in our Heart,
Shall shine to late Posterity, and down
To distant Ages, with successive time shall run,
This, this alone shall raise
MARIA Monuments of Praise,
Shall reach the Mansions of the Blest above,
Where a far more Glorious Queen
Crown'd with just Rewards She'll Reign,
And drink Immortal Draughts of inexhausted Love.

S. Dunstar Trin. Coll.

PALES

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

PALES, a Pastoral upon the Death
of the QUEEN.

Thyr **T**ELL me my Corydon, my well-lov'd swain,
fis. *What mean these sighs, this melancholy strain?*
When Cælia lov'd a brisker Song allur'd the Plain.
Corydon. *And still she loves.* Thyrfis. *What then can
be the Cause*

*Of drooping thus amidst the charming Joys?
The conscious Arbor and the blooming Grove
Should only learn the softer notes of Love.*
Coryd. *The Notes of love for ever banish't be;
Ah come my Thyrfis, come and mourn with me.*
Thyr. *I dread the Omen, and methinks I feel
A damp within. But tell—Coryd. I need not tell,*
*For Nature spoke aloud, how Pales fell;
She fell, and with Her Fall the Forest shook,
As if the Universal Frame had broke,
The Sea Nymphs started from their watry beds,
And in a wild Distraction rais'd their heads
Above the swelling Surges of the Deep;
And soon beheld their Sister-Dryads weep,
Whose flowing streams of Tears the floods increast;
They joynd their Tears, & all a gen'ral grief exprest.
Not Pan himself sustain'd the sudden Fate;
But faintly sunk beneath the pressing Weight.
He stood indeed collect'd in the Force
Of his Divinity, and had recourse
To Reason's rules, but what could Reason do
When overwhelm'd by such a rowling Tide of woe?*
Thyr-

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Thyrsis. *Alas the dolefull Story does impart
A secret torture to my bleeding Heart!
Alas our Pales dead!---*

*Oft have I seen (but ne're shall see again)
With longing eyes the Goddess of the Plain,
When in her Looks a Thousand Graces strove:
Not Venus self, the charming Queen of Love,
E're shone so Heav'nly, thò she did display
Her darting Beauties, and immortal Ray.*

*But say my Friend, for thou canst only tell
How Bright, how Great, how like her Self she fell.*

Coryd. *She's gone, and therefore will I mournfull pay
My last sad Off'rings to the fatal Day.*

Thyr. *The Night you mean.* Cor. *'Tis true for now in vain
We mourn the vanish'd Glory of the Plain:
In vain alas! the Glory lost we mourn,
Which after setting once can ne're return.
But if my rustick Musick had the art,
To reach our Royal Pales's high Desert;
Then Royal Pales's never-fading Name
Should tune my Pipe, and be the gratefull Theme
Of ev'ry Hill, each Valley then should strive
To wail her Loss, and make her Praises live.
I would recount the Blessings of her Reign, (Swain:
Which was (or might have been) the joy of ev'ry
How safe we liv'd and how secure from War!
(Thò oft we heard the Thunderbolts from far
Which Pan engag'd) for we were Pales's care,
The milder Pales was the Shepherds guard,
And while She stood, no harm they knew nor fear'd.
For richer Fruits ne're blest Arcadia's ground,
Ne're did her Hills with fairer Flocks abound.*

Nor

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*Nor any Land with such glad Harvests smile,
As when her Beams impregnated the Soil,
And doubled it's increase. Thus all Divine,
Tho' Pan sometimes withdrew, did Pales shine
With equal Light on us below.----*

*Not like the fading circle of the Moon,
Which borrows Light (they tell us) from the Sun;
And that withdrawn, no longer can dispence
To Earth and Seas the pow'rfull influence.*

*But, like a well fixt star, She did appear
With Native Lustre in a Nobler Sphere;
A Star, whose rising sav'd a sinking state,
And by foreseeing did reverse our Fate.*

Hail then Auspicious Light!

*But oh! my Song's unequal, and a Shepherd's Verse
Cannot a subject so sublime rehearse.*

*Thyr. Blest be the moving accents of thy Tongue,
Which has our Pales so Divinely sung;
Thy Song alone could to Perfection raise
The humble tenour of the rural lays;
Thy Song alone could reach the Noble height,
And recommend a Name so truly Great.*

William Shippen Trin. Coll.

To the KING.

F*orgive, Great Monarch, if th' officious Muse
Presumes Her Balm into Tour wounds & infuse;
D d For*

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*For oft b' experience it is found, She brings
A Sovereign Cure and Healing in Her Wings.
'Tis just for You She should Her Art employ,
From whom She do's Her Honours and Her Ease enjoy.*

*'Tis true, the Loss is Great, that You sustain,
So Great, that it would sink a meaner Man.*

*A Queen, whom ev'ry Vertue did Endow,
And ev'ry Grace to make Her worthy You.
Imperial Beauty thro' Her frame did shine,
And when She walkt She was confest Divine.*

*But oh! What Noble Greatness did adorn
Her Soul, and shew Her fit for Empire born!
Mixt with a sweetness, scarce by Heav'n refin'd,
As if She was peculiarly design'd
For Your soft hours, and to unbend Your Mind.
For such a Loss, 'tis just, that You should Mourn,
And pay Your Pious Tribute to Her Urn.*

*But see! -- Unbounded Grief do's overflow,
And like a Deluge drown the Land below.
Soon as th' amazing News abroad was spread,
Th' Indulgent Mother of our Church is dead,
Each face the marks of deepest sorrow wore,
And All the Universal Loss deplore.
So when of old our Great Elisa fell,
Who can the Horror and Amazement tell?
A General Mourning o're the Land was spread,
And England's Genius sunk His drooping Head.
But tho' we cannot bear the Mighty Woe,
But sink, oppress'd by such a Fatal blow,
You, to whom Heav'n has given a Greater Soul,
Enabl'd all Your Passions to controul;*

You

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*You, whom no Dangers e're could discompose,
And only could be mov'd for such a Loss;
Shake off this softness, stop Your flowing Tears,
And lo! the Heroe, once we knew, appears,
Rous'd from the Lethargy of Mighty Woe,
And turns His doubled Fury on the Foe.*

William Stainforth A.M. of Queens College.

TO the KING.

Pardon, Dread Sir, the Poet's pious care,
His private Sorrow for the Royal Fair.
'Tis just, th' indulgent Muse have pow'r to grieve;
Since dead are all the Charms that made Her live.
But oh! what Heav'nly power of Verse can tell
How mourn'd by all the Brittish Genius fell!
The seat of Empire made the Fatal place,
Where solemn Mourning sits on ev'ry Face:
Where Majesty is seen to droop and nod,
And pity softens and disarms the God.
What vast Extremes in Godlike Cæsar move!
What mixture of Divinity, and Love!
The Conquerour's fury, and the heart of War,
Foynd with the Lover's tears, and Softness of the Fair.
So when the dreadfull wreck of Nature came,
And in one Royal vault lay all the beauteous Frame,
Heav'n lookt with pity on the drowned Ball,
And wept to see the noble Structure fall.

Dd 2

The

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

*The two divided Worlds compose their strife,
Unite, and are Confederate in Grief.
What lasting Calm might such a Life bestow,
Whose very Death bids peace to all below !
The Gallique pow'rs, thò Foes by Nature sworn,
Suspend their Hatred, and consent to mourn.
From distant Shores rolls up a swelling Tide
Of Tears, and sighs on ev'ry Billow ride :
Their sorrow flows in tributary Streams,
And all the liquid Plain is one continued Thames.
An universall Grief for MARY's Fall,
Shews your Command, and stiles You Lord of all.
A Sea of tears (thò Tears are still in vain)
Extends the bounds of your own Pow'r, The Main.
Then Cæsar, cease to mourn th' Immortal Dead,
The Vertuous Consort of your Royal Bed.
She lives, She lives, a Saint in ev'ry breast,
By ev'ry Heart a Heav'nly pow'r confest :
The stroke of Fate proclaims the Goddess more ;
For What we once Obey'd, we now Adore.
Heav'n's grant Imperial Heads a Deathless State;
The Suns of English Empire never set.
The glorious Light may disappear, but You
Are left the God to guide the World below.
So when from Troy the bleeding Queen of Love,
Fled to the Mansions of the Blest above,
Th' Immortal Warriour stay'd behind, to sway
The heat of Fight, and Tumult of the Day.*

Richard Jones of Trinity College.

Now

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

NOW to our Grief we find, there is no Joy
On Earth, but what's embas'd with some Alloy.
How gay soe're it's smiling Front appear,
Grief still brings up the melancholy Rear.
Our Fortune's checquer'd here with Black and White,
And like our Time consists of Day and Night.
'Twas but just now kind Heav'n on us did smile,
And with thick Blessings crown our Happy Isle.
Glad Albion lifted up her eager Eye,
And with close Triumph, and with silent Joy,
Saw her bright Streamers, Formidably gay,
Themselves along the Gallick Coasts display,
And force beyond the fam'd Herculean Bounds their way. }
She saw, then bowing thrice her Lofty Head,
To her Dear Lord Great Neptune thus She said,
" 'Tis not in vain, I see, that I have Charms,
" And lie encircled in thy Watry Arms.
" On all Occasions Thou thy Love dost show,
" And in with every Tide thy Favours flow :
" But now thy Love sheds an unusual Light,
" Then thy old Evening Guest himself more bright ;
" For that I am not only safe at Home,
" But do through all thy moist Dominions come }
" Victorious, and secure where're I come,
" Is in a more especial manner due,
" Dread Lord, to your Assistance, and to Thou.
This and much more glad Albion spoke---

But

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

But little did She then foreset our Woe,
Or think (tho Neptune She so well did know)
Our Joy of Course must Ebb as well as Flow.
It Ebbs already: See! the Shore lies bare,
And Griefs as num'rous as the Sand appear.
In vain do we beyond the Straights advance,
And clip the Canvass Wings of tow'ring France,
If Death must play the Pirate here at Home,
And MARY her Invidious Prize become.
This do's our ripening Triumphs all destroy,
And puts a No plus ultra to our Joy.
But see Heav'n's care! lest we shou'd be o'rtcome
By this severe, and sudden Shock at home;
Lest the Hot Tryal shou'd not be endur'd,
To Sorrow we before-hand are inur'd;
Gently, and by Degrees (ah! sad Relief)
We're set to this extravagant pitch of Grief.
Great Tillotson the Fates do first remove,
The Churches Glory, and the Nations Love;
Whose Worthy Name in Fames bright Catalogue plac'd,
As long as his late Charge, our Church, shall last,
'Gainst which nor Force, nor Art shall e're prevail,
Nor the curst Gates themselves of envious Hell.
Such was his Worth, and such his Character!
But the Ascent's too steep from Him to Her,
Nor can we such a Bold Transition bear.
His Death did Albion with Sorrow warm;
But when she thinks of MARY's every Charm
And matchless Vertue (for She can't forbear
Such thoughts, tho they increase her mournfull Care)

She

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

She nothing then but Paroxysms knows;
She's fir'd, she's heated till she Ductile grows,
And melting down, augments the Sea which round
(her flows.)

So Cyane, unhappy Nymph of Old,
As we're by Sulmo's gentle Poet told,
Fair Cyane who, like Fair Albion, stood
On ev'ry side surrounded with the Flood,
Was quite dissolv'd with Sorrow, and became
A strange Addition to the wond'ring Stream.
The wond'ring Stream thus height'ned roll'd along
Deep as the Poet's Sense, and flowing as his Song.

But shou'd our Grief, if possible, rise high'r,
We ne're can weep so much as We admire.

For, O, what charms did Royal MARY grace!
How Anfull, yet how Lovely was Her Face!
How dread Her Eye! How Masculine Her Air!
And yet ten thousand Cupids revell'd there.

Never was fairer Instance seen, where Love
And Majesty in the same Sphere did move.

Tet this was but the Cabinet design'd
For that Inestimable Pearl, Her Mind:
Her Mind which did Her more adorn, and shone
Brighter than any Jewel in Her Crown.
And here Her Fortitude, but most of all
Her Piety do's for our wonder call.

How Zealous was She for the Church's Right!
The Church's safety was Her whole Delight.

Religion did all Her Thoughts employ,
And was not more Her Duty, than Her Joy.
Nor did Her Vertues thinly set appear;
A Galaxy of Vertues glitter'd here,

Which,

Lacrymæ Cantabrigienses.

Which, joyning all their Glories, did display
A Candour fairer than the Milky Way.
And cou'd not all this Excellence, and more
Which can's be told, retard the Fatal Hour?
No, rather 'twas the cause it came so soon:
Age is a Stranger to Perfection.
Irreparable Loss! Unhappy We!
What a Black Scene is here of Misery!
Nor do we only Mourn the Queens decease;
Great WILLIAM'S Sorrow too do's our's increase.
For, with such violent Grief, if we're oppress'd,
What Storms must rage in Her Dear Consort's breast?
Methinks I hear the angry billows roar,
And with Loud Fury beat the trembling shore.
Never, Dread Sir, was Tryal more severe:
'Tis the Tenth Wave----yet Fac't, and never fear.
You at your Birth a Heroe was design'd:
To Hardships You inur'd Your tender Mind,
And have through all Degrees of Valour gone:
Stand but this Shock Unmov'd, & the Great Work is done.

John Woodford A. B. Fellow of Peterhouse.

F I N I S.

